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PRINCE ROSELEAF AND A GIRL FROM KANSAS

BY

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ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FOGARTY

EDGINGTON was at the end of the long gallery when he heard the swish-swish of many feet, the high, penetrating voice of the American girl, and a laugh that was frank and free and unlike anything to be heard on the continent.

"That, monsieur," explained his guide, "is a partie of Cook's."

The young American looked with distaste at the Belgian whose supercilious tone he resented for his compatriots. But he looked with distaste, too, upon the miscellaneous assortment of Americans, male and female, being herded into the "salle." And he blushed at fancying himself among them; and then had the grace to blush because he had blushed.

The "partie of Cook's" took possession of the place. Its flight — like that of wild geese, the guide first, a girl with a green veil next, a hardy adventurer following after a space, another, and then a scattered bunch — led straight for the great Rubens. A swift concentration about the guide-magnet, a perfunctory "Here you see before you, ladies and gentlemen," "Ici, mesdames et messieurs, vous voyez," "Hier, meine damen und herren, sie sehen" — following in rapid succession without a varying tone or accent. A choral "Oh!" a murmur of astonishment, curiosity, gratification, and then swiftly on the wing again; alighting before the Rembrandt, just touching earth a minute before an Ary Scheffer, then taking flight reluctantly and strung out like regretful peris leaving Paradise; a clatter; a swish; a silence; the swift murmur of the polyglot guide; an "O — oh!" the slip-slip of many feet on the marble floor — and that was all.

They vanished as they came and Edgington, who stood musing before Van Dyke's "Saint Catherine," looked after them, a puzzled frown on his boyish face.

He walked a few steps after the radiant-visaged Belgian who was his guide, then absent-mindedly dismissed him. He stood a moment irresolute, looking upward. But he did not see the palely beautiful frescoes above the arched doorway; for him the wall was lettered as Belshazzar's. But the lettering that held Edgington's attention was in a most modern, business-like hand, and it read:

"You are altogether mistaken, my lad, if you fancy your father's a fool. I'm not putting up for a prince's tour over the continent. You're at liberty to cut it all short and come home, or to see Europe on what's left to you, but no more of Jim Edgington's dollars go to prove to the natives that another young American ass is abroad."

Heyward Heriot Edgington recognized his father's forthright style in those words.

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"The 'partie of Cook's' took possession

He could only thank fortune that it had been given to him to read them rather than to listen to them, and that very day he joined this "partie of Cook's."

Mary Daley looked once at his full signature on the hotel register, and the new member of the "partie" found himself christened "H–H" before he had been among them a day. This, Miss Daley played upon by a natural series of facetious puns. At different times during the next day he was known as Mr. Hyphenated, Hyphen, Hy, Hiram, Breakfast Food, Dejooner (Miss Daley scorned the affectations of foreign pronunciations), Jooner, and June. Where this girl led, any and all dared to follow. Her high spirits, the passion for sightseeing that possessed her, her untiring bodily energy and unceasing naïve delight, and her pert wit made her the head as well as the life of the party. She knew the profession and the pretenses of its every member. She could mimic the serious, intelligent, blonde German lady-professor from St. Louis as cleverly as the handsome boy from the South, who was devoted to her. And she so loved to practise her mimicries, and was so careless of consequences that, at times, her victim found himself among her audience.

This happened once to Edgington, who, following on her heels as they all arrived at the station at The Hague, heard her cry to her friend Miss Merton: "I beg your pordon, but may I aask the name of the brad canal with the lorge building on this side?" She tripped as she was saying it, and, in recovering her balance, her eye fell on Edgington's outstretched arm and flushed face. She looked doubtful a moment, and then said with an irresistible giggle: "'Tain't a very good imitation, is it? But you see you haven't been with us long enough yet."

"Long enough to get from H–H to June," he answered.

"Oh, you know that too? Well — it's the common lot of man to be nicknamed. And it's good for him. And" — she looked up at him out of the corner of her eye, as though testing how far she might go. (Nature had lingered lovingly on the details of this fat little girl's face, and the mark of Her artist's fingers was upon the corners of lips and eyelids, in the molding of chin and forehead) — "and it's my opinion you haven't had enough of it, Mr. — June!"

"What makes you think so?"

"Have you got a lot of brothers and sisters?"

"No — none."

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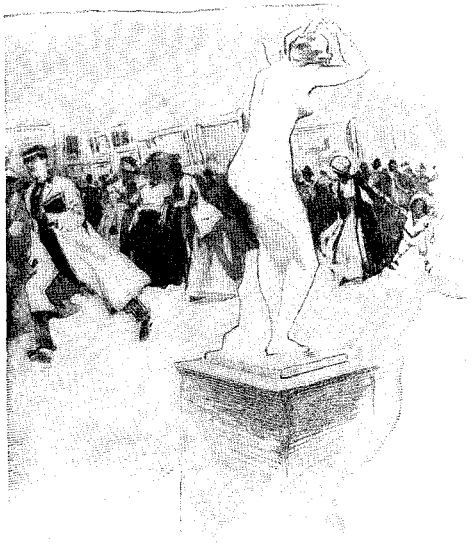

of the place"

"I thought not."

He was undecided as to whether he was resentful or not, but the charm there was in watching the dimpled corners of Mary Daley's mouth, and the specially effective set of her eyes, led him on.

"Come," he urged, "give me your reasons."

"You'll be mad if I do."

"No — I won't."

"Well, you see, no man who wasn't his father's only son could put such awful condescension into joining us as you do. No man who had been laughed at a lot when he was a boy could find us all — me especially — so vulgar. No man could suffer such agonies at being classed with us who — I said you'd be mad."

He did not answer. He was "mad" clear through. An impulse to be thorough while she was about it possessed her.

"Do you know your real name?" she asked pertly. "It ain't June — it's really — I say" — the impudence in her face broke into a bewildering maze of dimples — "I say — guess what it is!"

He shook his head.

"You must be awful mad," she teased, "if you've not curiosity enough to ask. Well, I'll tell you. You are the P. L. G. — the perfect little gentleman."

He wasn't little, which was some small consolation to him; but he flushed under her taunts. "And what may you be?" he demanded.

"Me? Oh, I'm a dozen things, according to your point of view," she answered, with good-natured composure. "I'm the Kansas Schoolma'am. I'm Dickens's fat girl. I'm Lady Raw-and-Ready. I'm Bessie Backwoods. There are lots of nicknames I deserve, but you can't make me mad by calling me them."

She looked up at him with a frank pleasure that was disarming.

"You see," she went on, "I'm nineteen. I've been teaching school, off in the country, ever since my fifteenth birthday. I've saved every dollar I could scrape together — there's nobody in the world to look out for me but my aunt, and her hands are full — and I'm blowing it all in on this trip that I've dreamed of all my life, and that's greater than all my dreams. I may be crude and ignorant and fresh — but I'm happy; happier than these artistic swells who are bored to death, ashamed or afraid to say what they like and what they don't, and so penned in and tyrannized over by rules or somebody's opinion that they daren't be natural. I don't care a darn whether I know the proper thing or not, and I hate people who pose and pretend that they do. All that stuff hasn't anything to do with life or living. — How does that sound to you — vulgar?"

Edgington yielded to a sudden impulse to match her frankness. "Look here, I'm not such a prig as — as I seem, evidently, to you. I do like the proper thing — not because it's the proper thing, but because it suits me. I do like to travel, to live, to appear well. I like the best restaurants, the finest trains, the best-dressed women, the cleverest clubs — all because the rawnesses of life are hidden, and the rough edges turned carefully under in them. I like the best — and I took it and had it and enjoyed it till my letter of credit was a sum of subtractions, and then the old gentleman, who likes these things as much as I do, and from whom I probably inherited my fondness for them, got one of those sudden economical seizures to which he is liable. So when I heard of the fellow belonging to your party who was taken sick at the hotel and couldn't go on ——"

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"How old are you — if you don't mind?" she interrupted.

"Twenty-three. Why?"

"And living on your father?"

He nodded curtly. "What's a man to do who's just through college?"

She was silent a minute. "It seems funny to a girl who's made her own living ever since she left short skirts behind. No wonder you don't enjoy this trip as I do — you didn't earn it for yourself; somebody gave it to you."

They had reached the hotel and Edgington was glad of it. He got out in a hurry and lost sight of his tormentor till the evening, when the whole "partie" sailed in a body into the glittering "salle" and sat down to a table d'hôte dinner. It was then he heard her say in an aside to Miss Merton: "You don't know how these public appearances afflict An Only Child. He, you know, can't bear life unless the rawnesses are hidden and the rough edges carefully turned under." It enraged him so that he forgot to be sensitive to the lofty disdain of the head waiter, whose disapproval of merely middle-class tourists in a body was as unmistakable as his own; and whose sharing of his sentiments made him feel like a lackey himself.

It was an old hotel that took its age and its traditions very seriously. And it shook to its very center — where the be-buttoned, polyglot portier sat like a fat spider, his bulging eyes watching the incoming flies — when a shriek from a bedroom on the first floor startled the night some hours later.

Edgington and his room-mate heard the wild cry and, pulling on their garments, followed the proprietor, the portier, the maid, and the pert little Boots, as they hurried along the corridor.

In front of the door whence the shriek had escaped the little crowd congregated while the portier knocked lustily.

"Who is it? What do you want? It's all right. Go 'way. Don't bother. Never mind. It's a mistake," came in quick sentences from behind the closed door. It was Mary Daley's voice; Edgington and the boy from the South both recognized it.

"But I demand to enter!" cried the portier after a colloquy in Dutch with the proprietor.

"Enter then!" The door was flung open and the party entered. Miss Daley, her hair in two long braids over her shoulders, a loose red gown over her night-clothes, her face looking absurdly fat and baby-like, received them. At sight of Edgington her bright eyes grew round and challenging, so he deemed it safest to remain with the Southern boy, outside.

"Miss Merton, who is lying behind those bed curtains trying not to snicker," declared Miss Daley in an official tone to the portier, "shrieked because she was wakened from a sound sleep by Queen Wilhelmina's picture crashing to the floor. Will you go now and let us get to sleep?"

"But I do not comprehend," said the portier, picking up the large, gilt-framed portrait from the floor, "what had weakened its hold?"

"It might have been my washing."

"Washing?"

"Yes — washing." She turned and waved her hand. The large pier glass

"hurried along the corridor"

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"'It is supposed that when one pays for a room to sleep in, she's going to be permitted to sleep in it'"

over the mantel, the window panes, the portrait of the Queen's mother, the glass of the dressing-bureau — all were plastered with wet white linen adhering to the smooth surface.

The portier looked with incredulity, with disgust, from Mary Daley to her handiwork.

"And the portrait of the Queen——"

"Was as good as anybody else's," supplied Miss Daley sturdily. "You know — or perhaps you don't know — that after you wash handkerchiefs you must spread them very, very smoothly on a glass surface. It saves ironing. Wilhelmina was rather high up and my arms got tired, but I smoothed that handkerchief flat on Her Majesty's face and the cord, being royalist, I suppose, broke three hours later."

"Mademoiselle," said the portier, his big face red, his prominent, fish-like eyes protruding further in his shocked displeasure, "it is not permitted to——"

"Then why didn't you say so?" she interrupted gaily. "The whole continent is plastered full of things that are verboten — how was I to know you preferred dirty handkerchiefs to clean ones?"

"It is supposed——" began the portier with dignity.

"It is supposed that when one pays for a room to sleep in, she's going to be permitted to sleep in it. Good-night."

In the morning they took the train for Brussels. Edgington leaned over to Miss Daley as she sat opposite in the second-class compartment, studying her Baedeker.

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"Would you mind if I open the window, Mademoiselle Mouchoir?" he asked.

A sudden explosion of laughter shook her.

"You are actually getting on," she exclaimed. "The Only Child ought to be disgusted. Think what awfully bad form — to do such a thing — and be caught at it!

"I call that mean," she cried, rallying. "It surely can't be the proper thing to remind a girl of an unavoidable thing like that."

"But you know we're 'darning' the proper thing."

"I am," she returned stoutly. "You're not — sincerely."

"'Why in the world, . . . don't you say 'it's none of your business'?'"

And you're not shocked so as to wish you'd never joined us?"

He shook his head.

"Well — if you're sure you're not — I'll confess that I am shocked — a bit. But I had to bluff, didn't I, with you out there in the hall? I'd have died before I'd have admitted that I had the least idea how awful that poor, plastered, gold-mirrored room looked."

"So it was all for my benefit?"

"Mostly."

"Well, Mademoiselle Mouchoir," he said audaciously, "you might have saved yourself the trouble. I saw only the girl with the black braids and the sleepy, rosy face — why would a man want to look further?"

He had an agreeably novel sensation of holding the whip-hand as he watched her face crimson with confusion.

"Well, I say, suppose you help me to; teach me to. Show me how much pleasanter it is to travel second-class than de luxe; to scurry through museums when you'd love to linger over something that specially strikes you and hasn't hit the guide's exquisite taste; be crowded in with a lot of people who ——"

"Aren't congenial and not received in the best families? No — you're not teachable, Prince Roseleaf. And why in the world — tell me that — should you travel better than most? Why should you go first-class? Your father's got a right to, perhaps, but where did you earn any?"

He sat back as though he had been buffetted about the ears. She took up her Baedeker and read sternly through "Brussels to Antwerp." Then she dropped the little red-covered volume.

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"'A swell like you wouldn't, of course, go back on a slow steamer'"

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"Why in the world," she said, suddenly taking up the conversation where it had fallen, "don't you say 'it's none of your business'?"

"Because it isn't," he answered simply.

This time she got from "Antwerp to Paris" before she spoke again; it took longer to read away a rebuff received than one given.

"That ought to make us even," she said. "Shall we call it a draw?"

They separated immediately, to indulge in the cordial mutual ill-will that follows an indecisive battle.

On the Rhine boat he heard her demand of the waiter, who was serving an English party, "Kennen sie taken ein autre order?" and demanding "swei of this"—pointing to the bill of fare. He saw the lifted supercilious eyebrows of the Englishmen whom her mixed essays amused, and he felt like punching the pert, red-faced German waiter for the excellent English in which he answered.

The "partie's" first day in France ended at the Invalides. Stretched out, they made half of the circle of hero worshippers who look down upon the massive red-brown granite sarcophagus on its pedestal of green-black marble, with not a line of ornamentation, not a flower, not an inscription to belittle this burial box of stone and the dead greatness it encloses. Edgington's eye wandered from the tattered standards from whose folds, like incense, rise the memories that shook a world, to one after the other of the twelve Angels of Pradier, that mighty sisterhood of stateliness, serenity, and beautiful gravity and watchfulness. As it completed the circle, the young man's eye, unconsciously lifted, took in the other end of the semicircle directly opposite, of which he was the beginning and little Mary Daley the end. Her pretty, child-like mouth was trembling, and the tears rolled down her cheeks, unheeded.

Edgington covered the space that separated them in a moment. He stood beside her, his shoulder shielding her from the curious eyes bent upon her for some moments before she noticed him. Then she looked up, wiped the tears, of which she had been unconscious, from her cheeks, and, gulping down her sobs, she exclaimed while her lips still trembled: "Ain't it dandy?"

In some altogether unaccountable way this seemed to mitigate the effect of that deadly draw which had separated Mary Daley, of Wichita, from Heyward H. Edgington, of Rittenhouse Square. Edgington swallowed his social scruples once and for all and came in out of the chill atmosphere of criticism into the warmth of the little girl's friendliness. He found it much pleasanter to laugh with her than at her, for the world provided endless food for laughter to Mary Daley. She was born a flesh-and-blood caricaturist, quick to catch a peculiarity, bodily, mental or sentimental, and mimic it with just enough exaggeration to stamp it as a characteristic. And she cartooned all Europe in poses and sentences and expression.

Edgington soon found himself contributing to the merriment of the "partie" by singing as the break which held them all dashed along the Hohenweg at Interlaken. And when the first verse of his favorite Princeton jingle was answered by the next from a passing automobile, he laughed at the amazement of two of his classmates in it who had recognized him. He took off his hat in response to the unuttered sentiment Mary Daley's face expressed and to accompany the salute she made, when they came unexpectedly across the Flag on a little launch bobbing about on the lovely lake of Thun. He climbed with her and lunched with her and was stared at with her, and life seemed a lark to him in the sunny insouciance her unaffected happiness reflected.

Till one day, just before they were to sail, they went to the banker's together for letters, and he opened and read one with an enclosure from his mother. He looked from it to Mary Daley's face and then crammed the letter in his pocket, saying whimsically, half aloud: "It's too late, Mamma Edgington."

Mary Daley's eyes lifted. "Not bad news?" she asked with ready sympathy.

"Would it be bad news to you, if it prevented my going back on the boat tomorrow with the 'partie'?"

"Wait a minute." She dived down into a side-satchel from which she drew her much-weakened letter of credit. She looked it over carefully before putting it back. "Look here, Prince Roseleaf, you and I have got to be pretty good friends, haven't we?"

He waited, disappointed. He was looking for another, less frankly expressed, sign of interest.

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"all the women except herself were below"

"Well, then," she went on, "why don't you ask me to let you have enough to pay your passage money over? I can do it and still have enough left to get back to Kansas. Why in the world don't you say something?"

"Why it's awfully good of you—of course. I thank you over and over, you kind little soul, but, you see, my mother is sending me a check, and——"

"Oh!" The circumflex accent had more than the ordinary allowance of savagery in it, he thought. "And a swell like you wouldn't, of course, go back on a slow steamer if he could get supplies in an underhand way from his mamma after his father had denied him."

This time Edgington told himself that there was something he never could forgive.

He saw her on deck the second day out, but all the women except herself were below, battling with misery, of which they spoke facetiously and thought with terror, and she was walking briskly about, very much in demand, with the boy from the South on one side and the Minneapolis professor on the other. She had only a curt nod for him, that declined to show even surprise that he was on board.

She planned a progressive euchre party with the boy from the South, and captained an entertainment that was given in the cabin, to neither of which functions did she deign to invite Edgington. Her activity and her good-humored informality took her everywhere. She was the first to get over on the forward deck to play shuffleboard, to be invited up on the bridge by the Captain, to get down on the lower deck in the early morning and shell peas with the women from the steerage, who were working for the cook in sheer ennui.

She came up from this last excursion and twisted her ankle on the wet deck,

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and fell into Edgington's outstretched arms; which was not surprising, as he had got up, before the first gong sounded, for the express purpose of following her, and, in the comparative seclusion of early morning, "having it out with her." But now that he had her in his arms, a plump, pretty, helpless weight for an instant, his heart began to thump madly, and, instead of berating her, he bent over in a Christian spirit and kissed the mouth that had so often wounded him.

She struggled from him indignantly, her round face aflame.

"I couldn't help it," he cried — but there was no apology in his tone.

She hid her face in her hands, murmuring like a shamefaced child: "I knew I was going to care for you."

"And this Miss Daley," demanded Edgington senior; "you say you took her to a hotel before coming home? You must think a lot of her to postpone seeing your mother and me after so long an absence."

"I do — a lot." His son smiled; but there were indications in his manner that so experienced a woman as Mrs. Edgington could not overlook.

"Who introduced you, Heyward?" she asked.

"I think," he said slowly, "I owe her acquaintance to father."

"To me?"

Old Edgington slipped his finger between his collar and his throat; it was a protest, grown involuntary, against the dictates of conventionality in men's dress. It always irritated his wife, who had been one of the Heriots of Baltimore, as an unnecessary and humiliating reminder that the iron manufacturer had begun the accumulation of his fortune unhampered by stiff collars — or any other kind.

Young Edgington looked at his mother.

"Who is she, Heyward?" Mrs. Edgington asked appealingly.

"Absolutely nobody — but her own sunny self."

His mother threw up her hands. "Well, let us see her anyway," she said.

So Edgington's mother saw Mary Daley.

"A dumpy little thing with no style, a good complexion, and positively awful manners," is the way she described her to her sister.

What Miss Daley thought of Mrs. Edgington she told that lady as soon as she saw her.

"I knew you'd be a swell," she said, looking up admiringly at the tall, slender, youthful-looking woman, who had donned her most imposing Heriot manner and her handsomest afternoon frock to receive her threatened daughter-in-law. "But I did hope you'd sort of generously let me down easy. This kind of thing," she spread out her dimpled hands eloquently, "overpowers me. It must seem a pity in a way to you, doesn't it, that Prince Roseleaf and I should care for each other — but we do."

"Why, really," began Mrs. Edgington, summoning her savoir-faire, "it's so new to me yet, that I have hardly accustomed myself to the thought."

But the absolute sincerity of the girl's voice sounded sweet to her husband's ears.

"Why 'Prince Roseleaf'?" he interrupted.

"Why, you should have seen him when he joined us — the dainty disgust of him, the air of being in reduced circumstances — temporarily, oh, very temporarily — the shocked surprise at how little we knew and how much fun we had; and the tenderness of him about what people might think! My, but he was raw — in another sense than I was — from the wounds to his sensitive soul."

Mr. Edgington roared. Young Edgington smiled, not deprecatingly. Mrs. Edgington lifted her beautiful chin — all the Heriots have beautiful chins.

"And you resented it, didn't you, Mary?" Young Edgington's tone made his mother shiver; the loving confidence of it sounded final.

"Yes. Because — of course you know," she said, smiling past Mrs. Edgington's haughty face into old Edgington's eyes, "because I cared for him from the very beginning. And I couldn't bear to think I was growing fonder and fonder of a prig."

"A prig!"

"Don't you worry, Mrs. Edgington, he isn't one — not a bit of it. He's the — Well, you know, I can't tell you what I think of him when he's around."

The contrast between the delicious shyness of her voice, just then, and the assured manner with which she had faced his wife, won James Edgington.

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"'You're Lady High-and-Mighty. I'm just any girl from Kansas'"

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"You wouldn't have had him," he asked, his eyes twinkling, "if he'd been what he seemed when he joined you?"

"I'd have hated him — or tried to," she added softly.

"But," Mrs. Edgington said, quite as softly, "did it never occur to you that something of what he stood for might be a very desirable thing?"

"That reminds me of what you said that time about the 'rawnesses of life' and all that rot." Miss Daley turned with the fullest trust in being understood to her Prince. "Excuse me, Mrs. Edgington, it's going to be hard for you and me to get on together, ain't it? You're Lady High-and-Mighty. I'm just any girl from Kansas. It's too bad for you that Prince Roseleaf should care for me, but — but it's very, very good for me. If I could, I'd do a lot to try to make myself over to be your kind. But I couldn't if I would and — no, I wouldn't — if I could. I would die for him but I won't live to pretend for him. It's what your friends will think of me that bothers you — isn't it? But don't you let it trouble you too much — my being what I am; at least not for the present. For, after I've gone back to Kansas, you won't be bothered with me for a long time, and one can't say ——"

"So you're going back to Kansas?" Mr. Edgington crossed over to where she sat and took her plump hand in his.

"School begins Monday," she said.

"School?" inquired Mrs. Edgington with a flash of hope. "You are attending some finishing school?"

"It's all kinds of school — the one I teach; mixed grades, you know."

"Why don't you say something?" Edgington turned to his son.

"Because I think Mary can explain herself quicker and better than I could."

"He means I give myself away all in a bunch, so that you'll know right away the extent of the calamity that's befallen you. But — but put yourself in my place for a minute, Mrs. Edgington. How could I help caring for him?"

It was the first direct appeal she had made. It occurred to both the younger and the older Edgington to step into the breach, but something in the girl's frankness made the subterfuge seem unworthy. There was a pause, significant, long. Then the blood of the Heriots came to the lady's assistance.

"That's not the question," she said bravely, "it's how could he help caring for you?"

The Edgington blacks, famous at many a horse-show on the Wissahickon, carried Mary Daley down to the station the next morning.

"I've simply got to go back to Kansas to teach," she said when old Edgington tried to prevail upon her at the last minute to change her mind. "The sooner I get to work the sooner Heyward will. Of course, I couldn't marry a man who couldn't support me himself — not by taxing his father. We have talked it all over and he won't let anybody but himself — not even you" — she had learned a special way already of saying "you" to Mr. Edgington — "pay my board bill after we're married. I'll go to work and so will he. It's best for us both. And perhaps," she smiled at Mrs. Edgington in a way that made that lady feel as though she had a little girl, a very winning, fat little girl to deal with, "perhaps I'll work some of the rawness off down in Kansas."

But she clung to young Edgington till the conductor's warning cry sounded.

"Oh, do work — hard — hard," she sobbed as she bade him good-by. "For I can't bear it long. I — I love you so, my boy, my boy!"

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Photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.

THE SURRENDER OF BREDA

FROM THE PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ

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Photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.

NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF EYLAU

FROM THE PAINTING BY GROS

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ONE HUNDRED MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING

BY

JOHN LA FARGE

AUTHOR OF "GREAT MASTERS"

SECOND PAPER

WAR

THE very earliest records of all the arts, the arts of speech and sound, the arts of sculpture and painting, the mere beginnings of architecture, are memorials of successful war. The earliest verse is that of battle and of battle-cry. From the beginning, the Pharaohs drive their chariots through the slain; the Assyrian kings number the captives, and Hokusai, the Japanese, wishing to recall the ancient stories of China, makes a picture in which the conquerors, tired with murder, toss into vast heaps the bloody heads of the slain. Later, when art has found a place in Greece, the descendants of greater men saw pictured on temple friezes the mythological struggles of gods and heroes in which they could feel their own triumphs over their own home rivals, or the Persian and the Barbaric world. Later still, in a more prosaic and official age, the Roman column and the Roman arch tell the story of actual Roman triumph, preceded by a struggle in which the Roman could recognize the cohort to which he had belonged, and, in a rude way, something of the scheme of battle that had been successful. Most of this record has been of sculpture. What else that may have been painted is a mere statement of abstract fact, not far from the brevity of a telegraphic report in its earliest forms. There is also one single fragment of mosaic, where Alexander charges into the Persian mass. Except for those stories that are symbolic, in which the struggle is only a type, the art is rarely of a great character, and when it rises higher, it is the record of personal hand-to-hand struggle, based on the most primitive needs of fight, and not such a record of the art of war as might make a difference between the planning of one success and another.

Such pictures came slowly, and when we have them, when in the seventeenth century we see in such pictures as Van der Meulen's the tactical account of Louis the

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Fourteenth's victories — whatever there is that is true loses its artistic human interest. One mass of men, being like another, and seen at a great distance, we cannot tell through such means much more than the theory of the movement. And as the very principle of the meaning is a sort of immobility or mechanical action, we are too far away from the human feeling to care for one mass more than another. Any amount of single individuals galloping about only make the effort at creating art more absurd and frigid. It is not so different at our very day ; and we come to this astonishing result : that the number of pictures of historic battle which have a value in art is extremely limited. We may have accuracies, and then they take away from the feeling of life ; we may have attempted archæologies, and then the great living facts, which are the same for furious Frank and fiery Hun, disappear in the so-called appeal to history. A few exceptions in what might have been an enormous field are all that can be marked, and a few of these I shall place before the reader.

We must remember that it is not the choice of subject that makes the value of the work of art. Otherwise the story of the Bible would always be full of æsthetic beauty instead of the indefinite tedium which haunts the religious picture. So, evidently, in the smaller dramatic situations, the fact that so many brave men have held a small post with their last cartridges, that certain men have made a last ineffectual charge, whether English or French, at Fontenoy or Waterloo, do not make a work of art. The meaning of the heroism should be told in painting by the arrangement of line and mass and color, embracing more or less, within its net, the human courage which is the story of the picture. No poet laureate, because he has the task of telling a great national story, thereby succeeds in a heroic ode. Rare indeed, even in poetry, are the stories of great successful battles. It might almost seem as if the stories of defeat, of how "the flowers of the forest are all wede away," carry with them more of the essence of art than the songs of triumph, and because of the solemnity of human fate, there has been no greater triumph recorded than that of the dead Hector dragged around the walls of sacred Troy behind the chariot-wheels of the victor Achilles.

So, perhaps, in the first example that I have chosen, we may see something of a sentiment which has directed the lines of the picture, as it might have directed the lilt of verse, and in which a representation of much accuracy, a representation of success in war, is still the record of noble human feeling. Both parties are the heroes. This is the "Surrender of Breda," also known as "The Lances," by Velasquez. Forgotten for a long time, to such an extent that its subject was unknown during part of the eighteenth century, it has become one of the famous pictures of the world. It takes its Spanish name, the painting of "The Lances," from the group of long spears on the right-hand side of the painting, whose number has been often counted — they are twenty-nine. They serve to extend the picture outside of the frame and to suggest many more on that same level, and far back we see them stretched, moving down the hill. They are the serried pikes of Spain, disciplined and trained to move with one accord, undefeated until nineteen years later, 1643, when "the iron cornfield" — so called in Spanish verse — was mowed down forever by Condé at the battle of Rocroy. 1624–1643 : those nineteen years include the paintings of the Dutch burghers fighting on the other side, in the pictures of Hals, Van der Helst, and Rembrandt. At this moment, however, not of the picture, but of the capture of Breda, the Spanish must have felt the invincible power of their imperialism, and as if this success had been achieved over the Dutch in the teeth of the whole world. Thus Olivarez, Spain's Prime Minister, put it. Not that the Spaniards were alone ; French, Germans, and Italians were on their side, and, in the fortunes of the town, this "bulwark of Flanders" was held by either side at different times. It was the seat of the family of Orange, and at that time converted into a model fortress by the Dutch. This impregnable fortress the Marquis Spinola, the Italian general commanding the Spaniards, was ordered to take, in the brief message from Philip the Fourth : "Marquis take Breda. — I, the King." Maurice of Nassau was in the town, fully provisioned, and well defended by a garrison of veterans, and the struggle ended by the supplies running short, when the place yielded. Spinola granted honorable terms to the aged Governor, Justin of Nassau, who

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was "allowed to march out with all arms, flags flying, drums beating, guns loaded to the muzzle, with lighted fuse, cavalry with flying streamers, trumpets blowing, armed and mounted as in the field." Then came the ceremony of surrender, June 2, 1625. Surrounded by a "crown" of princes and officers of high birth, Spinola awaited the arrival of Justin. The Governor then presented himself with his family, kinsfolk, and distinguished students of the Military Academy, who had been shut up in the place during the siege. Spinola embraced his vanquished opponent with kindly expressions and still more kindly words, in which he praised the courage and endurance of the protracted defense. The story is rendered in the painting in such a manner that any one can understand its meaning. Nothing could be simpler than the gesture of Spinola placing his hand on the shoulder of the Dutchman, who bends also, according to etiquette, as he delivers the keys of the conquered city. The national and the personal characteristics of each leader are expressed in every detail: in the sunburnt face of Justin of Nassau, above his great white collar, in his full doublet and trunk hose and his heavy boots; in the slightness and paleness of Spinola, clad in ornamented armor, and in the closely fitting boots which show his high-bred feet. Some years after the event, Velasquez had sailed to Italy with the great Marquis, and, perhaps, had there studied his countenance. On that trip also he saw at Venice, in the church of San Cassiano, that wonderful picture of Tintoretto, "The Crucifixion," where, in the same way as in his own picture to be, the lances of the Roman soldiers run across the sky. In the Spanish picture, they and the officers beneath, and the bent flag and the horse from whose saddle the conqueror has just come, make one great mass to one side. On the other side, the Dutch escort and the youthful companions of the Dutch commander again make another formal mass according to etiquette. To join these two sides the right arm of Spinola, extended in sympathy, makes the link. It is the real meaning of the picture; and its moral and intellectual meaning are rightly translated into the mechanism of art. Of course, the separate facts are beautifully painted; the faces and gestures have their expressions, the great open background spreads with accurate topography, the garrison moves out, closed in by the Spanish pikes, great bonfires are lit, and the silvery streak of the Mark indicates the flatness of the plain. But, against all this, the right arm of Spinola, clad in black armor, tells everything: triumph, appreciation of others, and the dignity of a great commander. There are no more war scenes by Velasquez; there were no more victories for the Spaniards; and, as we said, notwithstanding a century and a half of war over all the possible spaces of Europe and America, there is no other great record of defeat or triumph until Turner's record of Trafalgar and the "Death of Nelson," which is now in the National Gallery of London.

Whether it be entirely acceptable to the eye of most seamen I do not know. I know that to certain mariners Turner's errors were not offensive, and that what he had to say of the sea pleased many a man who knew of what the painter has expressed. We know that a painter of figures might have been tempted to take some other and nearer view, if, indeed, he had touched the subject at all. We know also that more modern ideas of realism are here expressed, bringing in something a little smaller, something more in the line of what has become illustration. But the majesty of these great ships, which we shall never see again, the record of the complicated necessities of their handling, the solemn momentous upheaval of the mast and yards, crowded together against the sky, the veiling of smoke and spray — which alone are a picture of movement and of light — and the choice of a perspective which makes us look down upon the deck of the flagship "Victory," where the victor lies dying, are enough to take the painting out of the mere realism of its story into the range of epic poetry. Here, too, we can see what is so rarely recognized in the work of the great landscape painter — his wonderful capacity for the grouping and arrangement of the human figure. The many stories of the fight, their necessary connection, are all centered to one point: the little body of the great Admiral, held up by his men — poorly drawn, perhaps, according to academic notion, but perfect in meaning — tells a story as visible to a mind unacquainted with the facts as to us who associate with the great battle an importance so decisive and so full of the romance of

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war. The black and white of our reproduction does not, of course, give the charm of the light and color that fill the canvas; that beauty of Nature impassive and unobservant of the tragedies of men.

The great Napoleonic conflict might well have brought out the somber poetry of war, but of all the paintings, of all the official records, only two or three are worthy to survive as art. One man among the painters alone had the poetic fire — a youth; he had accompanied the French invasion into Italy, had been present at that marvel of genius and of luck, the first Italian campaign of Bonaparte, had been dazzled by the glory of the great commander and uplifted by the enthusiasm of the great cause of civil freedom. He paints the picture of a single episode: Napoleon carrying the flag across the bridge at Lodi; Napoleon at Jaffa, touching with bare hand the sick of the plague to give them courage; and among others, few in number, the battle of Eylau, an unintentional prophecy of final defeat and disaster, where the great snow landscape, over which are scattered lines of the army, makes a sinister background for all the ugliness of war. There is no shirking of its horrors, all the more full because no sermon is intended. Indeed, the story is of the regrets and sympathy of the conqueror for the cost of the victory. One of the wounded enemy embraces his foot, others appeal to him. His dying companions assert their final allegiance. In the center, the pale mask of the Emperor seems the emblem of fate — of a fate too strong for his management, and he extends a hand in deprecation. The dead and the wounded lie in the snow; the surgeons are working at their best — even against the struggles of the wounded enemies. Wounded beasts struggle, deserted in the deep snow, and, right by the Emperor, adding a note of caricature to emphasize the cruel scene, caracoles Murat, the King, the cavalry leader, in his theatrical costume, impervious to the scene. It has all been more or less a thing seen. The experience of actual war has taught the painter, and out of this past he has made a great drama filled with the accuracy of portraiture and of military costume and equipment. However admirably rebuilt the big picture of Meissonier in our Museum, it is an archæological and scientific reconstruction of possible fact — and it is nothing more, apart from the great question that it is really a fragment, not a rebuilding of fact by the necessities of art which ask the arrangement of lines and masses and the cadences which make a separate creation. In the great picture by Gros, "Napoleon at Eylau," we see the record of the past of the art of war — the one great chief in whom all are embodied, on whom everything depends, who is visible to all, and whose presence animates and sustains this struggle. The era of close conflict is over. At great distances from unknown spots, fall the wounded and the dead. The battle itself is almost out of sight and certainly the commanders. They no longer ride at the head of their men or stand as an object for the enemy's artillery. As the commander at sea who knows only by the electric report what is being done out of his sight, so the commander of to-day can no longer be represented in the long line of personal appearance which lasts from indefinite Egypt to the close of the nineteenth century.

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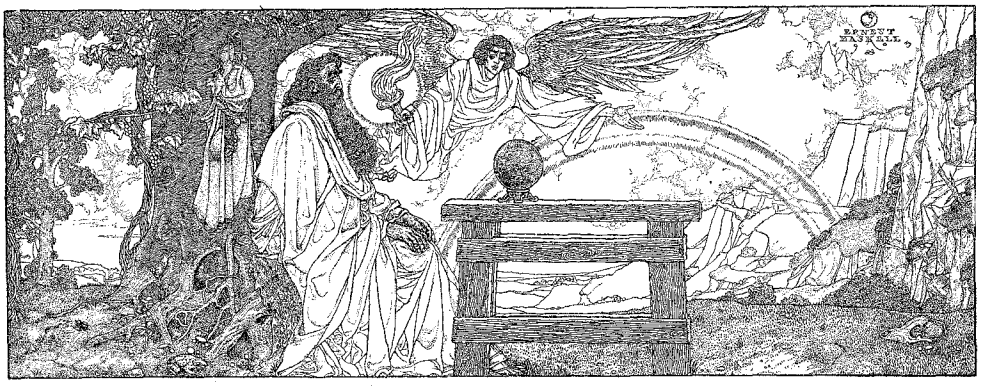

THE PROPHET

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

AUTHOR OF "KINGS AND QUEENS"

DECORATION BY ERNEST HASKELL

TO speak one burning Word
Thou shalt be heard;
Yet that one Word a sting
Of suffering
And on thy lips a torch
To sear and scorch
Until thou dost set free
Its utmost plea.

(*Rather than this fierce brand*
An empty hand.
Fling it beyond my reach,
Lord, I beseech!)

Nay, thou art born with this
One road to Bliss.
If thou the gift deny
'Twill be a cry
Of everlasting fear,
Of murder in thine ear;
A sword within thy side. —
This gift denied.

(*What then if I obey*
And go my way?)

The world it shall illume,
Thyself consume!
For even in thy despite
This Flame shall write,
Sealing thine ecstasy
And tragedy,
And yet thy birthright given,
The price of Heaven.

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THE SHYNESS OF SHORTY

BY

REX E. BEACH

ILLUSTRATED BY J. N. MARCHAND

BAILEY smoked morosely as he scanned the dusty trail leading down across the "bottom" and away over the dry gray prairie toward the hazy mountains in the west.

From his back-tilted chair on the veranda, the road was visible for miles, as well as the river trail from the south, sneaking up through the cottonwoods and leprous sycamores.

He called gruffly into the silence of the house, and his speech held the surliness of his attitude.

"Hot Joy! Bar X outfit comin'. Git supper."

A Chinaman appeared in the door and gazed at the six-mule team descending the distant gully to the ford.

"Jesse one man, hey? All light," and slid quietly back to the kitchen.

Whatever might be said, or, rather, whatever might be suspected, of Bailey's roadhouse — for people did not run to wordy conjecture in this country — it was known that it boasted a good cook, and this atoned for a catalogue of shortcomings. So it waxed popular among the hands of the big cattle ranges near-by. Those given to idle talk held that Bailey acted strangely at times, and rumor painted occasional black doings at the hacienda, squatting vulture-like above the ford, but it was nobody's business, and he kept a good cook.

Bailey did not recall the face that greeted him from above the three span as they swung in front of his corral, but the brand on their flanks was the Bar X, so he nodded with as near an approach to hospitality as he permitted.

It was a large face, strong-featured and rugged, balanced on wide square shoulders, yet some oddness of posture held the gaze of the other till the stranger clambered over the wheel to the ground. Then Bailey removed his brier and heaved tempestuously in the throes of great and silent mirth.

It was a dwarf. The head of a Titan, the body of a whisky barrel, rolling ludicrously on the tiny limbs of a bug, presented so startling a sight that even Hot Joy, appearing around the corner, cackled shrilly. His laughter rose to a shriek of dismay, however, as the little man made at him with the rush and roar of a cannon ball. In Bailey's amazed eyes he seemed to bounce galvanically, landing on Joy's back with such vicious suddenness that the breath fled from him in a squawk of terror; then, seizing his cue, he kicked and belabored the prostrate Celestial in feverish silence. He desisted and rolled across the porch to Bailey. Staring truculently up at the landlord, he spoke for the first time.

"Was I right in supposin' that something amused you?"

Bailey gasped incredulously, for the voice rumbled heavily an octave below his own bass. Either the look of the stocky catapult, as he launched himself on the fleeing servant, or the invidious servility of the innkeeper, sobered the landlord, and he answered gravely:

"No, sir; I reckon you're mistaken. I ain't observed anything frivolous yet."

"Glad of it," said the little man. "I don't like a feller to hog a joke all by himself. Some of the Bar X boys took to absorbin' humor out of my shape when I first went to work, but they're sort of educated out of it now. I got an eye from one and a finger off of another; the last one donated a ear."

Bailey readily conceived this man as a bad antagonist, for the heavy corded neck

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had split buttons from the blue shirt, and he glimpsed a chest hairy, and round as a drum, while the brown arms showed knotty and hardened.

"Let's liquor," he said, and led the way into the big, low room, serving as bar, dining and living room. From the rear came vicious clatterings and slammings of pots, mingled with Oriental lamentations, indicating an aching body rather than a chastened spirit.

"Don't see you often," he continued, with a touch of implied curiosity, which grew as his guest, with lingering fondness, up-ended a glass brimful of the raw, fiery spirits.

"No, the old man don't lemme get away much. He knows that dwellin' close to the ground, as I do, I pine for spiritual elevation," with a melting glance at the bottles behind the bar doing much to explain the size of his first drink.

"Like it, do ye?" questioned Bailey, indicating the shelf.

"Well, not exactly! Booze is like air —I need it. It makes a new man out of me—and usually ends by gettin' both me and the new one laid off."

"Didn't hear nothing of the weddin' over at Los Huecos, did ye?"

"No! Whose weddin'?"

"Ross Turney, the new sheriff."

"Ye don't say! Him that's been elected on purpose to round up the Tremper gang, hey? Who's his antagonist?"

"Old man Miller's gal. He's celebratin' his election by gettin' spliced. I been expectin' of 'em across this way to-night, but I guess they took the Black Butte trail. You heard what he said, didn't ye? Claims that inside of ninety days he'll rid the county of the Trempers and give the reward to his wife for a bridal present. Five thousand dollars on 'em, you know." Bailey grinned evilly and continued: "Say! Marsh Tremper'll ride up to his house some night and make him eat his own gun in front of his bride, see if he don't. Then there'll be cause for an inquest and an election." He spoke with what struck the teamster as unnecessary heat.

"Dunno," said the other; "Turney's a brash young feller, I hear, but he's game. 'Tain't any of my business, though, and I don't want none of his contrac'. I'm violently addicted to peace and quiet, I am. Guess I'll unhitch," and he toddled out into the gathering dusk to his mules, while the landlord peered uneasily down the darkening trail.

As the saddened Joy lit candles in the front room there came the rattle of wheels without, and a buckboard stopped in the bar of light from the door. Bailey's anxiety was replaced by a mask of listless surprise as the voice of Ross Turney called to him.

"Hello there, Bailey! Are we in time for supper? If not, I'll start an insurrection with that Boxer of yours. He's got to turn out the snortingest supper of the season to-night. It isn't every day your shack is honored by a bride. Mr. Bailey, this is my wife, since ten o'clock A.M." He introduced a blushing happy girl, evidently in the grasp of many emotions. "We'll stay all night, I guess."

"Sure," said Bailey. "I'll show ye a room," and he led them up beneath the low roof where an unusual cleanliness betrayed the industry of Joy.

The two men returned and drank to the bride, Turney with the reckless lightness that distinguished him, Bailey sullen and watchful.

"Got another outfit here, haven't you?" questioned the bridegroom. "Who is it?"

Before answer could be made, from the kitchen arose a tortured howl and the smashing of dishes, mingled with stormy rumblings. The door burst inward, and an agonized Joy fled, flapping out into the night, while behind him rolled the caricature from Bar X.

"I just stopped for a drink of water," boomed the dwarf, then paused at the twitching face of the sheriff.

He swelled ominously, like a great pigeon, purple and congested with rage. Strutting to the new comer, he glared insolently up into his smiling face.

"What are ye laughin' at, ye shavetail?" His hands were clenched, till his arms showed tense and rigid, and the cords in his neck were thickly swollen.

"Lemme in on it, I'm strong on humor. What in —— ails ye?" he yelled, in a fury, as the tall young man gazed fixedly, and the glasses rattled at the bellow from the barreled-up lungs.

"I'm not laughing at you," said the sheriff.

"Oh, ain't ye?" mocked the man of peace. "Well, take care that ye don't.

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ye big wart, or I'll trample them new clothes and browse around on some of your features. I'll take ye apart till ye look like cut feed. Guess ye don't know who I am, do ye! I'm ——"

"Who is this man, Ross?" came the anxious voice of the bride, descending the stairs.

The little man spun like a dancer, and, spying the girl, blushed to the color of a prickly pear, then stammered painfully, while the sweat stood out under the labor of his discomfort:

"Just 'Shorty,' Miss," he finally quavered. "Plain 'Shorty' of the Bar X — er — a miserable, crawlin' worm for disturbin' of you." He rolled his eyes helplessly at Bailey, while he sopped with his crumpled sombrero at the glistening perspiration.

"Why didn't ye tell me?" he whispered ferociously at the host, and the volume of his query carried to Joy, hiding out in the night.

"Mr. Shorty," said the sheriff gravely; "let me introduce my wife, Mrs. Turney."

The bride smiled sweetly at the tremulous little man, who broke and fled to a high bench in the darkest corner, where he dangled his short legs in a silent ecstasy of bashfulness.

"I reckon I'll have to rope that Chink, then blindfold and back him into the kitchen, if we git any supper," said Bailey, disappearing.

Later the Chinaman stole in to set the table, but he worked with hectic and fitful energy, a fearful eye always upon the dim bulk in the corner, and at a fancied move he shook with an ague of apprehension. Backing and sidling, he finally announced the meal, prepared to stampede madly at notice.

During the supper Shorty ate ravenously of whatever lay to his hand, but asked no favors. The agony of his shyness paralyzed his huge vocal muscles till speech became a labor quite impossible.

To a pleasant remark of the bride he responded, but no sound issued, then breathing heavily into his larynx, the reply roared upon them like a burst of thunder, seriously threatening the gravity of the meal. He retired abruptly into moist and self-conscious silence, fearful of feasting his eyes on this disturbing loveliness.

As soon as compatible with decency, he slipped back to his bunk in the shed behind, and lay staring into the darkness, picturing the amazing occurrences of the evening. At the memory of her level glances he fell a-tremble and sighed ecstatically, prickling with a new, strange emotion. He lay till far into the night, wakeful and absorbed. He was able to grasp the fact but dimly that all this dazzling perfection was for one man. Were it not manifestly impossible he supposed other men in other lands knew other ladies as beautiful, and it furthermore grew upon him blackly, in the thick gloom, that in all this world of womanly sweetness and beauty, no modicum of it was for the misshapen dwarf of the Bar X outfit. All his life he had fought furiously to uphold the empty shell of his dignity in the eyes of his comrades, yet always morbidly conscious of the difference in his body. Whisky had been his solace, his sweetheart. It changed him, raised and beatified him into the likeness of other men, and now, as he pondered, he was aware of a consuming thirst engendered by the heat of his earlier emotions. Undoubtedly it must be quenched.

He rose and stole quietly out into the big front room. Perhaps the years of free life in the open had bred a suspicion of walls, perhaps he felt his conduct would not brook discovery, perhaps habit, prompted him to take the two heavy Colts from their holsters and thrust them inside his trousers band.

He slipped across the room, silent and cavern-like, its blackness broken by the window squares of starry sky, till he felt the paucity of glassware behind the bar.

"Here's to Her." It burned delightfully.

"Here's to the groom." It tingled more alluringly.

"I'll drink what I can, and get back to the bunk before it works," he thought, and the darkness veiled the measure of his potations.

He started at a noise on the stairway. His senses, not yet dulled, detected a stealthy tread. Not the careless step of a man unafraid, but the cautious rustle and halt of a marauder. Every nerve bristled to keenest alertness as the faint occasional sounds approached, passed the open end of the bar where he crouched, leading on to the window. Then a match flared and the darkness rushed out as a candle wick sputtered.

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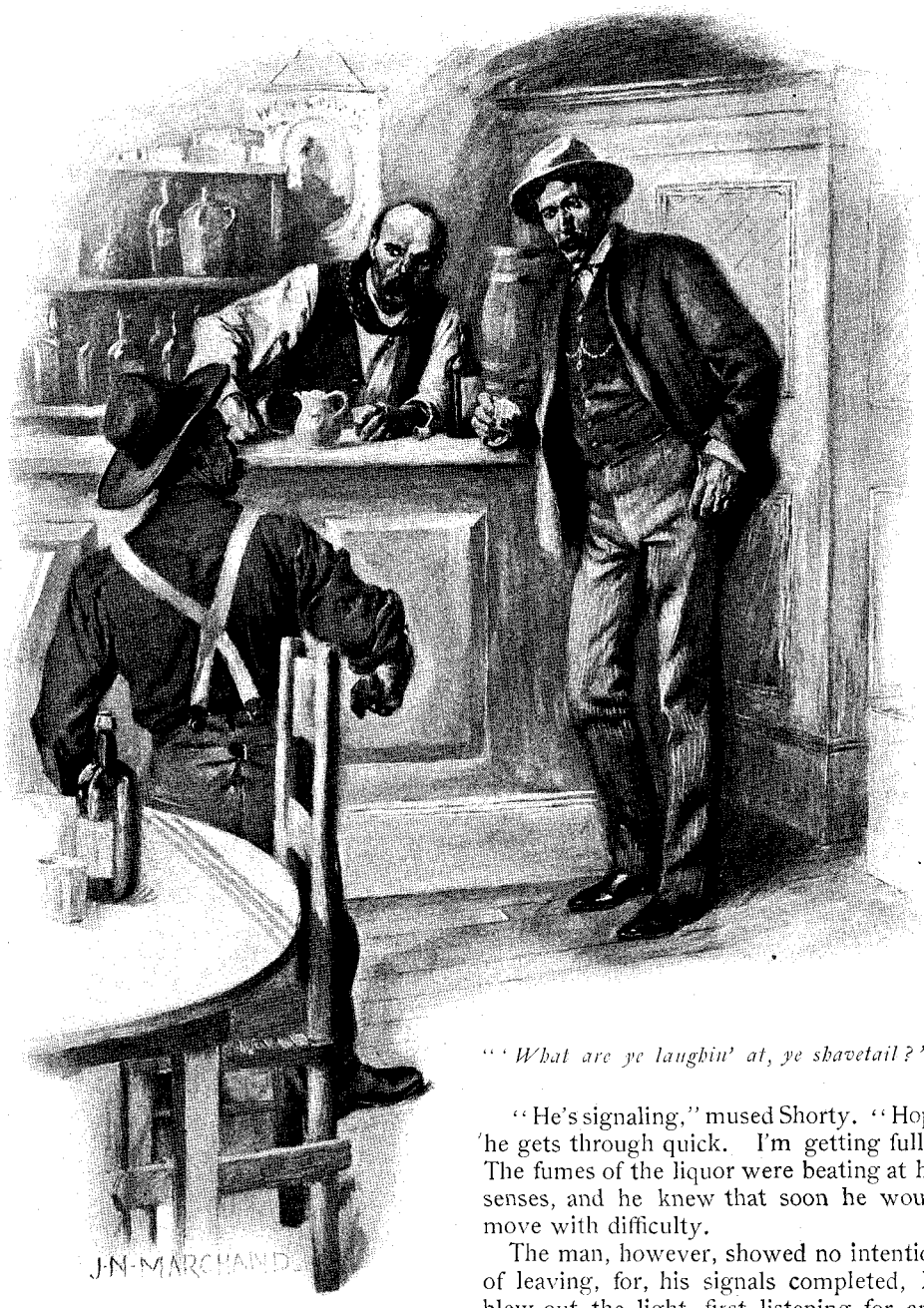

"'What are ye laughin' at, ye shavetail?'"

Shorty stretched on tiptoe, brought his eye to the level of the bar, and gazed upon the horrent head of Bailey. He sighed thankfully, but watched with interest his strange behavior.

Bailey moved the light across the window from left to right three times, paused, then wigwagged some code out into the night.

"He's signaling," mused Shorty. "Hope he gets through quick. I'm getting full." The fumes of the liquor were beating at his senses, and he knew that soon he would move with difficulty.

The man, however, showed no intention of leaving, for, his signals completed, he blew out the light, first listening for any sound from above, then his figure loomed black and immobile against the dim starlight of the window.

"Oh, Lord! I got to set down," and the watcher squatted upon the floor, bracing against the wall. His dulling perceptions were sufficiently acute to detect shuffling footsteps on the porch and the cautious unbarring of the door.

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"Gettin' late for visitors," he thought, as he entered a blissful doze. "When they're abed, I'll turn-in."

It seemed much later that a shot startled him. To his dizzy hearing came the sound of curses overhead, the stamp and shift of feet, the crashing fall of struggling men, and, what brought him unsteadily to his legs, the agonized scream of a woman. It echoed through the house, chilling him, and dwindled to an aching moan.

Something was wrong, he knew that, but it was hard to tell just what. He must think. What hard work it was to think, too; he'd never noticed before what a laborious process it was. Probably that sheriff had got into trouble; he was a fresh guy, anyhow; and he'd laughed when he first saw Shorty. That settled it. He could get out of it himself. Evidently it was nothing serious, for there was no more disturbance above, only confused murmurings. Then a light showed in the stairs, and again the shuffling of feet came, as four strange men descended. They were lighted by the sardonic Bailey, and they dragged a sixth between them, bound and helpless. It was the sheriff.

Now, what had he been doing to get into such a fix?

The prisoner stood against the wall, white and defiant. He strained at his bonds silently, while his captors watched his futile struggles. There was something terrible and menacing in the quietness with which they gloated — a suggestion of some horror to come. At last he desisted, and burst forth.

"You've got me all right. You did this, Bailey, you —— traitor."

"He's never been a traitor, as far as we know," sneered one of the four. "In fact, I might say he's been strictly on the square with us."

"I didn't think you made war on women, either, Marsh Tremper, but it seems you're everything from a dog-thief down. Why couldn't you fight me alone, in the daylight, like a man?"

"You don't wait till a rattler's coiled before you stamp his head off," said the former speaker. "It's either you or us, and I reckon it's you."

So these were the Tremper boys, eh? The worst desperadoes in the Southwest; and Bailey was their ally. The watcher eyed them, mildly curious, and it seemed to him that they were as bad a quartette as rumor had painted — bad, even, for this country of bad men. The sheriff was a fool for getting mixed up with such people. Shorty knew enough to mind *his* own business, anyway, if others didn't. He was a peaceful man, and didn't intend to get mixed up with outlaws. His mellow meditations were interrupted by the hoarse speech of the sheriff, who had broken down into his rage again, and struggled madly while words ran from him.

"Let me go! —— you, let me free. I want to fight the coward that struck my wife. You've killed her. Who was it? Let me get at him."

Shorty stiffened as though a douche of ice-water had struck him. "Killed her. Struck his wife!" My God! Not that sweet creature of his dreams who had talked and smiled at him without noting his deformity ——

An awful anger rose in him and he moved out into the light.

"Han' sup!"

Whatever of weakness may have dragged at his legs, none sounded in the great bellowing command that flooded the room. At the compelling volume of the sound every man whirled and eight empty hands shot skyward. Their startled eyes beheld a man's squat body waving uncertainly on the limbs of an insect while in each hand shone a blue-black Colt that waved and circled in maddening, erratic orbits.

At the command, Marsh Tremper's mind had leaped to the fact that behind him was one man; one against five, and he took a gambler's chance.

As he whirled, he drew and fired. None but the dwarf of Bar X could have lived, for he was the deadliest hip shot in the territory. His bullet crashed into the wall a hand's breadth over Shorty's "cow-lick." It was a clean heart shot; the practiced whirl and flip of the finished gun fighter; but the roar of his explosion was echoed by another and the elder Tremper spun unsteadily against the table with a broken shoulder.

"Too high," moaned the big voice. "—— the liquor."

He swayed drunkenly, but at the slightest shift of his quarry, the aimless wanderings of a black muzzle stopped on the spot and the body behind the guns was congested with deadly menace.

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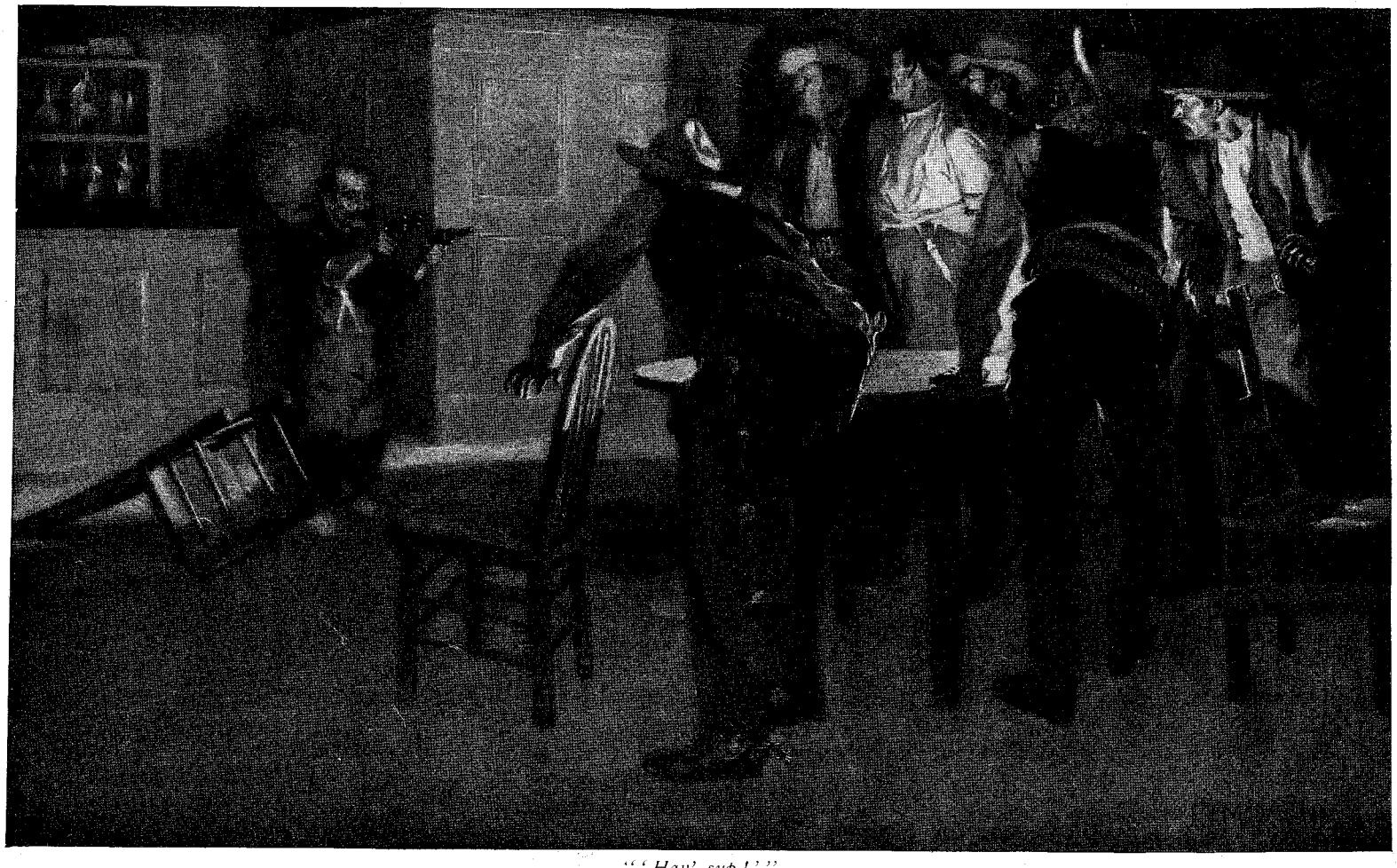

"'Han' sup!'"

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"'Cut these strings, girlie, . . . Quick! He's blushing again.'"

"Face the wall," he cried. "Quick! Keep 'em up, higher!" They suddenly obeyed; their wounded leader reaching with his uninjured member.

To the complacent Shorty, it seemed that things were working nicely, though he was disturbingly conscious of his alcoholic lack of balance, and tortured by the fear that he might suddenly lose the iron grasp of his faculties.

Then, for the second time that night, from the stairs came the voice that threw him into the dreadful confusion of his modesty.

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"O Ross!" it cried, "I've brought your gun," and there on the steps, dishevelled, pallid and quivering, was the bride, and grasped in one trembling hand was her husband's weapon.

"Ah — h!" sighed Shorty, seraphically, as the vision beat in upon his misty conceptions. "*She ain't hurt!*"

In his mind there was no room for desperadoes contemporaneously with Her. Then he became conscious of the lady's raiment, and his brown cheeks flamed brick-red, while he dropped his eyes. In his shrinking, groveling modesty, he made for his dark corner.

One of those at bay, familiar with this strange abashment, seized the moment, but at his motion the sheriff screamed: "Look out!"

The quick danger in the cry brought back with a surge the men against the wall and Shorty swung instantly, firing at the outstretched hand of Bailey as it reached for Tremper's weapon.

The landlord straightened, gazing affrightedly at his finger tips.

"Too low!" and Shorty's voice held aching tears. "I'll never touch another drop; it's plumb ruined my aim."

"Cut these strings, girlie," said the sheriff, as the little man's gaze again wavered, threatening to leave his prisoners. "Quick. He's blushing again."

When they were manacled, Shorty stood in moist exudation, trembling and speechless, under the incoherent thanks of the bride and the silent admiration of her handsome husband. She fluttered about him in a tremor of anxiety, lest he be wounded, caressing him here and there with solicitous pats till he felt his shamed and happy spirit would surely burst from its misshapen prison.

"You've made a good thing to-night," said Turney, clapping him heartily on his massive back. "You get the five thousand all right. We were going to Mexico City on that for a bridal trip when I rounded up the gang, but I'll see you get every cent of it, old man. If it wasn't for you, I'd have been a heap farther south than that by now."

The open camaraderie and good fellowship that rang in the man's voice affected Shorty strangely, accustomed as he was to the veiled contempt or open compassion of his fellows. Here was one who recognized him as a man, an equal.

He spread his lips, but the big voice squeaked dismally, then, inflating deeply, he spoke so that the prisoners chained in the corral outside heard him plainly.

"I'd rather she took it anyhow," blushing violently.

"No, no," they cried. "It's yours."

"Well, then, half of it" — and for once Shorty betrayed the strength of Gibraltar, even in the face of the lady, and so it stood.

As the dawn spread over the dusty prairie, tipping the westward mountains with silver caps, and sucking the mist out of the cottonwood bottoms, he bade them adieu.

"No, I got to get back to the Bar X, or the old man'll swear I been drinking again, and I don't want to dissipate no wrong impressions around." He winked gravely. Then, as the sheriff and his surly prisoners drove off, he called:

"Mr. Turney, take good care of them Trempers. I think a heap of 'em, for, outside of your wife, they're the only ones in this outfit that didn't laugh at me."

SONG

BY

A. E. HOUSMAN

INTO my heart an air that kills
From yon far country blows:
What are those blue remembered hills,
What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content,
I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went
And cannot come again.

From "A Shropshire Lad."

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A CORNER IN LABOR

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN SAN FRANCISCO WHERE UNIONISM HOLDS UNDISPUTED SWAY

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW INDUSTRIAL CONSPIRACY" AND "THE TRUST'S NEW TOOL—THE LABOR BOSS"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

WE find in San Francisco an extraordinary and significant new phase of the labor problem. For two years past, while other parts of the country have been embroiled with industrial conflicts, no strikes of moment have occurred in San Francisco. Why?

We are already familiar with two sorts of industrial peace: First, the ancient condition in which the employer is supreme, treating his workmen well or ill according to his nature, and preventing strikes by preventing labor organization; and second, that modern condition, well exemplified in the Pennsylvania coal regions, in which miner and coal baron are equally well organized—a state of armed neutrality in which neither side dares go to war. But in San Francisco we have a new kind of industrial peace, a condition, perhaps, without precedent, in which the ancient master, the employer, has been hopelessly defeated and unionism reigns supreme.

"The employers of San Francisco are flat on their backs," a prominent contractor told me; "when a labor leader makes a demand we give in without a word. We can't do anything else."

"They own the town," another employer said to me.

No other city presents a condition more pregnant with meaning for the people of America than San Francisco. It shows the extreme result of the present amazing activities in labor organization; here the grip of the union is most powerful, its authority most unquestioned, its monopoly most perfect. And the reality of to-day in San Francisco is the possibility of to-morrow in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities.

It is of profound importance, therefore, for us to understand how the labor unions of San Francisco have attained dominant power and what use they have made of it.

The Great Strike of 1901

In 1901 San Francisco suffered the greatest strike and lockout in its history. They will tell you that the whole trouble resulted from certain demands of the porters and packers and of the teamsters; but these disturbances, though they filled the entire horizon at the time, were the mere incidental birth-pains of the industrial readjustment common to every part of this country. A tremendous wave of enrichment and prosperity was advancing. Money had poured into San Francisco during the Spanish War, trade with the Orient had quadrupled, discoveries of fuel oil and the utilization of the water-falls of the Sierra had cheapened power and stimulated industry. As if by magic, the city began to build and grow, ever demanding an increasing supply of labor, and labor, owing to the distance and isolation of San

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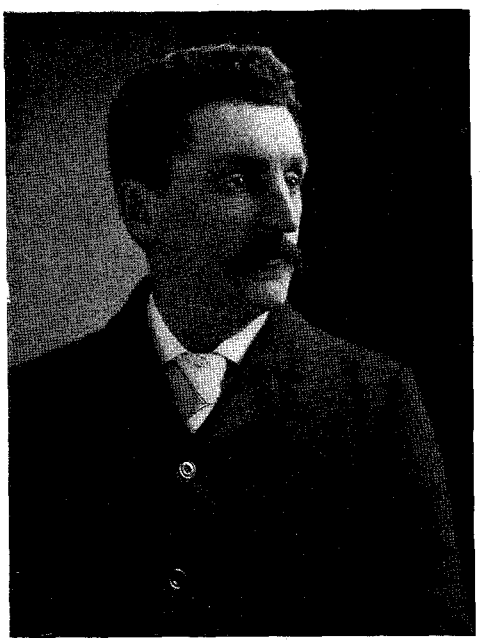
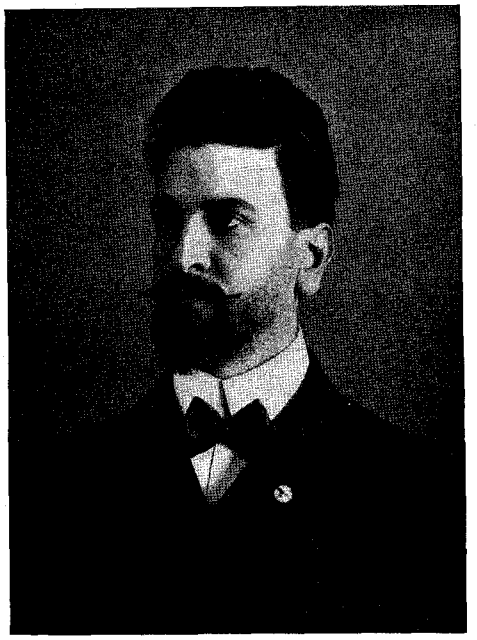


WALTER MAC ARTHUR

Editor of the "Coast Seaman's Journal," one of the ablest and most conservative labor leaders among the San Francisco trade unions.



EUGENE E. SCHMITZ

Labor Mayor of San Francisco. Opposed by all the local newspapers and by most of the labor leaders, Schmitz was re-elected in November, 1903, by a large majority.

Francisco from other industrial centers, did not respond readily to emergency calls. Given impetus by these conditions, led by able men, and having an unusually high class of workingmen, largely pure American, to deal with, the unions rapidly gained power and confidence, and, as usual in such cases, began to demand a greater share in the prevailing prosperity.

And it was a different sort of unionism than that which existed a few years ago. No one who has watched the recent progress of labor organization can fail to be impressed with the changing character of its management and its methods. A union is no longer a mere strike mob, clamoring for more to eat. It is learning *business*. It has gone to school to Wall Street; and the sooner we recognize the fact that the union is a cold business proposition, often managed by men not only of intelligence and force, but of notable business acumen, the better for the country.

Object of the New Business Unionism

The object of this new business unionism in San Francisco was singularly like that of our trusts and employers' associations: it sought to *control the market*. Its whole force was directed toward the formation of a labor monopoly, in driving out "scab" competitors, in forcing the "closed shop." In short, this is the great underlying tendency — not always consciously expressed, often obscured by the smoke of minor issues — of the labor movement in America to-day. The germ which causes the monopolistic trust among employers is responsible for the "closed shop" among labor unions. And the argument of unionism is exactly the argument of the trust: "If we can get a complete monopoly, we can take what profits (wages) we will."

This stage of unionism, reached quietly, attracting not half so much attention as some inconsequential strike, where a few heads are broken, has a profound significance in this country. No one who has given any attention to the subject, can doubt that a well-managed, business-like unionism, working towards monopoly, is incomparably more effective than any other. Society has little to fear from occasional strikes, or an occasional cornering of the labor market, nor need it even dread the corrupt condition of some Eastern unions; corruption defeats itself; the

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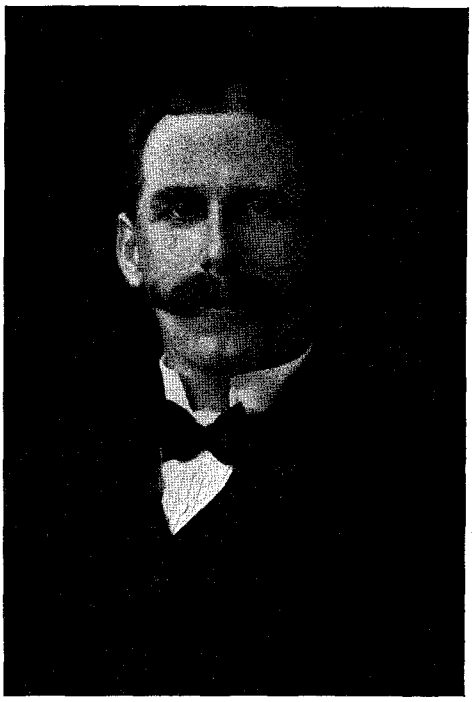


P. H. MCCARTHY

Boss of the Building Trades of San Francisco.

public hand crushes it; but such business unionism as that now practised gives rise to new and exceedingly serious problems.

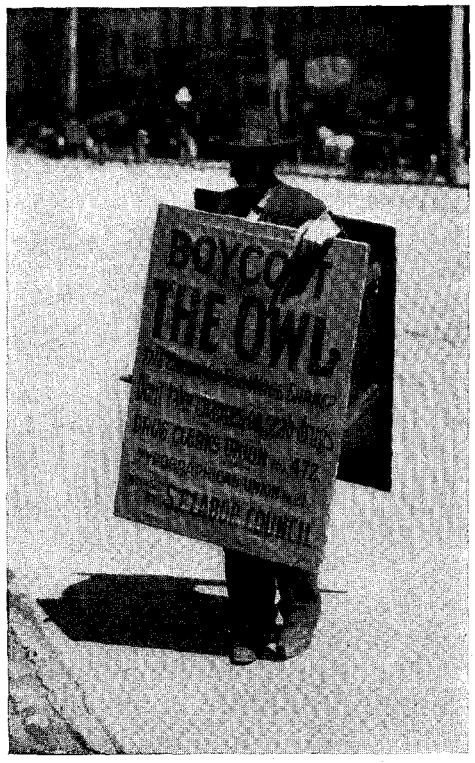
Arms Broken with Iron Bars

The real cause, then, of the great strike of 1901 in San Francisco was the mighty forward movement of the new unionism in its effort to monopolize the labor market. Directed on one side by the Labor Council, including unions in all industries except the building trades, and on the other by a powerful Employers' Association, the struggle tied up all the sea commerce and much of the other business of San Francisco for months, involving fearful violence and bloodshed, and costing great sums of money. Non-union teamsters were dragged from their wagons and their arms broken with iron bars, so that they could not drive again; "scabs" were shot and beaten in the streets; the city was the battleground between an army of sworn deputies and an army of strikers.

The employers on their side claimed that the unions had inaugurated a systematic campaign to compel them to hire only union men, and in a measure this was exactly the truth, though there were other questions involved. Organized labor, on the other hand, claimed that the Employers' Association had set out to crush the very existence of unionism, and this, too, in a measure, is the truth.

How Not To Fight Unionism

On paper the employers were successful in their main contentions: they avoided "recognizing" the union; their workmen came back without reference to their affiliation with any labor organization; the right of free contract was established. But it was a barren victory. Practically, the union won the day. There is a kind of fighting which makes the enemy stronger: that was the method of the San Francisco Employers' Association. It was an example of how *not* to combat unionism. The police had been injudiciously used, and the stand of the employers had been too sweepingly against the very principle of unionism, so that when the strike was over the unions found public sentiment strongly in their favor. They put up a candidate for mayor, and he was elected by an



One of the methods adopted to call the attention of citizens to the boycott of the Owl Drug Co.

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unexpected majority, giving them a grip on the political machinery of the city. Then they proceeded to convert or drive out non-union men in nearly every industry in San Francisco. They were as ruthless in their pursuit of "scabs" after the strike was over as before, so that in a very short time they had secured a practical monopoly of the labor market.

How the Unions Have Used Their Dominant Power

What have been the fruits of this remarkable victory? How have the unions used their supreme power?

In the first place, with the law of supply and demand working strongly in their favor, they have put up wages in San Francisco until they are higher than in any other city in the world. I hesitate to tell what some workmen here receive, for fear that the statements will not be credited. Within the last few weeks plasterers have been paid eight dollars a day and lathers ten dollars a day for eight hours' work. The minimum wage of bricklayers is six dollars a day, of carpenters four dollars, of tile-layers five dollars, of hodcarriers — who are practically unskilled workmen — three dollars and a half.

Wages in some industries have been doubled since the strike of 1901, and in few, if any, branches of employment has the increase been as low as thirty per cent.

In few other cities have the workingmen really been able to increase their wages at a percentage substantially greater than the increase in the cost of living. That is one of the most surprising conditions here. Living in San Francisco to-day is cheaper than in any other important city in the country. In the first place, the fuel bill here is inconsequential, for there is never frost enough to kill the orange blossoms. Vegetable and fruit products, especially, are plentiful and cheap. Prof. Carl C. Plehn, of the Department of Finance and Statistics of the University of California, who has made a careful investigation of the comparative cost of living in fourteen of the principal cities of the United States, gives it as his conclusion (dated August 17, 1903): "San Francisco is undoubtedly the cheapest place to live in the fourteen cities included in the investigation."

Hence we find in San Francisco the highest wages and the cheapest living of any important American city. It is doubtful, indeed, if the conditions of workingmen were ever better at any time, in any country, than they are to-day in San Francisco.

Results of Labor Monopoly

But the advance in wages is only one of the results of triumphant unionism in San Francisco. As I shall relate more fully later, the unions here, in their character as business organizations, have entered upon many extraordinary enterprises. They have formed monopolistic combinations with employers' associations much more effective than those of Chicago; they have developed in the building trades a Labor Boss by the side of whom Sam Parks of New York was the crudest of bunglers; they have reached out into politics, until unionism is the dominating force in municipal affairs, with its own mayor — Schmitz, a member of the Musicians' Union — just re-elected, in control at the City Hall; and they have even entered business on their own account as employers of labor.

How Unionism Tightens Its Monopolistic Grip

Consider now the methods employed by the unions of San Francisco in strengthening their grip on the labor market. In most of the industries, as I have said, a monopoly already exists; I do not believe it would be possible to find a non-union man in any one of the sixty-two building trades. In some of the callings, like that of the retail clerk, which are difficult of organization, gaps still exist, and the evidences of the activity of the unions in forcing these men "to join or to get off the earth" — as the labor leader puts it — are, to the stranger, among the most striking features of life in San Francisco.

I had not been in the city more than twenty minutes when I saw two men, each wearing a union badge, pacing up and down the sidewalk in front of a café and shouting: "Unfair, unfair; this is a scab house; go down to ——'s; he hires union help."

Every person who entered was thus accosted; the union had set about ruining the owner's business or forcing him to employ only union help. A little further up the street I saw a sandwich-man walking industriously back and forth in front of the

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Owl drug store, bearing this sign in big letters:

"Boycott the Owl: the enemy of the wage earner. Don't take chances on scab drugs."

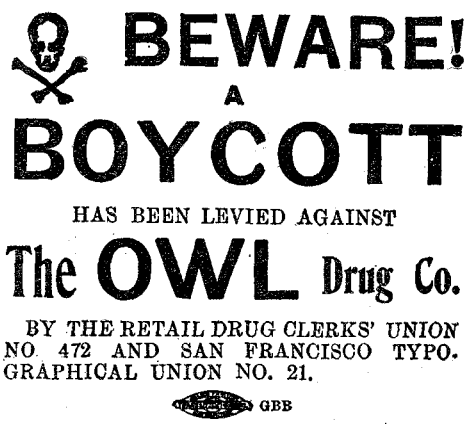
Within the space of a block there were three such boycott men, attacking the business of three different firms. While I was in San Francisco one of these firms, that of M. Siminoff, cloak dealer, closed its factory as a result of the boycott, throwing two hundred and sixty workers permanently out of employment.

Up and down these sandwich-men march in front of the boycotted stores in various parts of the city, often two shifts a day, week after week. These men have been repeatedly arrested, but the magistrates of an administration favoring union labor have invariably discharged them, and they go back to the work of injuring the business firms that employ other than union help, or that will not submit to union demands. A sharp lookout is kept, and if any union man is caught entering a boycotted store he is fined anywhere from five to twenty-five dollars. But this is by no means the extent of the fight upon the Owl — which is here, significantly enough, egged on and partly supported by the Retail Druggists' Association, who are fighting the Owl because it will not join their association and accept the minimum price-list fixed by them. Once, two ladies, standing in the doorway, were drenched with a bag of filth, and the managers and their families have been called up on the telephone and grossly insulted.

A Strike of Sandwich-Men

This boycotting is done in the most systematic manner; the sandwich-men are no volunteer workers, but regularly employed agents of the union. It is as amusing as it is significant that these sandwich-men have themselves formed a union. It shows how inevitable is the instinct of an employer to get cheap labor, even when that employer is a union. The sandwich-men actually had to strike to get a fair wage; now they are paid two dollars and a half a day each for eight hours' work.

Numberless other examples might be given of this methodical effort to drive all labor competition out of San Francisco. Every dead wall in the city is plastered with stickers warning union men not to trade with So-and-so; the labor papers advertise the "unfair" houses extensively; the housewife sometimes finds her milk bottles in the morning covered with stickers: "Boycott So-and-so; he hires scab labor."


BEWARE!
A
BOYCOTT
HAS BEEN LEVIED AGAINST
The OWL Drug Co.
BY THE RETAIL DRUG CLERKS' UNION NO. 472 AND SAN FRANCISCO TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION NO. 21.
GBB

Facsimile of a boycott notice delivered with the morning's milk. One of these was pasted on each bottle.

I may say in passing that I inquired carefully into the effect of these boycotts. Among stores, restaurants, and saloons which wholly or partly cater to the working people, the boycotts have been highly effective, soon driving the employer either to submit to the demands of the union or to go out of business. In a few cases, like that of the Owl drug store, the boycott worked in exactly the opposite direction, attracting the customer class who oppose boycotts and increasing the company's business. One dealer in shirts has built a great success upon union opposition; but few business houses and fewer non-union men are able to withstand this methodical grinding fight upon them.

In the passive forms of boycott — like the demand for union label goods — the business methods of the new unionism are also much in evidence. It pays in San Francisco for many business men to advertise the union label; many stores, restaurants, and saloons display placards in their windows advertising the fact that they are strictly union shops, every bootblack stand has a similar sign, even the labor news in the daily papers is surmounted by the union label — all currying favor with the monopoly. Some of the newspapers, indeed, dare not attack even the excesses of unionism. During the strike of 1901 every

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paper in San Francisco was absolutely silent editorially — except Mr. Hearst's *Examiner* which favored the strikers — until the city reached a veritable condition of anarchy due to the conflicts between the police and the rioters.

Boycott of Newspapers

On the other hand, it cannot be doubted that the newspaper which really engages in a fight with this new unionism, has a struggle for life on its hands. There could be no better illustration of the tremendous power wielded by the labor monopoly, nor of the advanced business methods employed, than the fight now being waged on the Los Angeles *Times* by the International Typographical Union. General Otis, the owner and editor, has not only refused to hire union men exclusively or to treat with the union, but he has vigorously attacked organized labor generally. Indeed, the *Times* is, with two notable exceptions, the only important paper in America not controlled, on its mechanical side, by the union monopoly. It is nearly the only office where the non-union worker can get a job. The result of General Otis's position has been a boycott on which it is estimated that the Typographical Union has already expended $50,000. This money is raised by the levy of a trifling tax on each member of the union in America, which provides a steady fund of $30,000 a year. Three men are kept constantly employed at good salaries to direct the fight. Union men everywhere are requested to write to advertisers threatening that unless they withdraw their patronage from the *Times*, they will be boycotted. Within the last few months the proprietors of the Lydia Pinkham medicines, for instance, have received over *one million* letters from union men in various parts of the country. Here is a sample of a letter sent by the Memphis Typographical Union to an advertiser of Newark, N. J.:

> GENTLEMEN:—I am instructed by Memphis Typographical Union to inform you that a fine is imposed on every member who purchases any product of your house as long as you advertise in the Los Angeles *Times*, unless that paper agrees to employ members of our organization.
>
> We would be pleased to know that you have discontinued your patronage of that paper, or intend doing so.
>
> Very respectfully,
>
> (Seal) P. L. BRENT,
>
> Sec'y Memphis Typo. Union No. 11.

These threats have, of course, had effect. Several very large advertisers have withdrawn from the *Times*, though the loss of business from this cause has been made up, I am informed, by gains in the local advertising of merchants who are supporting General Otis's cause.

A general effort has also been made to stop the circulation of the paper; a boy at Needles, California, was ducked in the Colorado River for selling the *Times;* in other places the agents have been driven out; in others, union newsdealers refuse to sell the paper. The union has even offered money to non-union men working in the *Times* offices to induce them to desert, in some instances as high as $1,000. And now the union has a new scheme. It has requested W. R. Hearst, owner of the New York *Journal*, to establish a newspaper in Los Angeles, to fight the *Times*, and it has guaranteed ten thousand subscribers at the start. This newspaper was scheduled to begin publication in December, 1903. It takes a bold publisher, indeed, to stand out against such a concentrated fight, with so much of the "sinews of war" behind it. The point has now been reached where the monopoly is so nearly complete in every part of the country that all of its enormous energies may be directed against a single opponent like the *Times*. General Otis declares, however, that he will never submit, and one can not help admiring the fight he is making, whatever may be the opinion of the wisdom — I don't mean policy — of his extreme position.

Story of a Restaurant Keeper

Let me tell you the experience of R. J. Techau, a prominent restaurant keeper of San Francisco. Techau was boycotted because he hired non-union musicians. When weary of the struggle, he finally tried to make a settlement; the Musicians' Union demanded that he discharge the leader of his orchestra absolutely. This leader had been a faithful worker, and Techau refused to discharge him. The boycott continued, and finally became so annoying that Techau sold out. His orchestra was immediately thrown out of employment, and the players had to make the best peace they could with the union. One of the members with whom I talked was fined $135: $10 for rehearsing with a non-union orchestra, $100 for playing with a non-union orchestra, and

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$25 initiation fee into the union. He was also ordered not to play in the Techau Tavern for one year. He paid his fine and agreed to all of the union demands; he is now a "good" union man. The leader was also fined $100 and ordered not to work for a year. Since then he has not been able to get any work at all, and his family has had to be assisted by friends.

Such is the fate of the man who will not go into the union; he is pursued with implacable hatred until he either gets out of town or joins. As a labor leader told me: "If he don't obey, let him look for another city to live in."

Entire Class of Labor Crowded Out

There have been cases in which unions have ruthlessly forced an entire class of workmen out of employment. The Stone-Cutters' Union, for instance, which both here and in other cities has always fought the "iron man"—that is, the use of machinery—demanded one day that the stone-yard employers discharge all their planer-men and substitute members of the Stone-Cutters' Union in their places. These planer-men were expert workmen, trained to the handling of machinery, whereas the stone-cutters knew little about machinery. The employers protested that it was not stone-cutters' work to run the planers, but the stone-cutters used their invincible argument: they struck. The employers asked to have the question at issue submitted to arbitration.

"We won't arbitrate," said President Burns of the union; "we've got the power and we are going to use it."

Use it they did. The employers finally proposed discharging their planer-men one at a time, substituting stone-cutters gradually, so that the new men could learn without crippling the plant, and so that all the unfortunate planer-men would not be thrown helplessly out of employment at the same time. The union, however, refused to accede to this proposition. The planer-men then applied for admittance to the union; but the stone-cutters refused to admit them, on the ground that they *were not expert stone-cutters.* The employers finally had to surrender unconditionally, discharge a whole class of labor, and put inexperienced men on their machinery with the immediate result of numerous accidents and a lessened output. These were some of the fruits of monopoly.

Grave-Diggers and Gum-Boys

It is probable that the organization of industry, the result of a business campaign, was never before carried to such lengths. The pin-boys in the bowling alleys have a close organization; the grave-diggers won a strike last year in the course of which burials were actually prevented by the filling of non-union graves with water and the blowing up of the crematory; there are also unions of actors, newspaper-writers, gum-boys, elevator-boys, soda, soap and candle workers, carpet-layers, shade-hangers, piano-movers, pie-wagon drivers. While I was in San Francisco, the fish-cleaners made a demand for more pay and got it. In New York there were only thirty-nine unions in the central body of the building trades; in San Francisco there are sixty-two.

And these unions are gathered into two powerful central councils: the first, including all the miscellaneous trades, are united in a central body called the Labor Council; the second, including all the trades connected with the building industries, is known as the Building Trades' Council. Both of these councils, jealous of each other, are representative bodies, though quite different in their organization. The Labor Council, ably led by men like Feruseth, MacArthur, and others, is organized on the broad conservative lines of the American Federation of Labor, with which it is affiliated, and its powers are chiefly advisory. The Building Trades' Council is a highly centralized body absolutely dominated by a boss—P. H. McCarthy.

Right here appears one of the other marked tendencies of a high degree of unionism: the tendency to produce the Labor Boss; the subversion of a representative body to the domination of a single man, as I have pointed out in my article on New York labor conditions.

The Labor Boss of New Unionism

McCarthy, however, is a very different sort of boss from Sam Parks of New York. Parks based his reign upon intimidation, terrorism, and wholesale bribery. McCarthy, on the other hand, has reduced bossism to a cold business proposition; he never "slugs"; his personal conduct is marred

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with no ugly scandals; he constantly expresses in public the highest ideals of the purposes of unionism. But he is none the less an absolute dictator of the entire building industry of San Francisco; he has used this monopolistic power to squeeze the last cent of wages out of the employers; neither employer nor employee can turn a hand without his permission, expressed or implied. A natural-born politician, McCarthy has not scrupled to use doubtful electioneering and political methods to secure his ends. In the first place, he has a forceful personality which naturally beats down opposition. Representing one of the most powerful unions in the building trades, he comes into the council with a large delegation at his back. If any delegate appears who is likely to oppose the Boss, he is promptly turned out, and by a constitutional provision, the constitution being the work of McCarthy himself! There are three hundred members of the Building Trades' Council, but the control of affairs is really in the hands of an executive committee of sixty-two members, which McCarthy dominates. We find McCarthy, like Parks, sometimes keeping his meetings late at night, until many of the tired members have gone home. We find him, just before election in January, 1903, when he felt that there might be an attempt to overthrow him, letting in six new unions, all small and some of absolute mushroom organization, because they would give him eighteen more votes.

Here is an instance of the power of the Boss, told me by Secretary Harry Costen, of the Sheet Metal Workers. Because the Sheet Metal Workers would not submit to dictation in the matter of selecting delegates to a convention called at the instance of the American Federation of Labor, McCarthy personally expelled the entire union of one hundred and forty-seven men from the Building Trades' Council without charges and without a trial. Members of other trades, at McCarthy's orders, then refused to work with the outlaws.

A Scotch sheet-metal worker, named Forbes, acting under the directions of his employer, insisted on staying at work on one of the jobs. The foreman carpenter, a union man, called a policeman to arrest Forbes, who had committed no offense greater than that of remaining at work contrary to the orders of McCarthy's walking delegate. The policeman led him down the street, but did not dare take him to the station-house. Forbes, refusing to be thus browbeaten, went back to work, declaring that he would not stop until his employer ordered him to do so. Then the foreman carpenter swore out a warrant for Forbes's arrest, charging *disturbance of the peace!* — and he was locked up in the city prison. Brought finally into court, he was actually accused of keeping the other mechanics on the building out of work, he at the time not being a "scab," but a member in good standing of his own union.

"He refused to quit when I told him to," complained the foreman carpenter.

The judge took down the statutes, read a list of the offenses classed under disturbance of the peace, and discharged Forbes!

After beginning suit, the Sheet Metal Workers were finally allowed to return to the fold of McCarthy's council.

Good Cases and Bad

It is conceivable that the reign of a boss, however distasteful to the principles of a republican government, may have excellent results, so far as his followers are concerned. I conceive that McCarthy may be classed, so far, as a good boss — as Parks was a wholly bad boss. While he has ruled with a hand of iron, his generalship has been highly effective in materially benefiting his followers, and he has even endeavored apparently to deal with employers on a reasonable business basis. Some of the contractors I talked with, while grumbling because McCarthy had used the enormous power of his monopoly to raise wages, yet asserted that it was better for them to have one big boss to deal with than a hundred walking delegates.

The question always arises: What is there in it for the boss? It is not agreeable to question motives, but when a man reaches the absolute power of a boss, we Americans have come to believe that his interests are not wholly unselfish; the temptations are too great! Now, McCarthy serves as president of the Building Trades' Council wholly without salary; indeed, he works regularly as building superintendent of the California Hotel. Also he receives $100 a month as a member of the City Civil Service Commission, a place of singular influence, it will be appreciated, for a labor leader.

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Some of his enemies say he has further political ambitions; it is certain that he was a much-courted man during the recent campaign — until he had declared for the Republican nominee, although he himself is a Democrat and although a union labor candidate was in the field. Naturally, also, he is accused of getting money in roundabout ways, but if the Boss of the building trades in San Francisco has a source of "graft," it has not yet been disclosed.

McCarthy's ability to use the power of the monopoly behind him has found expression in other striking directions.

Conspiracies to Mulct the Public

When I first reached San Francisco, I was told: "We haven't any such iniquitous combinations here as those of Chicago."

But I had not been long in San Francisco when I discovered combinations much more perfect than any I had investigated anywhere in the country, and McCarthy was the forefront and head of them.

About three years ago, the men who worked in the planing mills of San Francisco struck for an eight-hour day. The strike was approved by McCarthy's Building Trades' Council; if it had not been, it would not have been supported by the tremendous force of the sympathetic strike and the boycott. The thoroughly organized mill owners claimed that they could not afford to run eight hours in San Francisco in competition with the outside nine- and ten-hour mills, and they sat down to fight.

With the workmen absolutely at his will, McCarthy conceived a daring business plan. He knew it would cost a large sum of money to pay strike benefits for the men who were out of work. Why not use this money and start a new mill? The idea was, of course, scoffed at, but McCarthy organized a company, capitalized it at $100,000, and had part of the stock subscribed by the various unions in the building trades. The employers called it a bluff, but when they found that McCarthy was in earnest, they tried to prevent the sale of machinery to the unions by local firms. McCarthy immediately made arrangements to buy in the East, but he was finally able to purchase in San Francisco. He built a large new mill, the second largest in San Francisco, and outfitted it complete.

"He'll put some union leader in control," the employers said, "and make a fizzle of it."

Unions as Capitalists

But he didn't; he hired an experienced mill manager, and the mill started operations on an eight-hour basis, with union men exclusively.

The employers, with this evidence of the extraordinary business activity of the unions before them, made overtures for peace. The two sides got together, and the employers granted all the demands of the unions — and more; then they *admitted the union mill into their association* as a member, and the Building Trades' Council agreed to use no material which did not bear the union stamp, or which were not made in an *eight-hour* mill. The force of this agreement may be better appreciated when it is understood that there are practically *no* eight-hour mills outside of San Francisco and vicinity. At one time there was a secret agreement signed by William Crocker and other officers of the Mill Owners' Association on one side, and by McCarthy and the officers of the Building Trades' Council on the other, by the terms of which the workingmen of San Francisco agreed to use no material not made in the mills controlled by the Mill Owners' Association.

In other words, here was a complete monopoly of the mill-working business, in which the unions actually appeared on both sides of the agreement — on one side as the owners of the second most important mill, and on the other as dictators of the labor employed.

The next step was inevitable; it was just the step taken by the Chicago combinations; prices of mill products were raised at an enormous percentage. And the employers, as usual, profited much more than the workmen. There had been a wage increase of some twenty-five per cent., but the prices of mill products were put up from fifty to a hundred per cent. For instance, the price of sizing floor joists went from one dollar to two dollars per thousand, planing on one side rose from $1.25 to $2.50 a thousand, and so on. And the public, as usual, paid the bill. It is always the public that is mulcted.

Some remarkable conditions resulted. Lumber formerly shipped, sized, from

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Oregon had now to be shipped rough, so the mills in San Francisco could get two dollars per thousand for sizing it. The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company shipped a load of finely dressed wood from its factory in the East for a bowling alley, but the union men refused to lay it until it had been given the union stamp — which cost two dollars per thousand feet — though no work was done upon the lumber.

Gobbling the Mantel Business

A contractor named Rigney, with whom I talked, had an agency for eastern-made mantels. The monopoly wanted to gobble the mantel business, so the workmen were required to strike against Rigney on an important job, and he was fined $250 for trying to put in a mantel made in Chicago. He was directed by McCarthy to pay this money to a charity — Little Jim Hospital — McCarthy, it will be seen, was wiser than Parks — and when he agreed to do so he was declared "fair" again, and a delegate of the union came and stamped the Chicago mantels he had on hand but left a warning that he was not to repeat the offense.

No hard wood grows in California, so that when mantels are ordered at the San Francisco mills, the heavy rough oak has to be shipped from the East at high freight rates and made up at high prices at the monopoly mills; in no other way can the people of San Francisco get mantels.

Nearly all this outside work, like the Chicago mantels, was done *in union mills at union wages*, but, because these *union* mills in Chicago and elsewhere did not conform to the rules made by McCarthy's council in San Francisco and work only eight hours a day, they were discriminated against in favor of McCarthy's monopoly.

The Mill Owners' Association has now fixed an initiation fee of $500, and the union has an initiation fee of $20, so that competitors who wish to come in and partake of the rich fruits of monopoly must, if they get in at all, pay well for the privilege.

How the Painting Business is Conducted in San Francisco

Similar monopolistic combinations exist in other industries; for instance, among the painters. Each week a committee of the Building Trades' Council, McCarthy being a member, meets a committee from the employers' association, and this joint committee absolutely regulates prices and all details of the painting trade in San Francisco. This combination was like all the others; the journeyman got an increase in wages of 16½ per cent., whereas the employers increased the price of painting by 25 per cent. and of papering by 50 per cent. I talked with a stubborn German contractor named Postler who was bold enough to bid below the monopoly price.

"I could do it and make a big profit," he said to me; "why, they charged 30 and 40 cents a roll for hanging paper. I had men who could hang thirty rolls a day. That would mean a cost to the builder of $9 or $12. The paper-hangers' wages were $4 a day; that meant a profit for the contractor of from $5 to $8 on the work of a single man. If a contractor employed ten men, his profits would be $50 to $80 a day. I could bid under that and still make good money."

They fined Postler $25 for bidding under the scale, and, when he refused to pay it, McCarthy ordered all his men on strike, and he was expelled from the employers' association. Since then he has had to struggle along as best he could, getting no new contracts, boycotted by both union and association. Oh, the employers are not a whit better than the unions!

It will thus be seen that, the monopoly being absolute on the labor side of an industry, the tendency is to conspire with the employers and form a complete monopoly of the industry which has the public wholly at its mercy.

It is proper to say that, whatever the Building Trades' Council has done in the matter, the Labor Council, the central body of the miscellaneous trades, more conservatively led, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, has taken a decided stand against these exclusive combinations. Strong resolutions have been passed opposing them, and one union has actually been expelled for making such a monopoly agreement with its employers' association. McCarthy and his council, on the other hand, are opposed to the American Federation of Labor; they are opposed to anything which will reduce the fruits of their greedy monopoly.

The Cost of Labor Monopoly

What has been the result of all this? Cost of building has risen enormously, and,

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as I was informed by contractors and architects, many owners have abandoned their plans for building, and San Francisco is threatened, as Eastern cities are threatened, with a complete cessation of new construction work. Of course, it would not be fair to place upon the unions the entire burden of this condition; the greed of the employers' associations, the supply dealers, and the material manufacturers, have all had a destructive part in it. No one recognizes the menace of these conditions better than Boss McCarthy himself, who is at least a business man. As long ago as May 28th, he had a resolution to the following effect passed by the Building Trades' Council:

"RESOLVED: That this council will and shall absolutely refuse to sanction, approve or indorse any further increase in wages of any of its affiliating unions, until such time as a still greater increase in the general prosperity of our municipality, State, and nation shall fully warrant such action."

Whether sincere in this action or not, McCarthy has not prevented a number of recent raises in wages by some of his unions. Having monopolistic power, it is to be expected that human nature will greedily take all it can get: hence the highest wages in America. No one can deny that unionism has accomplished much in this country; the story of what the Seamen's Union of San Francisco has done in improving the condition of the American sailor makes wonderful reading. Organized labor has made life better worth living for thousands of women and child laborers, to say nothing of what it has done in giving dignity to labor generally, and in forcing from unwilling employers more of these concessions which all the public now approves. But with great power comes great danger of excesses in its use; for the present country-wide movement toward the formation of Employers' Associations and Citizens' Alliances, the unions have only themselves to thank; and it seems certain that there will be the inevitable revolt in San Francisco. Having learned business, the unions have now to learn the wisdom of moderation—the wisdom that some of our trusts are learning.

The trust limits output, and so does the union. Many union leaders in San Francisco denied strenuously that any attempt was made either to limit membership in the unions or to limit the amount of work done, and yet I found evidences everywhere of just such limitations. The labor journals and the labor leaders have done their best, by sending warnings to other cities, by asserting that labor was a drug on the market in San Francisco, by using their influence upon the national organizations, to prevent outside workmen from coming in. Several employers told me that they had made attempts, when short of help in San Francisco, to get workers from other cities. A tile contractor even made arrangements to import men from Chicago. These men communicated with the unions in San Francisco, and, being informed that the trade was filled, refused to come.

Examinations for Admission to Unions

We find in these unions also, besides the familiar restriction of apprentices, a marked tendency to make it difficult for men to get into the unions. The initiation fee is often a barrier to poor men; certain unions, like that of the tile-layers and electricians, charge as high as $50; some also, like that of the engineers, insist upon a difficult examination, which, designed with the excellent intention of keeping inefficient workmen out of a dangerous trade, has often been used as a barrier to keep all workmen out, and assist in forming a closer monopoly. The electricians charge $25 for giving their examination, and, if the candidate does not pass, he loses the fee, which goes into the union treasury. It is a daring man, indeed, who ventures upon such an examination! But it must be said to the credit of unionism in San Francisco that initiation fees have been wisely kept lower in most industries than they are in New York and Chicago.

And on every side among employers in San Francisco, disputed, of course, by the unions, I heard the familiar accusation that, in many trades, union men would not do a fair day's work, that they tended towards the take-it-easy system so familiar now in England—in effect, a limitation of output. It seemed to me, making all allowance for the prejudice of employers, that this condition does really exist very widely.

Mr. George W. Dickie, manager of the Union Iron Works, whose particular province it has been for years to make careful estimates of the cost of the various commodities which go to make up a steel ship, told me that the item, labor, which can be very definitely estimated in this class of

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work, had increased in *cost to the company* in the last three years, by from twenty to forty per cent., whereas the *wages* had only increased fifteen per cent. In other words, the men are not giving as much work for higher wages now, as they did for lower wages three years ago.

What Unionism Has Done in Politics

Space is lacking to discuss, except superficially, the important influence which labor unionism has had upon politics in San Francisco. Conservative leaders in every part of the country, especially those of the American Federation of Labor, regard political action as an explosive influence, and nearly all of them, except the Socialists, oppose it strenuously, but there seems an almost irresistible tendency for unionism to try its power at the polls. With all the prominent leaders against him, Schmitz, the union labor candidate, was reëlected Mayor this fall by a tremendous *union sentiment*. When he was first elected two years ago, his jubilant followers — indeed, unionism generally throughout the United States — predicted the realization of some of their dreams; a union man had at last been elevated to power over a great city! His opponents, on the other hand, prophesied fervidly that he would play ducks and drakes with the treasury, and bring eternal disgrace upon the city. But he has done neither the one nor the other. After two or three preliminary trials of his political muscle, such as new mayors make, and a few disastrous appointments of union men to high places, he handed himself ingloriously over to a political boss. One would almost have sworn that he was an ordinary Republican or Democratic mayor!

What more could any one expect? Here was an untutored young man, with no very strong jaw, lifted suddenly out of a theatrical orchestra, where he played the violin, deposited in the chair of a chief executive, and called upon to grapple with large questions of municipal finance and other difficult problems of government. Is it any wonder that his administration has been mediocre and inconsequential — where it was not evilly dictated by the astuteness of the Boss? Schmitz has been honest enough in a primary sense; he has paid his grocer and his tailor, he has not forfeited his reputation as a good "family man," nor as a loyal member of the Musicians' Union, and he has even possessed the saving appearance of administrative dignity; but, pitifully and inevitably enough, he has never led any one nor organized anything. All of which reads like the old familiar story of our municipal politics! It doesn't seem to matter much what party a man belongs to before he is elected: after he is elected he comes to belong to the party of the Boss.

Two days before election, the newspapers, every one of which fought Schmitz, had him thoroughly beaten, but, when the ballots were counted, it was shown that nearly half the voters of San Francisco had marched silently to the polls, and elected the union labor candidate by a majority of some 6,000 votes over his nearest opponent.

Beyond making a few appointments of leaders to good positions, a union mayor can be of very little service to unionism, except in case of a strike, when he can refuse to call out the police to protect non-union labor. Both potentially and actually this is a very great power; no employer in San Francisco would dare make a real fight, knowing that if it came to the point of using non-union men extensively, the attitude of the Mayor would defeat him.

Legislative Pull of Unionism

From political influence it is only a step to legislative "pull." We find the labor monopoly pursuing exactly the policy of the trust; last winter the Labor Council maintained a paid lobby in the Legislature, of which eight members are already labor unionists. The unions have definitely decided the eight-hour question in California, not by securing the passage of any uncertain and repealable law, but by getting an amendment to the State Constitution, and a provision in the City Charter limiting the employment of all public service workmen to eight hours, and in the city fixing a minimum wage of $2. They have succeeded also in securing other important legislation.

And if the unions are adding to the political power which may be used in their favor, they are also reducing materially the military force which might be brought against them in time of trouble. The unions feel that in many instances the military power has been wrongfully invoked during strikes; whether this is so or not, the fact remains that unionism in San

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Francisco opposes the militia. In San Francisco this has reduced most of the companies to half normal strength.

These are, all too briefly, the conditions of labor unionism as they exist to-day in San Francisco. Here we have a tremendous new force, intelligently directed, just fairly awakening to its strength, reaching out, voting, legislating, entering into business, fortifying itself. Indeed, we find that many of the amazing new things that have been happening recently in the industrial world are traceable directly to this immensely forceful, perhaps not altogether self-conscious, movement of organized labor toward monopolizing the labor market.

Methods of Unions and Trusts Compared

In looking into the methods employed by the new unionism in San Francisco, as well as elsewhere, we should never forget that they are essentially similar to those employed by capitalistic combinations. Both have exactly the same object in view — to crush competition. One drives the independent company ruthlessly to the wall, the other knocks the "scab" on the head with a brickbat. The union boycotts, the trust blacklists; the union has its pickets, the trust its paid spies; each limits output, each restricts membership; one fixes a minimum wage, the other a minimum price; each equally clamors for special legislation. In principle, neither trust nor union is wrong; both have immense capacities for good, each a corresponding power for evil. And there is the same danger that the union, given unobstructed sway, as in San Francisco, will go to excesses as it is that a trust or an employers' association will abuse its power. A wholesale condemnation of either, then, is the height of foolishness and shortsightedness. It is as necessary to commend and encourage the able and honest labor leader as it is to fight the corrupt boss.

We cannot blame the unions for getting all they can; the trusts have showed them how. Nor can we blame them even for forming a party and voting. They see the railroad corporations and similar combinations getting class representation in our legislatures, and even higher up, in our Congress, by bribery and purchase; why should not the union men vote for what they want? It is at least *honest*. If we allow trusts to *own* legislators and city governments, we must not complain if the unions elect them. And if we admit the right of a Standard Oil Company or a coal trust to form a monopoly on the side of capital, we must also admit the right of the union to secure the "closed shop," if it can. Monopoly can only be met by monopoly; the best condition for workingman and employer is not one of absolute supremacy on either side, but of vigorous and fearless organization on both sides. The present movement toward the formation of strong employers' associations in every part of the country to offset strong unions furnishes one guarantee of industrial peace, though that peace may, indeed, be purchased at the expense of the unorganized public; and the more evenly matched are the trust and the union, the better for society, if both can be made to fight fair and obey the law.

Our present clear duty, then, and the very essence of the problem, which the American public and American legislative bodies must meet, is to fix the limitations of monopoly. In short, we must make ourselves so familiar with all the phases of these new developments that we can say definitely to trust or union:

"You can go so far; that is your right; but you can not go farther, because you trespass upon the superior rights of the whole people."

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THE FUGITIVES OF PLEASURE

BY

LLOYD OSBOURNE

ILLUSTRATED BY L. MAYNARD DIXON

WE rolled out of Red Rock some sixty strong, in a line of surreys headed by a stage-coach. This was a regular old Deadwood affair, drawn by six horses, and it was a matter of pride with everybody that a bygone driver had once been shot on the box. It gave us something to talk about at the start and helped to break the ice — I mean as far as I was concerned — for the others all seemed to know one another, and first names and pleasantries flew about me on every side. I felt somewhat out of it, a man of thirty, in such a pack of youngsters, and though I tried, as in duty bound, to make myself agreeable, it stole over me that I was somewhat of a heavy weight on the party. However, I was happy in my way and took comfort in the glorious mountain air and the woodland scent of the redwoods and pines.

It was a delicious morning, the blue of the mountains enhanced by a sort of smoky haze, and in the bottom of woody cañons we could see splashing streams threading their way far below like silver. However, there was nothing for one to do but to sit tight and take it all in; and enjoy, somewhat perfunctorily, the companionship of the pretty girls and jolly young men who were all bunched in together. Though I had little part in the universal gaiety, it pleased me none the less to play spectator. I began to notice that there was one girl, a beautiful, tall, blonde creature, on the box-seat, who seemed as much out of it as I myself, and whose smile, when she turned her head our way, betrayed a similar lack of responsiveness. Her wide, questioning eyes met mine more than once, and I felt dimly that she was ill at ease, and under some constraint amongst so many strangers. She was less good-natured about it, too, than I, and wore a little air of disdain as the merriment grew fast and boisterous. I made an inward resolution that she and I should spend a good part of that picnic together and took the first occasion to inquire her name from the girl next me.

"Ella Jayes," she returned, snatching a moment from a fascinating young man named Charlie, whose arm — well — was resting on the back of her seat.

"But who's Ella Jayes?" I persisted.

"Old Jayes's daughter," was the answer.

At the risk of getting myself disliked, I pressed for more information.

Charlie, seeing that the only way was to make the best of it, made haste to enlighten me.

"Siskiyou County was good enough for old Jayes to live in," he said, "and good enough for old Jayes to make barrels of money in; but when it came to raising daughters Las Uvas Ranch wasn't in it with the East. She's out here now on a visit, with nine trunks, and that air of seeing you to blazes."

"She's too stuck up for anything," said Charlie's little friend.

I looked again at this paragon of exclusiveness, and was struck afresh by her extreme beauty. Our eyes were constantly meeting as she turned to listen to the talk, and once it was very evident she had asked the driver for my name and made him repeat it to her several times. I watched her covertly for the rest of the trip, managed to pass the time very agreeably, and was surprised when somebody said it was eleven o'clock, and that we were nearing our destination.

We branched off from the main road to follow an old trail which carried us deep

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"'I believe you are a brazen fascinator yourself'"

into the heart of a great cañon. The trees seemed to close behind us and hem us in; the track grew steadily worse and worse; the horses dragged us at a walk. Far below, unseen through the undergrowth and the spreading tangle of wild grape-vines, there rose the hoarse murmur of a stream. We were all hushed by the noble loneliness and the haunting sense of hidden things that overawe one in the primeval forest. The loud voices sank to a lower key; the giggles and the laughter ceased; the driver's whip, cracking like a pistol, alone dared shiver the still air with its startling explosions. Instinctively the talk turned on gloomy subjects. Altogether, when we reached a big, open glade, and began to unload ourselves and a tremendous cargo of lunch, we were in a state of mind to properly appreciate the uncertainty of man's lot here below, and the awful things that could unexpectedly befall the very best of us. I was not so overcome, however, that I did not run round and help Miss Jayes down from her high seat, and make this the means of becoming acquainted with her and putting in a sort of claim for her society. We wandered off ourselves, with no very precise idea of going anywhere in particular, and sat on a log and talked.

"I hardly know why I came to-day," she said. "I hate rustic picnics, and this Western two-and-two idea jars on my susceptibilities."

"It's the very essence of all picnics," I said. "You ought to throw yourself more into Western life. Besides, it's all very innocent and gay. It made me downright envious to feel myself so out of it."

"Oh, the spirit's all right," she returned, "only I don't like to see girls making themselves so—!" She broke off with a little smile. "You know what I mean," she added.

"Of course, it's so different in the East," I remarked ironically.

"I'm sorry you didn't find somebody more to your mind," she said.

"Oh, there's lots I like in you," I said.

"I didn't know you were that kind of man at all," she remarked, in a tone that was a shade unkind.

"There's a wild heart hidden under this striped waistcoat," I remarked.

"There's rather a tempestuous article under this shirt waist," she retorted.

"Wouldn't it be nice," I said, "if you were to like me as much as I like you?"

"I couldn't condescend to meet my fate at a picnic," she returned. "I want to

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meet the man I'm to love under splendidly romantic circumstances. There was a girl friend of mine in the Peking Legation, and she went and asked one of the officers to shoot her rather than let her fall alive into the hands of the Chinamen!"

"You need hardly go on," I said.

"They are married now and have a baby," she said.

"I suppose they have a happy home filled with loot!" I remarked. "It really takes years to fathom the commonplaceness of human destiny."

"I've plumbed it a good bit myself though I am not yet twenty," she said.

"Yet there's probably heaps and heaps you don't know yet," I hazarded.

"It's from people one learns the most," she said. "The right people. People like you."

"Commonplaceness?" I asked.

"Of course I didn't mean that," she returned, looking prettier than ever as she smiled at me with just a shade of embarrassment.

"Speaking for myself," I remarked, "I have always found my books in woman's looks, you know."

"I am really rather glad I didn't meet you a year ago," she said.

"I hardly know whether that's a compliment or not," I said.

"You would have been my ideal man a year ago," she said.

"That's before you met the other fellow," I said.

"Not but what I think you are nice, too," she said.

"But he's nicer?" I said.

"One likes different people in different ways," she returned. "The man you adored at nineteen might prove a bore at twenty!"

"Oh, thank you," I said.

"The more I live, the more I distrust agreeable men," she said. "It's women that have made you that — lots of women — a whole library of your kind of books. You are a little too proficient at being charming."

"Do it too well, you mean?" I said.

"Altogether too well," she returned.

"It's different with him, I suppose," I said.

"Oh, he's so different," she replied. "He's clever and doesn't know it. He's awfully shy, and when he says things he blushes!"

"Shy men are getting rare nowadays," I said. "I wouldn't trust a shy man out of my sight. They do it because it draws."

"I believe you are a brazen fascinator yourself," she remarked.

"I don't set up to be shy," I said. "I believe in playing a straight game whether at poker or love."

"I notice you put poker first," she said.

"There's skill in poker, too," I explained. "Perhaps more!"

"Winning girls' hearts isn't as much fun then?" she said.

"Well, you can't spend them," I said. "They won't pay your club bills. They won't take them as mileage. Sometimes you think you've got them when you haven't. But money's money, you know."

"My friend doesn't approve of gambling," she said.

"Now be honest," I said; "wouldn't you rather spend a picnic with me than with the shy man?"

"I wish you hadn't said that," she remarked.

"Why shouldn't I say it?" I returned. "He can't hear it, can he? I hoped you'd prefer me!"

"You remind me that we musn't sit forever on this log," she said.

"I'm sure I'm very satisfied," I said.

"If there's one thing I despise," she said, "it's girls who pair off and flirt in corners. I don't want to be that kind of a girl, Mr. Emmelin. It's time now for us to go back and join the others!" She rose as she said this, and I could not but follow her example.

"Aren't you, perhaps, a little overscrupulous?" I said.

"I dare say you'll think me silly," she said, "but when I marry somebody I don't want to have any recollection of — well — any other men. I think a woman's capacity to love is the dearest thing she has. It's unworthy to fritter it away; to cheapen it, I mean; to give pennyworths to a thousand different people. I have a sort of pride in saving everything for the man I'm really going to love."

"I am very much of your opinion," I said seriously.

"Now that our little tête-à-tête is over," she said, "I'll tell you frankly that you are too attractive altogether. If I were a sitting-

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out girl you're just the man I'd choose to sit out with!"

"I wish I knew something modest to say," I remarked.

"You ought to smile and twirl your mustache," she said.

She laughed as I tried to obey her.

"Now let's go back and be bored," she said. "It will be so much safer."

By this time we had reached the clearing. The horses were champing the oats that had been poured out for them on the ground. The stage and carriages were

"'I don't like you a bit'"

ranged in a row like parked cannon. The lunch-baskets and demijohns were piled in a neat heap, together with new-cut firewood, an axe, and two galvanized iron buckets. The human element alone was missing. There was not a soul to be seen. We stood as solitary beneath the sky as Crusoe on his island.

"There doesn't seem to be anybody here," I remarked cheerfully.

"You understand now what I meant," she said, pale with anger.

"What can have become of them?" I asked.

We stood and gazed at the deserted scene. It was as still as the grave. I began to shout and call, but the empty forest gave back no sound.

"You needn't bother," said my companion. "I might have known that this would be no exception."

"Exception to what?" I asked.

"To all their miserable, horrid picnics," she returned. "They've all gone off in couples, just as I said."

"Just as we did," I reminded her.

"Only, they'll stay," she retorted bitterly. "Stay and stay and stay!"

"Here seems to be the one shy man," I said, detecting a bulky figure in the grass, snoring under an embroidered lap-robe. It was the stage-driver, oblivious to the world, stretched his length in the Indian wheat.

"What are we to do?" she cried vehemently.

"Hadn't we better go back to our log?" I said.

"I wish I had never told you all that," she broke out. "I don't like you a bit. I hate you. I never want to see you again, or them, or anything!"

"We can always wake up the driver," I said, somewhat coldly, I am afraid. I didn't like being hated.

There were tears of anger in her eyes. She went up to one of the carriages and leaned against it, looking devilish handsome as she stared straight in front of her. I tried to speak, but she shut me up with a snap of her white teeth.

"Let me think!" she exclaimed. "Let me think!"

I waited obediently while she thought. There was plenty of time, and there didn't seem any need to hurry her. The driver didn't count, and, as for the others, they might have stayed away till doomsday for all I cared. My passionate beauty gave me a glance full of sparks and lightnings.

"I see you don't mind a bit!" she said. "You're just like the others."

"I wish you were," I returned, asking her permission to smoke a cigar.

"I wish I could smoke cigars," she broke out. "I wish I could do anything. I wish I could swear! To be abandoned like this; to be calmly left out; to have it taken for granted that I am no better than — than they are! Have you ever felt really, gasping mad?" she asked.

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"Oh, I've had my little troubles," I said.

"Well, you are awfully nice," she conceded. "I'd rather it was you than anybody else, you know. What time is it?"

I looked at my watch.

"Five past noon," I said.

Miss Jayes began to do some more thinking. I watched the sky through the haze of my Perfecto and tried to hide the fact of my content while she did sums on her fingers and her lips moved with unspoken calculations.

"If you really feel so badly about it," I said, "I could harness up one of the carriages and take you back."

"No," she returned. "I don't want to do anything so horrid. They were pretty tightly packed as it was. I'd prefer to melt away — like the Arab, you know."

"Then let's melt," I said.

"It's about three miles to the main road," she said. "The Peralta Springs stage ought to pass there about half-past two. We'll head it off and go home."

"We ought to leave word, though," I said.

"I suppose we ought," she assented. "Just a card with a stinging good-by."

"We couldn't improve on just: *Gone Home!*" I said.

"You are right," she said. "No comments; no recriminations; no fibs about feeling suddenly ill. Just *Gone Home!*"

"And pin it on the driver's hat," I said. "In front, you know, where it can't but be noticed." I took out a card and wrote the two words on it while my companion did some squirming for a pin. The driver never budged as I bent over him and took liberties with his hat, though his snore (if I may so describe it) became self-conscious and gurgly.

"Now let's go," she said.

"It's a pity about lunch," I remarked, as we turned our backs on the clearing and took the trail.

"I'd starve rather than eat a bite of their nasty old lunch," she exclaimed vindictively.

"Man is such a poor creature," I said, as I felt an inner protest.

"Get home and you shall have a whole ice-chest to choose from," she said.

"Then you won't shake me at the other end," I said.

"'it seems the most natural thing in the world!'"

"I'm going to be so good to you that you'll be dizzy," she said. "I think it is splendid of you to come — to be rude for my sake, you know. Lots of men would have stayed and done their silly best to talk me out of it."

"My silly best is to tag along wherever you go," I said.

We were a long time covering those three miles. It was indeed a sensation to be alone in the forest with a beautiful woman one scarcely knew, and to have, with such a good conscience, all the spice of an escapade. As she grew tired and a little pale with the walk, she seemed to become, in a subtle way, increasingly dependent on me. I think she was frightened by the great silent trees about us, and more and more alive to the protection of a strapping fellow like myself. She deferred to me as she had not done before; asked me a great deal about myself; and astonished me once or twice by her unusual frankness.

"Isn't it strange," she said, "that back there, when we were sitting on that log, fencing according to rule, I shouldn't have let you hold my hand for anything. While now, when we are nothing but two friends, tired and hungry and cross and trudging home together, it seems the most natural thing in the world!"

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"I imagine this is the most dangerous kind of flirtation there is," I said. "Now we are not pretending at all."

"I suppose that's it," she said. "I liked you before because you were clever. Now I like you because you are manly and splendid, and if there was a bear you'd throw stones at it!"

I caught her round the waist and kissed her, kissed her mouth, her eyes, her flushed and burning cheeks. She submitted, panting, making no struggle to free herself, uttering not a sound. When at last she spoke it was with a curious gentleness

"'Hush! . . . Didn't you hear something?'"

that was more of a reproach than any outburst.

"Take away your arm," she said. "You must not do that again. I don't want to make mountains out of it, but you must promise me not to take such a liberty again."

In my ardor I tried to justify myself.

"Don't say another word about it," she said. "I'm not nearly so shocked as you think. Perhaps I am not so displeased as I ought to be. Only I ask you, quite seriously, as a gentleman, you know, not to do such a thing again."

I promised humbly, dwelling on the provocation.

"Surely you must like me better that I am not that kind of a girl," she went on. "Don't you think it makes my regard better worth having? Wouldn't you say to yourself: 'Oh, she's used to this kind of thing,' and feel at bottom a contempt for me?"

"Perhaps I would," I admitted.

Our conversation became somewhat desultory after this. In fact it was rather hard to know how to go on, and we both felt constrained and ill at ease. We reached the main road, and, while we sat down and rested, it suddenly occurred to me that we had chosen a bad place for arresting the Peralta stage.

"They'll swing down that grade whackety-whack," I said, "and as like as not won't stop at all."

"I never thought of that," said Miss Jayes.

"If you are cross now, what would you be then?" I remarked.

"I think I'd lie face down on the road and cry," she said.

"We must get them on a hill," I said.

"There's a lovely gorge about a mile from here," she said. "The Devil's Something—I forget exactly what—but anyway it's a tremendous pull up."

"Are you good for another mile?" I asked.

She rose at once. "We daren't risk missing the stage," she said.

It was a long mile to the gorge, but the road ran level for part of it and then dipped violently between sheer and rocky cliffs, so that the walking was, most of it, steeply down hill. I have never seen more romantic scenery, and as we sank into that enormous cleft of the mountains, over-towered by pinnacles and crags, it came over me again that California was an untrodden and almost unknown country. My pretty companion, who seated herself on a rock, said, somewhat unpoetically, that we reminded her of two toads in a well.

"If I couldn't think of something more appropriate than that, I'd hold my tongue," I said.

"If you know any poetry you can repeat it," she said.

"I ask for nothing better than to look into your eyes," I said.

"You can certainly say awfully sweet things," she said.

"Don't mention it," I said. "What wouldn't you give for a ham sandwich?"

"I am ashamed to say!" she returned.

"We go through life tied to tables," I said.

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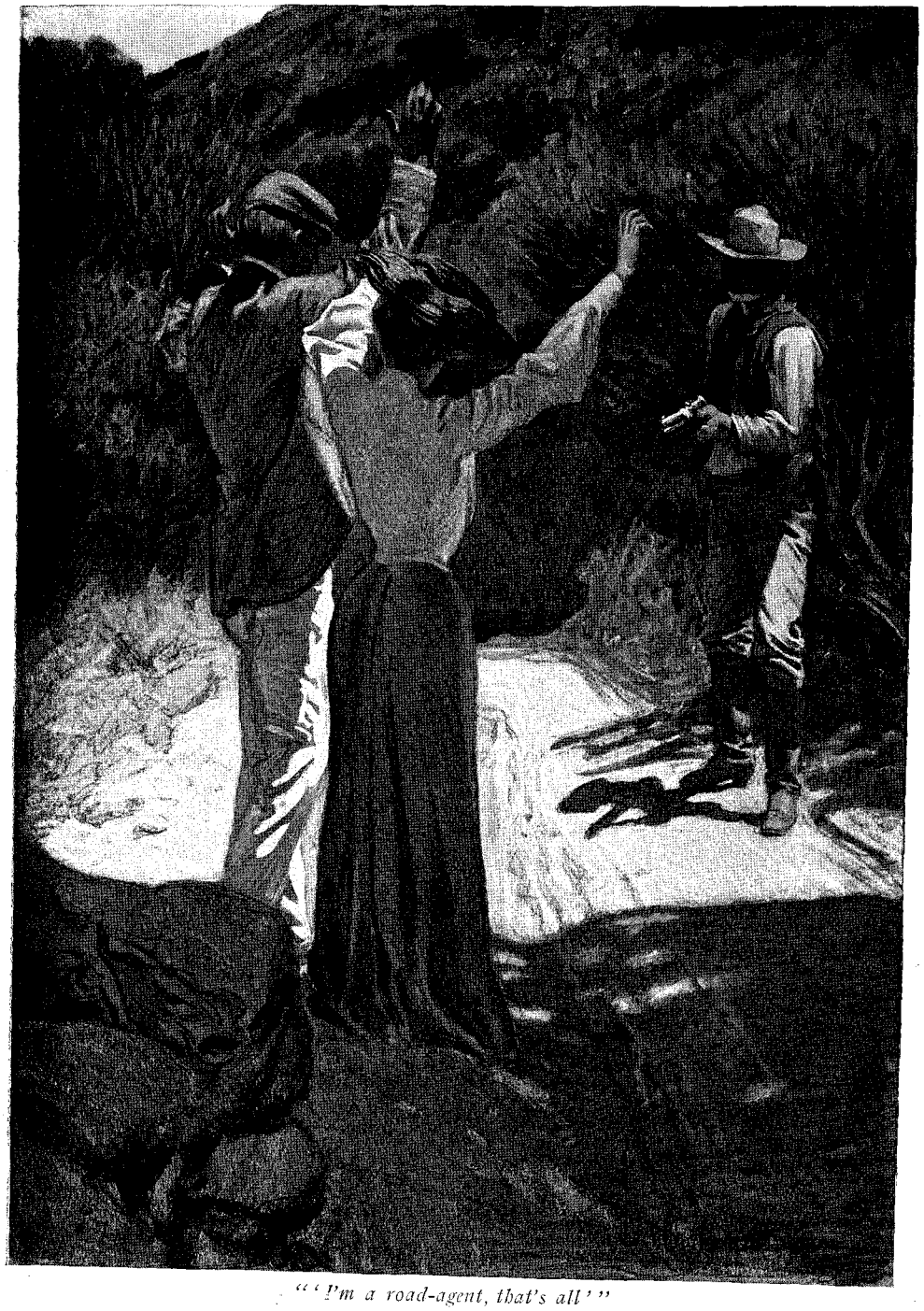

"'I'm a road-agent, that's all'"

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"we scooted up that hill"

I looked at my watch and saw that we had still an hour to wait.

"A whole hour!" she sighed.

"A whole hour!" I repeated with solemnity. By gad, it *was* solemn.

"Hush!" she exclaimed suddenly under her breath. "Didn't you hear something — over there — rustling in the chaparral?"

Before I had time to answer, the bushes parted and a man took a step out into the road. What made him somewhat out of the ordinary was that his face was masked and he had a rifle which he let drop on a level with my stomach.

"Hands up!" he cried, in a growling kind of voice.

I obeyed with promptitude. So did Miss Jayes. Nothing could have been smarter had we been rehearsing private theatricals.

"Run!" I whispered to her. "Run! They wouldn't shoot a woman!"

But she remained by my side, white and motionless, with her little hands in the air.

"I don't mean no harm to your sweetheart," said the man. "I'm a road-agent, that's all. I'm just hanging around here for the stage!" He still kept his rifle pointed at me, with a very large, dirty forefinger on the trigger.

"If it's only my money you want, you're welcome," I said. "But please don't frighten the lady!"

"I hope I'm a gentleman, even if I am in this way of business," he said. "Tell her to put her hands down and never mind," he added, with a queer sort of chivalry, as though he would not presume to address her directly.

"Do you hear that?" I said, and in reply she made a little choking gasp and lowered her hands. She was deadly pale, but otherwise extraordinarily cool and quiet.

"I waited for you to go," said the man. "I gave you twenty chances to clear out before I up and spoke, but I had to wait there instead and listen to your everlasting gas!"

"I'm sorry we incommoded you," I said.

"I never guessed that this here place was a lovers' lane," he remarked, with a shade of sarcasm.

"I wish you'd take my money and go," I said. "You can send back the watch and I'll give you fifty dollars for it."

He looked at me in obvious perplexity, his eyes moving like an animal's, behind the muslin mask.

"I'm not out for snipe," he said. "There's eight thousand dollars in the Wells-Fargo box, and I thought I was sure of it till you came along."

"You're what the papers call a lone bandit," I said.

"That's right," he returned.

"See here," I said. "I haven't any gun, and if I had I wouldn't put up a fight over a matter of twenty dollars. Let me put my hands down and oblige me by pointing your Winchester somewhere else!"

He laughed nervously and told me to go ahead, dropping the muzzle of his weapon as he did so.

"You've plenty of sand, you have," he said. "I don't wonder you're such a taking feller with the gals!"

"I think you've some yourself," I said, "to stand up a whole stage with an armed messenger on the box!"

"I'm druv to it," he said. "I'm desperate, and that's sure. I guess you'd be

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no better in my shoes. It's all them trusts," he added despondently.

"Well, what's going to happen next?" I demanded.

"You can search me!" he replied vaguely.

"I mean about us two — my friend and myself," I said.

"Blessed if I know!" he said.

"We don't hanker to be in any gun fight," I said.

"You talk like a Man," he said, with warmth strange to hear at such a moment. "It's a pleasure to meet a Man after mixing with a pack of skunks, like I have. I thought, as I was hiding there in the chaparral, that you was just the sort of chap I'd like to be myself, and, by ——, I envied you, sweethearting down the road with your pockets full of money and not a care in your curly head!"

"You're a deuce of a fellow to throw bouquets," I said.

"I guess I can shoot, too," he said, with a gleam of his eyes. "Like you can, I reckon, if you was in the place where you had to!"

"It makes me wish you weren't a road-agent," I said.

"Do you know," he went on, "when a feller has nerved himself up to do something big — when he says to himself, maybe by night I'll either have eight thousand dollars in a sack or be lying dead and done for in the dirt — he kind of looks about and says good-by to things, on the chance of never seeing them again no more." He made an upward gesture with his coarse, black-nailed hand. "All that!" he said.

"The world is too good a place to quit," I said. "Think better of it, old chap. I haven't any doubt I could get you a decent job somewhere!"

"I don't want no jobs," he returned sourly. "I am dead sick of jobs. I held my last for eighteen years and then they turn me down for a ——!" He stopped short. "Now I'm blabbing what I oughtn't," he added. "You may stand up in court

"We ran into the road and waved our arms"

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some day and swear away my life if I run along like this."

"Not me," I said.

"I don't believe you're the kind that would," he said huskily. "And anyway you wouldn't if you had a spark of gratitood. I had my gun on you all along and it would have been money in my pocket to have settled you out of hand — for if ever there was a man as wasn't wanted around here — it's *you!*"

"I'm sorry to be in the way," I said, "but I can easily make that all right." I glanced up the hill.

"Where in thunder do you come from, anyway?" he asked suspiciously.

I explained briefly about the picnic.

"You'd have almost done better to have stayed on," he remarked, with grim humor.

"You must let us out of this," I said. "It is always the looker-on that gets shot, you know!"

"It would be a tarnation silly thing for me to do," he said. "Can't you see how I'm fixed?"

"There's our side of it, too!" I said.

Then he banged the butt of his rifle on the road.

"All right. Slope!" he said. "I don't ask you to paw the air with gratitood, or swear by your dead mother, or that! But's agreed, ain't it, that it would be stinking mean to give me away?"

"I never did such a thing in my life," I said, "and I don't mean to begin with you!"

"And you'll keep her purty mouth shut," he added, indicating Miss Jayes.

"I can do that for myself," returned my companion with unexpected spirit. "I don't need any man to show me how; and what's more, I wouldn't do it anyway, because you've treated us so splendidly!"

The bandit smiled under his mask.

"I wish you and the little lady the best of luck," he said, "and if you ever find a silver tea service a-setting on your front piazza, you'll know it's a wedding present from yours truly!"

"We'll be glad to accept it," I said, as heartily as I could manage, and enjoying Miss Jayes's confusion. "My name's Emmelin — Roger Emmelin — and when I said I was grateful, I want you to remember that I mean it!"

"The world would be a better place if there was more folks like you," he said sadly, offering me his enormous hand. I shook it cordially and my companion did the same. We loved that bandit!

"Happy to have met you," he said, and with that we left him standing in the middle of the road looking after us, while we scooted up that hill like the fellow with the three-league boots. I never saw a woman run as fast as Miss Jayes. It was like the hart on the mountains — only faster. We had come down dog-tired, but we went up like young racers, in a mouth-open, heart-beating, suffocating hurry, like people catching the last train.

We had reached the cross-roads and had thrown ourselves full length on the grass, in the very desperation of fatigue, when there suddenly rang out far below us the shattering report of a rifle. We held our breath and our hands tightened on each other's. The report was followed by two others in quick succession, and then there was a little fierce rattle like a lot of firecrackers going off under a barrel.

We sat up instantly and listened, but the silence remained unbroken as our bursting hearts ticked the seconds. My companion put her arms around me and began to cry like a child on my breast. I'm afraid I was scarcely any more collected. We were pretty far spent, both of us; things like that hadn't happened to us before; and we had grown panicky with running.

I don't know how long we stayed there. It seemed like hours before we heard the rumble of the stage and saw it appear in a cloud of dust, rattling towards us at a lively clip. We ran into the road and waved our arms for it to stop, Ella saying if I went alone they might mistake me for another bandit. Even as it was the darn fool messenger pointed his gun at me, and we saw hands holding pistols out of the windows. The driver was quicker to understand, and, bringing his leaders on their haunches, welcomed us boisterously.

"Pile in, boys and girls!" he cried. "This is my busy day and all is welcome, and if you want a dead robber you can find him down the road," and with that he lashed up his six horses, and headed us at a tearing gallop for Red Rock.

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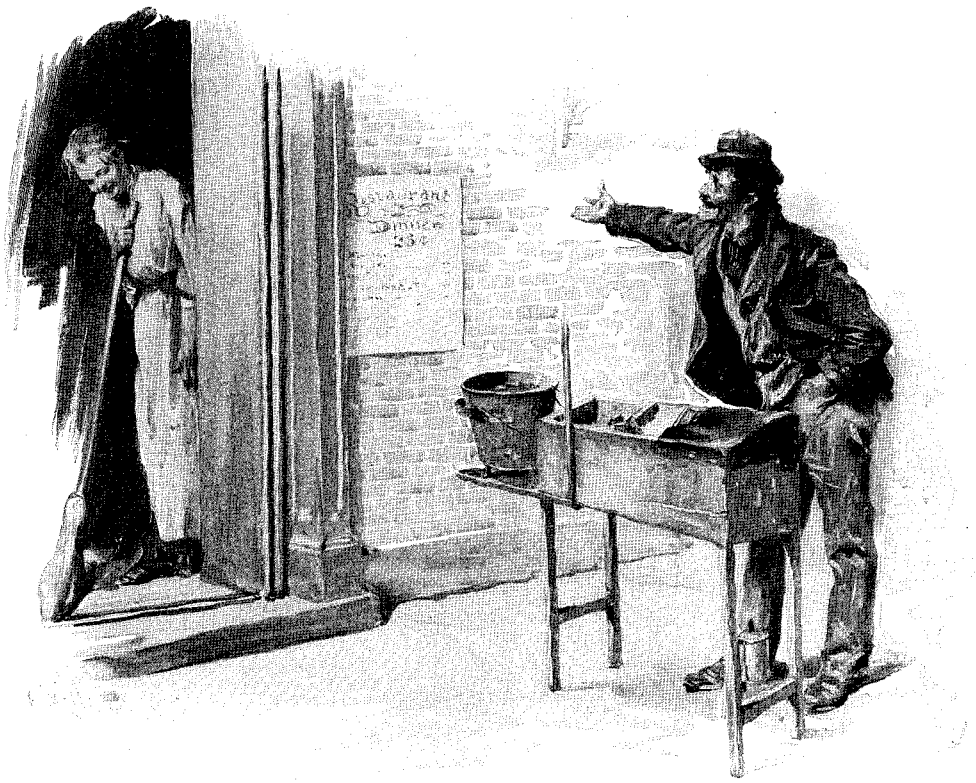

THE ALIENS

BY

BOOTH TARKINGTON

AUTHOR OF "THE TWO VANREVELS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

PIETRO TOBIGLI, that gay young chestnut vender — he of the radiant smiles — gave forth, in his warm tenor, his own interpretation of "Ach du lieber Augustine," whenever Bertha, rosy waitress in the little German restaurant, showed her face at the door. For a month it had been a courtship; and the merchant sang often:

"Ahaha, du libra Ogostine,
Ogostine, Ogostine!
Ahaha, du libra Ogostine,
Nees coma ross."

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The acquaintance, begun by the song and Pietro's wonderful laugh, had grown tender. The chestnut vender had a way with him; he looked like the "Neapolitan Fisher Lad" of the chromos, and you could have fancied him, two centuries ago, putting a rose in his hair; even as it was, he had the ear-rings. But the smile of him it was that won Bertha, when she came to work in the little restaurant. It was a smile that put the world at its ease; it proclaimed the coming of morning over the meadows, and, taking every bystander into an April friendship, ran on suddenly into a laugh that was like silver, and like a strange puppy's claiming you for the lost master.

So it befell that Bertha was fascinated; that, blushing, she laughed back to him, and was nothing offended when, at his first sight of her, he rippled out at once into "Ahaha, du libra Ogostine."

Within two weeks he was closing his business (no intricate matter) every evening, to walk home with her, through the September moonlight. Then extraordinary things happened to the English language.

"I ain'd nefer can like no foreigner!" she often joked back to a question of his. "Nefer, nefer! you t'ink I'm takin' up mit a hant-orkan maan, Mister Toby?"

Whereupon he would carol out the tender taunt, "Ahaha, du libra Ogostine!"

"Yoost a hant-orkan maan!"

"No! *No!* No oragan! I am a greata —greata merchant. Vote a Republican! Polititshian! Tobigli, Chititzen Republican. Naturalasize! March in a parade!"

Never lived native American prouder of his citizenship than this adopted one. Had he not voted at the election? Was he not a member of the great Republican party? He had eagerly joined it, for the reason that he had been a Republican in Italy, and he had drawn with him to the polls his second-cousin, Leo Vesschi, and the five other Italians with whom he lived. For this, he had been rewarded by Pixley, his precinct committeeman, who allowed him to carry pink torches in three night processions.

"You keeb oud politigs," said Bertha, earnestly, one evening. "My uncle, Louie Grätz, he iss got a neighbor-lady; her man gone in politigs. After*vorts* he git it. He iss in der bennidenshierry two years. You know why?"

"Democrat!" shouted the chestnut vender triumphantly.

"No, sir! Yoost politigs," replied the unpartizan Bertha. "You keeb oud politigs."

"Ahaha, du libra Ogostine,
Ogostine, Ogostine!
Ahaha, du libra Ogostine,
Nees coma ross!"

The song was always a teasing of her and carried all his friendly laughter at her, because of her German ways; but it became softly exultant whenever she betrayed her interest in him.

"Libra Ogostine, she afraid I go penitensh?" he inquired.

"Me!" she jeered with uneasy laughter. "*I* ain'd care! but you—you don' look oud, you git in dod voikhouse!"

He turned upon her, suddenly, a face like a mother's, and touched her hand with a light caress.

"I stay in a workhouse sevena-hunder' year," he said gently, "you come seeta by window some-a-time."

At this Bertha turned away, was silent for a space, leaning on the gate-post in front of her uncle's house, whither they were now come. Finally she answered brokenly: "I ain'd sit by no vinder for yoost a jessnut maan." This was her way of stimulating his ambition.

"Ahaha!" he cried. "You don' know? I'm goin' buy beeg stan'! Candy! Peanut! Banan'! Make some-a-time four dollar a day! 'Tis a greata countra! Bimaby git a store! Ride a buggy! Smoke a cigar! You play piano! Vote a Republican!"

"Toby!"

"'Tis true!"

"Toby," she said tearfully; "Toby, you voik hart, und safe your money?"

"You help?" he whispered.

"I help—you!" she cried loudly. Then, with a sudden fit of sobbing, she flung open the gate and ran at the top of her speed into the house.

Halcyon the days for Pietro Tobigli, extravagant the jocularity of his betrothed one. And, as his happiness, so did his prosperity increase; the little chestnut furnace became the smallest adjunct of his

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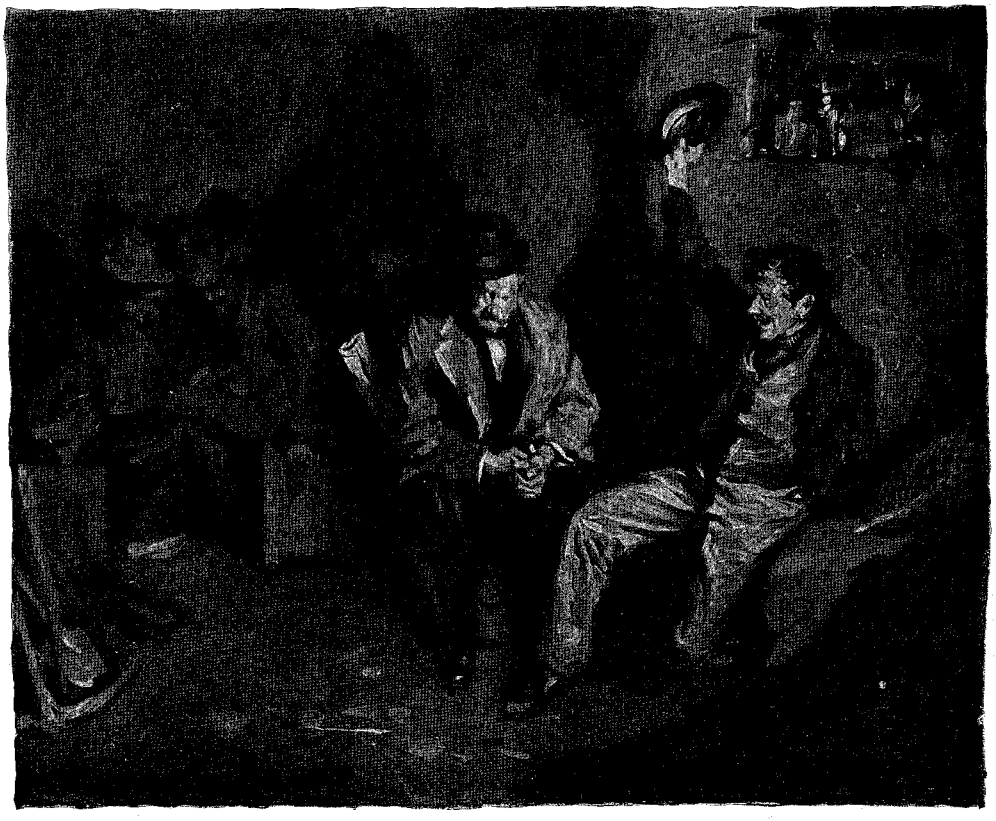
affairs; for he leaped (almost at one bound) to the proprietorship of a wooden stand, shaped like the crate of an upright piano and backed up against the brick wall of the restaurant — a mercantile house which was closed at night by putting the lid on. All day long Toby's smile arrested pedestrians, and compelled them to buy of him, making his wares sweeter in the mouth. Bertha dwelt in a perpetual serenade: on warm days, when the restaurant doors were open, she could hear him singing, not always "Ogostine," but festal lilts of Italy, liquid and strangely sweet to her; and at such times, when the actual voice was not in her ears, still she blushed with delight to hear in her heart the thrilling echoes of his barcaroles, and found them humming cheerily upon her own lips.

Toby was to save five hundred dollars before they married, a great sum, but they were patient and both worked very hard. The winter would have fallen bitterly upon an outdoor merchant lacking Toby's confident heart, but on the coldest days, when Bertha looked out, she always found him slapping his hands and trudging up and down in the snow in front of the little box; and, as soon as he caught sight of her — "Ahaha, du libra Ogostine, Ogostine, Ogostine!"

She saved her own money with German persistence, and on Christmas day her present to her betrothed, in return for a coral pin, was a pair of rubber boots filled with little cakes.

Elysium was the dwelling-place of Pietro Tobigli, though, apparently, he abode in a horrible slum cellar with Leo Vesschi and the five Latti brothers. In this place our purveyor of sweetmeats was the only light. Thither he had carried his songs and his laugh and his furnace when he came from



"'Republican win!' laughed Toby. 'Meelyun man eena parade!'"

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"Seized his sweetheart round the waist and tried to force her to dance"

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Italy to join Vesschi; and there he remained, partly out of loyalty to his unprosperous comrades, and partly because his share of the expense was only twenty-five cents a week, and every saving was a saving for Bertha. Every evening, on the homeward walk, the affianced pair passed the hideous stairway that led down to the cellar, and Bertha, neat soul, never failed to shudder at it. She did not know that Pietro lived there, for he feared it might distress her; nor could she ever persuade him to tell her where he lived.

Because of this mystery, upon which he merrily insisted, she affected a fear that he would some day desert her. "You don' tell me where you lif, I t'ink you goin' ran away of me, Toby. I vake opp some day git a ledder dod you gone back home by 'Talian lady dod's grazy 'bout you!"

"Ahaha! Libra Ogostine, you believe I can make a write weet a pen-a-paper? I don' know that a *how*. Some-a-time you see that gran' palazzo where I leef. Eesa greata-great sooraprise!"

In the gran' palazzo, it was as much as he could do to keep clean his own grim little bunk in the corner. His comrades, sullen, hopeless, came at evening from ten hours' desperate shoveling, and exhibited no ambition for water or brooms, but sat hunched and silent, or morosely muttering and coughing, in the dark room with its sodden earthern floor, stained walls, and one smoky lamp.

To this uncomfortable chamber repaired, one March evening, Mr. Frank Pixley, Republican precinct committeeman, nor was its dinginess an unharmonious setting for that political brilliant. He was a pock-pitted, damp-looking, soiled little fungus of a man, who had attained to his office because, in the dirtiest precinct of the wickedest ward in the city, he had, through the operation of a befitting ingenuity, forced a recognition of his leadership. From such an office, manned by a Pixley, there leads an upward ramification of wires, invisible to all except manipulators, which extends to higher surfaces. Usually the Pixley is a deep-sea puppet, wholly controlled by the dingily gilded wires that run down to him; but there are times when the Pixley gives forth initial impulses of his own, such as may alter the upper surface; for, in a system of this character, every twitch is felt throughout the whole ramification.

"Hello, boys," the committeeman called out with automatic geniality, as he descended the broken steps. "How are ye? All here? That's good; that's the stuff! Good work!"

Only Toby replied with more than an indifferent grunt; but he ran forward, carrying an empty beer keg which he placed as a seat for the guest.

"Aha*ha*, Meesa Peeslay! Make a parade? Torchlight? Bandaplay—ta ra, la la la? Firework? Fzzz! Boum! Eh?"

The politician responded to Toby's extravagantly friendly laughter with some mechanical cachinnations which, like an obliging shop clerk, he turned on and off with no effort. "Not by a dern sight!" he answered. "The campaign ain't begun yet."

"Champagne?" inquired Tobigli politely.

"Campaign, campaign," explained Pixley. "Not much champagne in yours!" he chuckled beneath his breath. "Blame lucky to git Chicago bowl!"

"What is that, that campaign?"

"Why—why, it's the campaign. Workin' up public sentiment; gittin' you boys in line, 'lectioneerin'—fixin' it *right*."

Tobigli shook his head. "Campaign?" he repeated.

"Why—Gee, *you* know! Free beer, cigars, speakin', handshakin', paradin'——"

"Ahaha!" The merchant sprang to his feet with a shout. "Yes! Hoor-r-ra! Vote a Republican! Dam-a Democrat!"

"That's it," replied the committeeman somewhat languidly. "You see, this is a Republican precinct, and it turns the ward——"

"Allaways a Republican!" vociferated Pietro. "That eesa right?"

"Well," said the other, "of course, whichever way you go, you want to follow your precinct committeeman—that's me."

"Yess! Vote a Republican."

Pixley looked about the room, his little red eyes peering out cannily from under his crooked brows at each of the sulky figures in the damp shadows.

"You boys all vote the way Pete says?" he asked.

"Vote same Pietro," answered Vesschi. "Allaways."

"Allaways a Republican," added Pietro sparkingly, with abundant gesture. "'Tis

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a greata-great countra. Republican here same a Republican at home — eena Etallee. Republican eternall! All good Republican eena thees house! Hoor-r-ra!"

"Well," said Pixley, with a furtiveness half habit, as he rose to go, "of course, you want to keep your eye on your committeeman, and kind of foller along with him, whatever he does. That's me." He placed a dingy bottle on the keg. "I jest dropped in to see how you boys were gittin' along — mighty tidy little place you got here." He changed the stub of his burnt-out cigar to the other side of his mouth, shifting his eyes in the opposite direction, as he continued benevolently: "I thought I'd look in and leave this bottle o' gin fer ye, with my compliments. I'll be around ag'in some evenin', and I reckon before 'lection day comes there may be somep'n' doin' — I might have better fer ye than a bottle. Keep your eye on me, boys, an' foller the leader. That's the idea. So long!"

"Vote a Republican!" Pietro shouted after him gaily.

Pixley turned.

"Jest foller yer leader," he rejoined. "That's the way to learn politics, boys."

Now, as the rough spring wore on into the happier season, with the days like spiced warm wine, when people on the street are no longer driven by the weather but are won by it to loiter; now, indeed, did commerce at Toby's new stand so mightily thrive that, when summer came, Bertha was troubled as to the safety of Toby's profits.

"You yoost put your money by der builtun-loan 'sociation, Toby," she advised gently. "Dey safe ut fer you."

"T'ree hunder' fifta dolla — *no!*" answered her betrothed. "I keep in de pock'!" He showed her where the bills were pinned into his corduroy waistcoat pocket. "See! Eesa *you!* Onna my heart, libra Ogostine!"

"Toby, uf you ain'd dake ut by der builtun-loan, *blease* put ut in der bink?"

"I keep!" he repeated, shaking his head seriously. "In t'ree-four mont' eesa five-hunder-dolla. Nobody but me eesa tross weet that money."

Nor could Bertha persuade him. It was their happiness he watched over. Who to guard it as he, the dingy, precious parcel of bills? He pictured for himself a swampy forest through which he was laying a pathway to Bertha, and each of the soiled green notes that he pinned in his waistcoat was a strip of firm ground he had made, over which he advanced a few steps nearer her. And Bertha was very happy, even forgetting, for a while, to be afraid of the smallpox, which had thrown out little flags, like auction signs, here and there about the city.

When the full heat of summer came, Pietro laughed at the dog-days; and it was Bertha's to suffer in the hot little restaurant; but she smiled and waved to Pietro, so that he should not know. Also she made him sell iced lemonade and birch beer, which was well for the corduroy waistcoat pocket. Never have you seen a more alluring merchant. One glance toward the stand; you caught that flashing smile, the owner of it a-tiptoe to serve you; and Pietro managed, too, by a light jog to the table on which stood his big, bedewed, earthern jars, that you became aware of the tinkle of ice and a cold, liquid murmur — what mortal could deny the inward call and pass without stopping to buy?

There fell a night in September when Bertha beheld her lover glorious. She had been warned that he was to officiate in the great opening function of the campaign; and she stood on the corner for an hour before the head of the procession appeared. On they came — Pietro's party, three thousand strong; brass bands, fireworks, red fire, tumultuous citizens, political clubs, local potenates in open carriages, policemen, boys, dogs, bicycles — the procession doing all the cheering for itself, the crowds of spectators only feebly responding to this enthusiasm, as is our national custom. At the end of it all marched a plentiful crew of tatterdemalions, a few bleared white men, and the rest negroes. They bore aloft a crazy transparency, exhibiting the legend:

"FRANK PIXLEY'S HARD-MONEY LEAGUE.

WE STAND FOR OUR PRINCIPALS.

WE ARE SOLLID!

NO FOOLING THE PEOPLE GOES!

WE VOTE AS ONE MAN FOR

TAYLOR P. SINGLETON!"

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Bertha s eyes had not rested upon Toby where they innocently sought him, in the front ranks, even scanning in the carriages, seeking him in all positions which she conceived as highest in honor, and she would have missed him altogether, had not there reached her, out of chaotic clamors, a clear, high, rollicking tenor :

"Ahaba! du libra Ogostine,
Ogostine, Ogostine!
Ahaba! du libra Ogostine,
Nees coma ross!"

Then the eager eyes found their pleasure, for there, in the last line of Pixley's pirates, the very tail of the procession, danced Pietro Tobigli, waving his pink torch at her, proud, happy, triumphant, a true Republican, believing all company equal in the republic, and the rear rank as good as the first.

"Vote a Republican!" he shouted. "Republican — Republican eternall!"

Strangely enough, a like fervid protestation (vociferated in greeting) evoked no reciprocal enthusiasm in the breast of Mr. Pixley, when the committeeman called upon Toby and his friends at their apartment one evening, a fortnight later.

"That's right," he responded languidly. "That's right in gineral, I *should* say. Cert'nly, in *gineral*, I ain't got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a puttickler case, boys. The election's liable to be mighty close."

"Republican win!" laughed Toby. "Meelyun man eena parade!"

Mr. Pixley's small eyes lowered furtively. He glanced once toward the door, stroked his stubby chin, and answered softly: "Don't you be too sure of that, young feller. Them banks is fightin' each other ag'in!"

"Bank? Fight? W'at eesa that?" inquired the merchant, with an entirely blank mind.

"There's one thing it *ain't*," replied the other, in the same confidential tone. "It ain't no two-by-four campaign. All I got to say to you boys is: 'Foller yer leader' — and you'll wear pearl collar-buttons!"

"Vote a Republican," interjected Leo Vesschi gutturally.

The furtiveness of Mr. Pixley increased. "Well — mebbe," he responded, very deliberately. "I reckon I better put you boys next; right now's well's any other time. Ain't nothin' ever gained by not bein' open 'n' above-board; that's my motto, and I ack up to it. You kin ast 'em, jest ast the boys, and you'll hear it from each-an-dall: 'Frank Pixley's *square!*' That's what they'll tell ye. Now see here, this is the way it is. I ain't worryin' much about who goes to legislature, or who's county-commissioners, nor none o' *that*. *Why* ain't I worryin'? Because it's a picayune. It's peanut politics. It ain't where the money is. No, sir, this campaign is on the treasurership. Taylor P. Singleton is runnin' fer treasurer on the Republican ticket, and Gil. Maxim on the Democratic. But that ain't where the fight is." Mr. Pixley spat contemptuously. "Pah! whichever of 'em gits it won't no more'n draw his salary. It's the banks. If Singleton wins out, the Washington National gits the use of the county's money fer the term; if Maxim's elected, Florenheim's bank gits it. Florenheim laid down the cash fer Maxim's nomination, and the Washington National fixed it fer Singleton. And it's big money, don't you git no wrong idea about *that!*"

"Vote a Republican," said Toby politely.

A look of pain appeared upon the brow of the committeeman.

"I reckon I ain't hardly made myself clear," he observed, somewhat plaintively. "Now here, you listen: I reckon it would be kind of resky to trust you boys to scratch the ticket — it's a mixed up business, anyway ——"

"Vote a straight!" cried Pietro, nodding his head, cheerfully. "*Yess!* I teach Leo; yess, teach all these" — he waved his hands to indicate the melancholy listeners — "teach them all. Stamp in a circle by that eagle. Vote a Republican!"

"What I was goin' to say," went on the official, exhibiting tokens of impatience and perturbation, "was that if we *should* make any switch this year, I guess you boys would have to switch straight."

"'Tis true!" was the hearty response. "Vote a straight Republican. Republican eternall!"

Pixley wiped his forehead with a dirty handkerchief, and scratched his head.

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"See here," he said, after a pause, to Toby, "I've got to go down to Collins's saloon, and I'd like to have you come along. Feel like going?"

"Certumalee," answered Toby with alacrity, reaching for his hat.

But no one could have been more surprised than the chestnut vender when, on reaching the vacant street, his companion, glancing cautiously about, beckoned him into the darkness of an alley-way, and, noiselessly upsetting an ash-barrel, indicated it as a seat for both.

"Here," said Pixley, "I reckon this is better. Jest two men by theirselves kin fix up a thing like this a lot quicker, and I seen you didn't want to talk too much before *them*. You make your own deal with 'em afterwards, or none at all, jest as you like! They'll do whatever you say, anyway. I sized you up to run *that* bunch, first time I ever laid eyes on the outfit. Now see here, Pete, you listen to me. I reckon I kin turn a little trick here that'll do you some good. You kin bet I see that the men I pick fer my leaders — like you, Pete — git their rights. Now here: there's you and the other six, that's seven; it'll be three dollars in your pocket if you deliver the goods."

"No! no!" said Pietro in earnest protestation. "We seven a good Republican. We vote a Republican — same las' time, all a time. Eet eesa not a need to pay us to vote a Republican. You save that a money, Meesa Peaslay."

"You don't understand," groaned Pixley, with an inclination to weep over the foreigner's thick-headedness. "There's a chance fer a big deal here for all the boys in the precinck. Gil. Maxim's backers'll pay *big* fer votes enough to swing it. The best of 'em don't know where they're at, I tell you. Now here, you see here" — he took an affectionate grip of Pietro's collar — "I'm goin' to have a talk with Maxim's manager to-morrow, I've had one or two a'ready, and I'll put up the price all round on them people. It's no more'n right, when you count up what we're doin' fer them. Look here, you swing them six in line and march 'em up, and all of ye stamp the rooster instead of the eagle this time, and help me to show Maxim Frank Pixley's there with the goods, and I'll hand you a five-dollar bill and a full box o' *cig*ars, see?"

Pietro nodded and smiled through the darkness. "Stamp that eagle!" he answered, "eesa all *right*, Meesa Peaslay. Don't you have afraid. We all seven a good Republican! Stamp that eagle! Hoor-r-ra! Republican *eternall!*"

Pixley was left sitting on the ash-barrel, looking after the light figure of the young man, joyously tripping back to the cellar, and turning to wave a hand in farewell from the street.

"Well, I *am*———!" the politician remarked, with unwitting veracity. "Did the dern Dago bluff me, does he want more, er did he reely didn't un'erstand fer honest?" Then, as he took up his way, crossing the street at the warning of some red and green smallpox lanterns, "I'll git those seven votes, though, *some*way. I'm out fer a record this time, and I'll *git* 'em!"

Bertha went with her fiancé to select the home that was to be theirs. They found a clean, tidy, furnished room, with a canary bird thrown in, and Toby, in the wild joy of his heart, seized his sweetheart round the waist and tried to force her to dance under the amazed eyes of the landlady.

"You yoost behafed awful!" exclaimed the blushing waitress that evening, with tears of laughter at the remembrance.

She was as happy as her lover, except for two small worries that she had: she feared that her uncle, Louie Grätz, with whom she lived, or one of her few friends, might, when they found she was to marry Toby, allude to him as a "Dago," in which case she had an intuition that he would slap the offender; and she was afraid of the smallpox, which had caused the quarantine of two shanties not far from her uncle's house. The former of her fears she did not mention, but the latter she spoke of frequently, telling Pietro how Grätz was panic-stricken, and talked of moving, and how glad she was that Toby's "gran' palazzo" was in another quarter of the city, as he had led her to believe. Laughing her humors almost away, he told her that the red and green lanterns, threatening murkily down the street, were for only wicked ones, like that Meesa Peaslay, for whom, she discovered, Pietro's admiration had diminished. And when she thought of the new home — far across the city from the ugly flags and lanterns — the tiny room with its engraving of the "Rock of

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Ages" and its canary, she forgot both her troubles entirely; for now, at last, the marvelous fact was assured: the five hundred dollars was pinned into the waistcoat pocket, lying upon Pietro's heart day and night, the precious lump that meant to him Bertha and a home. The good Republican set election-day for the happiest holiday of his life, for that would be his wedding-day.

He left her at her own gate, the evening before that glorious day, and sang his way down the street, feeling that he floated on the airy uplift of his own barcarole beneath sapphire skies, for Bertha had put her arms about him at last.

"Toby," she said, "lieber Toby, I am so all-lofing by you — you are sitch a good mens — I am so — so — I am yoost all-*lofing* by you!" And she cried heartily upon his shoulder. "Toby, uf you ain'd here for me to-morrow by eckseckly dwelf o'glock, uf you are von minutes late, I'm goin' yoost fall down deat! Don' you led nothings happen mit you, Toby."

And she had whispered to him, in love with his old tender mockery of her, to sing "Libra Ogostine" for her before he said good-night.

Mr. Pixley, again seated upon the ash-barrel which he had used for his interview with Toby, beheld the transfigured face of the young man as the chestnut vender passed the mouth of the alley, and the committeeman released from his soul a burdening profanity in the ear of his companion and confidant, a policeman who would be on duty in Pixley's precinct on the morrow, and who had now reported for instructions not necessarily received in a too public rendezvous.

"After I talked to him out here on this very barrel," said Pixley, his anathema concluded, "I raised the bid on him; yessir, you kin skin me fer a dead skunk if I didn't offer him ten dollars and a box of *ci*gars fer the bunch; and him jest settin' there laughin' like a plumb fool and telling me I didn't need to worry, they'd all vote Republican fer nothin'! Talked like a parrot: 'Vote a Republican! Republican eternal!' *Republican!* Faugh, he don't know no more why he's a Republican than a yeller dog'd know! I went around to-night, when he was out, thought mebbe I could fix it up with the others. No, *sir!* Couldn't git nothing out of 'em except jest some more parrot-cackle: 'Vote same Pietro. All a good Republican!' It's enough to sicken a man!"

"Do we need this gang bad?" inquired the policeman deferentially.

"I need everybody bad! This is a good-sized job fer me, and I want to do it right. Throwin' the precinck to Maxim is goin' to do me *some* wrong with the Republican crowd, even if they don't git on that it was throwed; and I want to throw it *good!* I couldn't feel like I'd done right if I didn't. I've give my word that they'll git a majority of sixty-eight votes, and that'll be jest twicet as much in my pocket as a plain majority. And I want them seven Dagoes! I've give up on *votin'* 'em; it can't be done. It'd make a saint cuss to try to reason with 'em, and it's no good. They can't be fooled, neither. They know where the polls is, and they know how to vote — blast the Australian ballot system! The most that can be done is to keep 'em away from the polls."

"Can you git 'em out of town in the morning?"

"D' you reckon I ain't tried that? *No*, sir! That Dago wouldn't take a pass to *heaven!* Everything else is all right. Doc Morgan's niggers stays right here and *votes*. I *know* them boys, and they'll walk up and stamp the rooster all right, all right. Them other niggers, that Hell-Valley gang, ain't that kind; and them and Tooms's crowd's goin' to be took out to Smelter's ice-houses in three express wagons at four o'clock in the morning. It ain't goin' to cost over two dollars a head, whisky and all. Then, Dan Kelly is fixed, and the Loo boys. Mike, I don't like to brag, and I ain't around throwin' no bokays at myself as a reg'lar thing, but I want to say right here, there ain't another man in this city — no, nor the State neither — that could of worked his precinck better'n I have this. I tell you, I'm within five or six votes of the majority they set for their big money."

"Have you give the Dagoes up altogether?"

"No, by ——!" cried the committeeman harshly, bringing his dirty fist down on the other's knee. "Did you ever hear of Frank Pixley weakenin'? Did you ever see the man that said Frank Pixley wasn't game?" He rose to his feet, a ragged and sinister silhouette against the sputtering

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electric light at the alley mouth. "Didn't you ever hear that Frank Pixley had a barrel of schemes to any other man's bucket o' wind? What's Frank Pixley's repitation, lemme ast you that? I git what I go after, don't I? Now look here, you listen to me," he said, lowering his voice and shaking a bent forefinger earnestly in the policeman's face; "I'm goin' to turn the trick. And I *ought* to do it, too. That there Pete, he ain't worth the powder to blow him up — you couldn't learn him no politics if you set up with him night after night fer a year. Didn't I *try? Try?* I dern near bust my head open jest thinkin' up ways to make the flathead *see*. And he wouldn't make no effort, jest set there and parrot out 'Vote a Republican!' He's ongrateful, that's what he is. Well, him and them other Dagoes are goin' to stay at home fer two weeks, beginnin' to-night."

"I'll be dogged if I see how," said the policeman, lifting his helmet to scratch his head.

"I'll show you how. I don't claim no credit fer the idea, I ain't around blowin' my own horn too often, but I'd like fer somebody to jest show me any other man in this city could have thought it out! I'd like to be showed jest one, that's all, jest one! Now, you look here; you see that nigger shanty over there, with the smallpox lanterns outside?"

The policeman shivered slightly. "Yes."

"Look here; they're rebuildin' the pesthouse, ain't they?"

"Yes."

"Leavin' smallpox patients in their own holes under quarantine guard till they git a place to put 'em, ain't they?"

"Yes."

"You know how many niggers in that shack?"

"Four, ain't they?"

"Yessir, four of 'em. One died to-night, another's goin' to, another ain't tellin' which way he's goin' yit; and the last one, Joe Cribbins, was the first to take it; and he's almost plumb as good as ever ag'in. He's up and around the house, helpin' nurse the sick ones, and fit fer hard labor. Now look here; that nigger does what I *tell* him and he does it quick — see? Well, he knows what I want him to do to-night. So does Charley Gruder, the guard over there. Charley's fixed; I seen to that; and he knows he ain't goin' to lose no job fer the nigger's gittin' out of the back winder to go make a little sociable call this evening."

"What!" exclaimed the policeman, startled; "Charley ain't goin' to let that nigger out!"

"Ain't he?" cried the little man shrilly. "Ain't he? Oh, you needn't worry, he ain't goin' *fur!* All he's waiting fer is fer you to give the signal."

"Me!" The man in the helmet drew back.

"Yessir, you! You walk out there and lounge up towards the drug store and jest look over to Charley and nod twice. Then you stand on the corner and watch and see what you see. When you *see* it, you yell fer Charley and git into the drug store telephone, and call up the health office and git their men up here and into that Dago cellar like hell! The nigger'll be there. They don't know him, and he'll just drop in to try and sell the Dagoes some policy tickets. You understand *me?*"

"Mother Mary in heaven!" The policeman sprang up. "What are you going to do?"

"What am I going to do?" shrilled the other, the light of a monstrous pride in his little eyes. "I'm goin' to quarantine them Dagoes fer fourteen days. They'll learn some politics before I git through with 'em. Maybe they'll know enough United States language to foller their leader next time!"

"By all that's mighty, Pixley," said the policeman, with an admiration that was almost reverence, "you *are* a schemer!"

"Mein Gott!" screeched Bertha's uncle, snapping his teeth fiercely on his pipe-stem, as he flung open the door of the girl's room. "You want to disgraze me mit der whole neighborhoot, 'lection night? Quid ut! Stob ut! Beoples in der streed stant owidside und litzen to dod grying. You *voult* goin' to marry mit a Dago mens, voult you! Ha, ha! Soifes you right! He run away!" The old man laughed unamiably. "Ha, ha! Dago mens foolt dod smard Bertha. Dod's pooty tough. But, bei ——, you stob dod noise und ect lige a detzent voomans, or you goin' haf droubles mit your ungle Louie Grätz!"

But Bertha, an undistinguishable heap on the floor of the unlit room, only gasped brokenly for breath and wept on.

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"Ach, ach, ach, lieber Gott in Himmel!" sobbed Bertha. "Why didn' Toby come for me? Ach, ach! What iss happened mit Toby? Somedings iss happened — I *know* ut!"

"Ya, ya!" jibed Grätz; "somedings iss heppened, I bet you! Brop'ly he's got anoder vife, dod's vot heppened! Brop'ly *leffing* ad you mit anoder voomans! Vot for dit he nefer tolt you vere he lif? So you voultn't ketch him; dod's der reason! You're a pooty vun, *you* are! Runnin' efter a doity Dago mens! Bei Gott! you bedder git oop und back your glo'es, und stob dod gryin'. I'm goin' to mofe owid to-morrow; und you kin go verefer you blease. I ain'd goin' to sday anoder day in sitch a neighborhoot. Fibe more smallpox lanterns yoost oop der sdreed. I'm goin' mofe glean to der oder ent of der city. Und you can come by me or you can run efter your Dago mens und his voomans! Dod's why he dittn't come to marry you, you grazy — ut's a voomans!"

"No, *no*," screamed Bertha, stopping her ears with her forefingers. "Lies, lies, lies!"

A slatternly negro woman dawdled down the street the following afternoon, and, encountering a friend of like description near the cottage which had been tenanted by Louie Gratz and his niece, paused for conversation.

"Howdy, honey," she began, leaning restfully against the gate-post. "How's you ma?"

"She right spry," returned the friend. "How you'self an' you good husban', Miz Mo'ton?"

Mrs. Morton laughed cheerily. "Oh, he enjoyin' de 'leckshum. He 'uz on de picnic yas'day, to Smeltuh's ice-houses; an' 'count er Mist' Maxim's gitting 'lected, dey gi'n him bottle er whisky an' two dollahs. He up at de house now, entuhtainin' some ge'lemen frien's wi' de bones, honey."

"Um hum." The other lady sighed reflectively. "I on'y wisht my po' husban' could er live to enjoy de fruits er politics."

"Yas'm," returned Mrs. Morton. "You right. It are a great intrus' in a man's life. Dat what de ornator say in de speech f'm de back er de groce'y wagon, yas'm, a great intrus' in a man's life. Decla'h, I b'lieve Goe'ge think mo' er politics dan he do er me! Well ma'am," she concluded, glancing idly up and down the street, and leaning back more comfortably against the gate-post, "I mus' be goin' on my urrant."

"What urrant's dat?" inquired the widow.

"Mighty quare urrant," replied Mrs. Morton. "Mighty quare urrant, honey. You see back yon'eh dat new smallpox flag?"

"Sho."

"Well ma'am, night fo' las', dat Joe Cribbins, dat one-eye nigger what sell de policy tickets, an's done be'n havin' de smallpox, he crope out de back way, when's de gyahd weren' lookin', an', my Lawd, ef dey ain't ketch him down in dat Dago cellar, tryin' sell dem Dagoes policy tickets! Yahah, honey!" Mrs. Morton threw back her head to laugh. "Ain't dat de beatenest nigger, dat one-eyed Joe?"

"What den, Miz Mo'ton?" pursued the listener.

"Den dey quahumteem dem Dagoes; sot a gyahd dah: you kin see him settin' out dah now. Well ma'am, 'cordin' to dat gyahd, one er dem Dagoes like ter go inter fits all day yas'day. Dat man hatter go in an' quiet him down ev'y few minute'. Seem 't he boun' sen' a message an' cain't git no one to ca'y it fer him. De gyahd, he cain't go; he willin' sen' de message, but cain't git nobody come nigh enough de place fer to tell 'em what it is. 'Sides it 'leckshum-day, an' mos' folks hangin' 'roun' de polls. Well ma'am, dis aft'noon, I so'nter'n' by, an' de gyahd holler out an' ask me do I want make a dollah, an' I say I do. I ain't 'fraid no smallpox, done had it two year ago. So I say I take de message."

"What is it?"

"Law, honey, it ain't wrote. Dem Dago folks hain't got no writin' ner readin'. Dey mo' er less like de beasts er de fiel'. Dat message by word er mouf. I goin' tell nuffin' 'bout de quahumteem. I'm gotter say: 'Toby sen' word to liebuh Augustine dat she needn' worry. He li'l sick, not much, but de doctah ain' 'low him out fer two weeks; an' 'mejutly at de en' er dat time he come an' git her an' den kin go on home wheres de canary bu'd is.' Honey, you evah hyuh o' sich a foolishness? But de gyahd, he say de message gotter be ca'yied dass dataways."

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"Lan' name!" ejaculated the widow. "Who dat message to?"

"Hit to a Dutch gal."

"My Lawd!" The widow lifted amazed hands to heaven. "De impidence er dem Dagoes! *Little* mo' an' dey'll be sen'in' messages to you er me!—What her name?"

"Name Bertha Grass," responded Mrs. Morton, "an', nigh as I kin make out, she live in one er dese little w'ite-paint cottages, right 'long yere."

"Yas'm! I knows dat Dutch gal, ole man Grass, de tailor, dass his niece. W'y, dey done move out dis mawn, right f'um dis ve'y house you stan'in' in front de gate of. De ole man skeered er de smallpox, an' he mad, too, an' de neighbuhs ask him whuh he gwine, he won't tell; so mad he won't speak to nobody. None on 'em 'round hyuh knows an' dey's considabul cyu'us 'bout it, too. Dey gone off in bofe d'rections—him one way, her 'nother. 'Peah lak dey be'n quollun!"

"Now look at dat!" cried Mrs. Morton dolefully. "Look at dat! Ain't dat de doggonest luck in de wide worl'! De gyahd he say dat Dago willin' pay fifty cents a day fo' me to teck an' bring a message eve'y mawn' tell de quahumteem took off de cellar. Now dat Dutch gal gone an' loss dat money fo' me—movin' 'way whuh nobody cain't fine 'er!"

"Sho!!" laughed the widow. "Ef I'se in you' place, Miz Mo'ton, an' you's in mine, dat money sho'lly, sho'lly nevah would be los', indeed hit wouldn't. I dass go in t' de do' an' tu'n right 'roun' back ag'in an' go down to dat gyahd an' say de Dutch gal 'ceive de message wid de bes' er 'bligin' politeness an' sent her kine regyahds to de Dago man an' all inquirin' frien's, an' hope de Dago man soon come an' git 'er. To-morrer de same, nex' day de same——"

"Lawd, ef dat ain't de beatenest!" cried Mrs. Morton delightedly. "Well, honey, I thank you long as I live, 'cause I nevah'd a wuk dat out by myself in de livin' worl', an' I sho does needs de money. I'm goin' do exackly dass de way you say. Dat man he ain' goin' know no diffunce till he git out—an' den, honey," she let loose upon the quiet air a sudden, great salvo of laughter, "dass let him fine Lize Mo'ton!"

Bertha went to live in the tiny room with the canary-bird and the engraving of the "Rock of Ages." This was putting lime to the canker, but, somehow, she felt that she could go to no other place. She told the landlady that her young man had not done so well in business as they had expected, and had sought work in another city. He would come back, she said.

She woke from troubled dreams each morning, to stifle her sobbing in the pillow. "Ach, Toby, coultn't you sented me yoost one word; you *might* sented me yoost one word, yoost one, to tell me what is happened mit you! Ach, Toby, Toby!"

The canary sang happily; she loved it and tended it, and the gay little prisoner tried to reward her by the most marvelous trilling in his power, but her heart was the sorer for every song.

After a time she went back drearily to the kraut-smelling restaurant, to the work she had thought to leave forever, that day when Toby had not come for her. She went out twenty times every morning, and oftener as it wore on towards evening, to look at his closed stand, always with a choking hope in her heart, always to drag leaden feet back into the restaurant. Several times, her breath failing for shame, she approached Italians in the street, or where there was one to be found at a stand of any sort she stopped and made a purchase, and asked for some word of Toby—without result, always. She knew no other way to seek for him.

One day, as she trudged homeward, two colored women met on the pavement in front of her, exchanged greetings, and continued for a little way together.

"How you enjoyin' you' money, dese fine days, Miz Mo'ton?" inquired one, with a laugh that attested to the richness of the joke between the two.

"Law, honey," answered the other, "dat good luck di'n' las' ve'y long. Dey done shut off my supplies."

"No!"

"Yas'm, dey sho did. Dat man done tuck de smallpox; all on 'em ketched it, ev'y las' one, off'n dat no 'count Joe Cribbins, an' now dat dey got de new pes'-house finish', dey haul 'em off yon'eh, yas'day. Reckon dat ain' make no diffunce in my urrant runnin'. Dat Dago mans, he outer he hade two day fo' dey haul 'em away, an' ain' sen' no mo' messages. So dat spile *my* job! Hit dass my

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"'Don' you led nothings happen mit you, Toby'"

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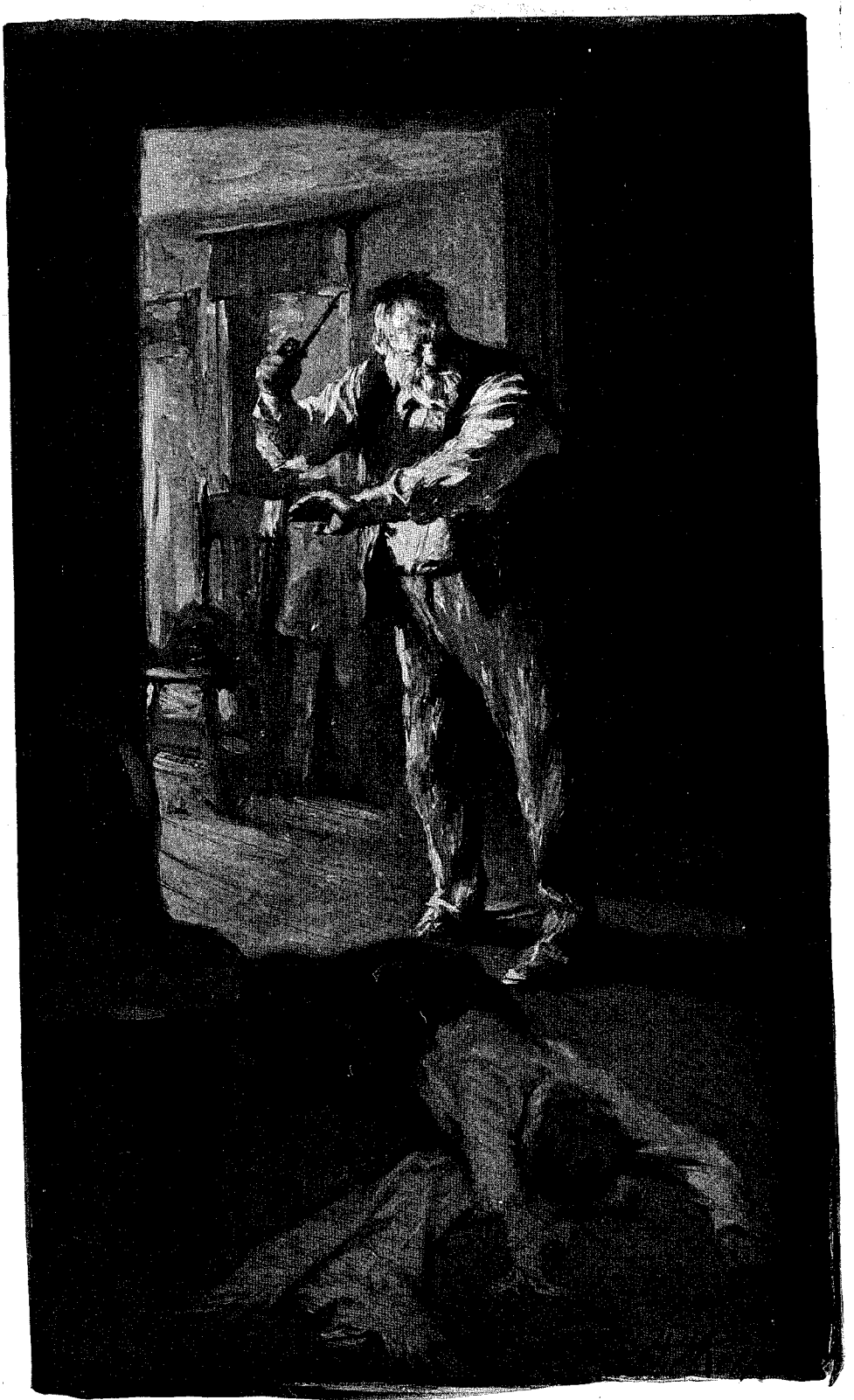

"'You're a pooty vun, you are! Runnin' efter a doity Dago mens!'"

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"'an' den, honey, . . . dass let him fine Lize Mo'ton!'"

luck. Dey's sho a voodoo on Lize Mo'ton!"

Bertha, catching but fragments of this conversation, had no realization that it bore in any way upon the mystery of Toby; and she stumbled homeward through the twilight with her tired eyes on the ground.

When she opened the door of the tiny room, the landlady's lean black cat ran out surreptitiously. The bird-cage lay on the floor, upside down, and of its jovial little inhabitant the tokens were a few yellow feathers.

Bertha did not know until a month after, when Leo Vesschi found her at the restaurant and told her, that out in the new pest-house, that other songster and prisoner, the gay little chestnut vender, Pietro Tobigli, had called lamentably upon the name of his God and upon "Libra Ogostine," and now lay still forever, with the corduroy waistcoat and its precious burden tightly clenched to his breast. Even in his delirium they had been unable to coax or force him to part from it for a second.

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THE FORGER

BY

R. F. FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY CORWIN KNAPP LINSON

"GOING out by the four forty-six to-night, Golden?" asked one of the bookkeepers, peeping through the grating at the paying teller.

"Yes, I guess I'll walk up with you," and the last book was shut and slipped into the safe. A minute or two later Golden was in the street, sheltering himself under his companion's umbrella, after having said good-night to the old cashier, whose place Golden hoped at no distant day to fill.

"Sorry about that mistake of yours, old fellow. Don't you think you will be able to recollect who it was you overpaid?"

"I have an idea," said Golden. "But if it was the man I think, he is not the kind that would readily admit it."

"Hundred and fifty is a good deal to lose."

Yes, it was a good deal to lose, and it haunted Golden all the way home. But it was not lost yet, although the possibility worried him. The man he suspected might come in to-morrow, and he could ask him. Perhaps he should have gone around to see him that evening? It would do just as well next day.

But if it was actually lost? Golden had not more than half that amount to his credit on the books, and Christmas was coming on. He had a wife and two children at home who had made many plans for the spending of what little cash he could spare. The hundred and fifty had been already charged to his account, so as to make the bank's books balance, and if it were not recovered before the end of the month, his personal account would stand overdrawn on the first of December. His full salary was none too much, and if at least a fourth of it had to be left in the bank for several months to come to cover up this possible shortage, it would pinch him to pay living expenses. How about Christmas then? The fur collar his wife had looked forward to so long? The drawing instruments for his boy? The doll house for the little girl? Somehow or other he could not stop thinking about it.

Next day another man came from the broker's for whom the check had been cashed. Golden saw him even before he entered the bank, and he could hardly keep his hand steady enough to get rid of those at the window, so as to hear what the broker's man had to say.

He said nothing about any overpayment yesterday. Golden felt almost dizzy for a moment. He wanted to ask why the other man had not come as usual, but the lump in his throat seemed to gag him. He would go round to the office and see him the moment the bank closed.

Mr. Hart, the manager, was the man he wanted to see. He was out of town and would not return until Monday. That meant four days, every minute of which was to be spent in worrying about that hundred and fifty.

On Monday Golden saw him. The instant their eyes met the paying teller felt he was right, but Hart expressed the greatest surprise at his errand, and immediately rushed into the other room to ask if there had been too much money in the cash drawer on Wednesday. Of course not. Golden tried to recall the circumstances to him, but the broker's manager cut him very short and seemed anxious to talk about something else.

"You see this flurry in copper has kept us all on the jump. Every one wants some of it. All our customers made good turns, and if I had been here I would have put

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several others on. Such chances do not come every day."

"I know nothing about stock gambling," said Golden, "except that when there is a flurry, as you call it, young men of a speculative turn of mind come to the bank with extraordinary offers of collateral for loans, which they invariably assure us shall be repaid in twenty-four hours at the latest."

"Well, there is no money in working on a salary. If a man can't get into business for himself, and doesn't speculate, he must make up his mind to be a slave all his life. You can make more money in a week by judicious speculation than you can spare out of a salary in ten years. Two hundred or so, put into copper to-day, would make more than a hundred and fifty profit before this time to-morrow if the market changes two points, even after paying commissions. Of course, the margin is too small to be safe, but, if you strike it right, there you are."

"More than a hundred and fifty." Curious that he should name the exact sum overpaid on that check when Golden had not mentioned the amount.

The paying teller did not look at the broker, but kept his eyes on the opposite wall.

"How would a man go about such a speculation?" he asked finally.

"Send two hundred and twenty-five round here before ten to-morrow morning, and say 'buy copper' or 'sell copper,' as you please. By twelve o'clock there would be something doing, or at least before closing time. You can make it a stop order if you like, or say to close the account when a certain profit has been reached."

The paying teller was still thinking.

"Can't I say to sell out at a certain time, say two o'clock, and send round for the profits?"

"Sure! Close the account and give you a check at any time you please. Fifteen minutes' notice will do the business."

Golden did not sleep much that night. He thought over every circumstance connected with the loss, for loss it certainly was now. He was sure the broker's manager was the man, and he felt that these suggestions of his as to speculation were given under a certain sense of obligation. The more he thought about it, the more confident he felt that Hart wanted him to make a profit, and would take very good care that he did.

But how about the necessary capital? It would be only a loan, of course, just for a few hours. There was no one whom he knew that would be likely to lend him so much. The only available cash he could think of was in the cash-drawer at the bank. Two hundred and twenty-five borrowed after the opening and repaid before closing time, looked like a simple proposition. Why not risk it? But there could be no risk; Hart would never have suggested such a thing unless he was sure it was all right. He felt guilty at having appropriated that hundred and fifty, but did not like to admit the matter after four days had passed, and this was just his way of settling it. Very likely he would not buy any copper at all, but would just send the hundred and fifty along, and pretend that it had been made in speculation. If Golden did not give him a chance to pay it back that way he would never get it at all.

A little before ten next morning a messenger handed a sealed envelope to the broker's manager. The two hundred and twenty-five was accompanied by a slip of paper with the words: "Buy copper until two o'clock."

The bucket-shop manager smiled quietly to himself as he read the amateurish instructions. After he had dismissed the boy with a brief "No answer," he stepped in front of the mirror and winked at himself as he stuffed the bills into his waistcoat pocket.

Golden could snatch only two opportunities to step into the telephone box that morning and ask about copper. That it was "active" was all they could tell him. They did not know what the price was when his order went on the floor, they said, and could not tell what profits he had made so far.

On the moment of two, Golden sent a messenger with a note asking that a check might be sent around to him at once. In about twenty minutes the messenger returned with a piece of paper. All it said was: "Come round and see me after bank hours — Hart."

After bank hours! But he must have at least the two hundred and twenty-five to balance his books at three o'clock. He hastily scribbled a note to Hart, explaining

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his position, and insisting that at least the two hundred and twenty-five should be in his hands before the bank closed.

The boy came back to say he had left the note, but that Hart had gone out and would not return until half-past three. Golden was beside himself. He rushed off another message, this time to the firm instead of to the manager, asking that a check be sent immediately "in settlement of Mr. Golden's account." It was about five minutes past three when the boy returned with a polite note saying that Mr. Hart had not yet made any returns for Mr. Golden's account.

When a paying teller knows that he is short of a certain amount, there are many ways in which he can carry the deficiency along so as to make his books balance for the day. Golden had never had to do such a thing before and he was too excited to think clearly about any particular way of doing it now. The shortest and simplest seemed to be to misrepresent the amount of ready cash on hand, as no one counted it but himself. The dishonesty or danger of such an action did not seem to occur to him for the moment. The main thing was to get the books balanced and rush off to the brokers.

Hart was there, and had Golden's note in his hand. He read it over aloud and looked at Golden and smiled in a peculiar way. It did not take the paying teller a moment to realize that he had thoughtlessly betrayed the fact that his anxiety to get a settlement before three o'clock was because he had borrowed the bank's funds to speculate with. Hart did not say so. Perhaps he did not notice it. What if he did? He could not prove it even if he suspected it. What did it matter, so long as it was repaid in the morning?

"Well, Mr. Hart, what did I make on copper to-day?"

"Make? Well, fact is, I am sorry to say, Mr. Golden, you were wiped out." The paying teller made a sudden clutch at the arms of his chair. "You see," Hart went on, apparently not noticing the ashy color of his caller's face, "you see, you said to buy, and as the margin was only two per cent., and the first turn after your order was executed happened to be downward, owing to a little profit taking, you were wiped out before the price recovered. Your judgment of the situation was undoubtedly correct and had you been on the usual ten per cent. margin, you would have protected yourself until the market recovered and have cleared about eight hundred by two o'clock."

He did not look at Golden, who was almost in a state of collapse, but went on:

"You see, my advice on such a small margin would have been to sell, not to buy, but your orders distinctly said 'buy,' and I dared not transgress them. Had you left the matter to me, it was my intention to sell short, and you would then have cleared about three hundred in the first twenty minutes, and I should have closed the account at once."

For the first time their eyes met. The manager was smiling and confident. The paying teller was trying to moisten his lips so that he could speak.

"Is there nothing left?"

"Nothing. The two hundred went for margins and the twenty-five for commissions."

"I must have the two hundred and twenty-five, if not the hundred and fifty, before to-morrow afternoon."

"Well, you know the old saying, the best place to look for your money is where you lost it. If you will trust *my* judgment to-morrow, I will pull you through, but I would not guarantee anything on such a small margin as two per cent. Ten per cent. is the smallest that I could recommend so as to be sure of returns. Let me see. You want about four hundred now. To make four hundred you should be fixed so that a change of two points will give it to you. Two hundred shares at ten per cent. is two thousand, and commissions, say two thousand and fifty to guarantee results."

"I can not raise any such amount. It is simply impossible."

"Well, you know your own business best, of course," said Hart, rising, as if the interview were at an end. "There is absolutely no risk in it. I shall be on the floor myself to take care of your money."

Another sleepless night, thinking it all over. He had only himself to blame that his first venture had not been a success. Hart meant well, but he had not been left free to use his own judgment or he would have made a profit. Now he offered to guarantee success. He said "guarantee," didn't he? Yes, that's what he said, and he would be on the floor to take care of the

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investment himself. This time there could be no mistake; the only question was the cash.

In the morning, another messenger, another envelope, and another wink at the face in the mirror.

There were no profits the first day, nor the next. Golden was sorry he had not made some stipulation about time. The first afternoon it did not seem so difficult to turn in a false statement of his cash, the next day it would be all right again, but after the second day the risk kept running through his thoughts. He imagined a thousand possibilities that would necessitate his absence from the bank for a time, and compel some one to count his cash. He felt that it would be safer to have his cash right. A draft would pass muster for the time, in case any one should go over his books, but any shortage in the actual cash would be discovered in a moment.

Golden had become so accustomed to false balances that he turned in one every day now as a matter of course, but he shrank from the further step, the forgery of a draft. Cash could be replaced and no one any the wiser; but a draft with a signature to it is something that leaves a stain upon the pages of a banker's books which it is not easy to efface.

There were no profits for four days. Hart suggested a change of policy, or of stocks, or something. He said he did not seem able to "hit it right" these days. Golden was ready to agree to anything and everything that offered the slightest hope of getting him clear. As his capital gradually wore away he lost all hope of getting back the four hundred, and begged Hart only to save the two thousand. The broker promised a final effort next day, and it was final. He called Golden up by telephone about five minutes to three and told him he was wiped out again.

"The place to look for your money is where you lost it." That remark kept ringing in Golden's ears. There was no possible way out of his difficulty except to go until the lane turned. He might as well steal the horse as the halter; to stand still with the stolen halter in his hand would only get him into trouble; if he stole the horse as well it might get him out.

He studied the stock market himself now. He read all the financial reports and talked stocks to every one who knew anything about them. He placed his orders explicitly and divided them among several brokers, so as not to excite suspicion. He watched the fluctuations carefully and knew exactly what he made or lost. What he owed the bank was another matter. The fatal step had been taken; and not to balance up his books, but to borrow enough ready cash to enable him to pay presented checks. He was quite accustomed now to turning in a false statement of his accounts, and when he found himself running short of cash, and checks were coming in faster than usual, there was nothing for it but to make a draft on another bank and borrow a few thousand dollars to help him along.

Kiting drafts and keeping up fictitious balances on a bank's books are things that cannot be kept up indefinitely, and it is not conducive to either sleep or appetite. He did not stop now to think how much it cost or how he got the cash. The first step having been taken, it did not seem so hard to take the second. The first forgery safely passed, apparently unnoticed, the second came as a matter of course, and the fourth and fifth almost as matters of habit.

They say it is a long lane that never turns; Golden's luck turned at last. About ten days before Christmas, things began to go his way, and at closing time one afternoon, he was within a few hundred of even. He placed his orders very carefully that night, for if things went as he expected next day, he could close out within ten minutes after the stock exchange opened, and pay up everything, and forget the past few weeks as one forgets some frightful dream.

That night he slept as he had not slept for weeks. At breakfast he talked Christmas with a light heart, and as he walked up and down the platform waiting for the train, he felt like a new man. At nine he would be in the bank; at ten the market would open, and if a certain stock fell a single point, he was saved. In a couple of hours it would be all over. Instead of the paper which was forcing a balance in his accounts, the cash would be back in the safe at closing time, and he would be himself again.

About half-past ten he thought he would telephone to one of his brokers, but the sudden entrance of a messenger boy saved

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"He took off his hat and wiped his burning forehead"

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him the trouble. The stock had not gone down, and if he wanted to protect himself he must send another ten per cent. margin at once, or he would be sold out. The accompanying advice was to let it go and buy for a rise instead.

He was incapable of anything like decision. He could only scribble a note to say that he would see them that afternoon. To provide the ten thousand that would be necessary to cover all his holdings was simply impossible then.

It seemed as if three o'clock that afternoon would never come. When it did come he did not know what to do. A thousand times during the day he had cursed himself for not having closed out his accounts the night before, when he was so nearly even. Instead of leaving such a large amount of capital subject to the fluctuations of a feverish market, he could easily have made up what little he was still short by waiting for better opportunities on smaller investments. He thought how he could have done this and that and anything but what he had done, but he had been a fool in everything.

After he had talked it all over with his brokers, he saw there were only two things to do — to go on with his stock-jobbing or to go to jail. The next day the total deficit in his accounts had reached thirty thousand. The actual amount of ready cash on hand was getting unpleasantly close to the safety limit. Another ten thousand would be impossible, even five thousand would be tempting fate. The final die was cast, and on this throw was hung his future. On one side of the die, the cashier's desk; on the other, the prisoner's dock.

The further five thousand had to be risked, and then the question of kiting drafts came secondary to that of concealing the shortage in his cash. He was in constant terror that several customers would want uncommon sums on the same day, and that he would not have cash enough on hand to pay them. He dared not leave his desk for a moment, for fear some accident might betray him. He would rush to the office and stick to his work all day with the most frightful headaches. He was always the first man in the bank and the last to leave it. His eyes were eternally upon the clock. When his funds were lower than usual, how desperately he would pray for the hour of three, and how inwardly he cursed the porter if the door was not shut on the minute! He was exposed now to a new danger; a check presented by a customer might be even worse than an examination of his accounts. That was a contingency against which it was impossible to provide.

One afternoon two men had withdrawn large amounts. It was too late to borrow from another bank, and he could only watch the clock and pray that the proverbial third man would not come. There was hardly five hundred left in the drawer; nothing in the safe.

The third man came. He never drew less than five hundred or a thousand at a time. He was in no hurry, and even stopped to open his pocket-book as he advanced slowly to the window. Golden felt the final moment had come, and that instant exposure was inevitable.

When the man handed in the check with his usual pleasant "Good afternoon," Golden could not reply. One lightning glance at the figures was enough. Eight hundred! He dared not look up. He felt the bank swimming round him. He longed for a pistol, for poison, for anything that would end the matter then and there, sooner than face this terrible exposure, so long foreseen, so short foretold.

He stood there like a fool, the check in his trembling fingers, his eyes fixed on that terrible "eight hundred."

"I don't often ask you to cross checks, but I thought it best to have this one crossed," said the customer, quite at a loss to understand the evident trepidation of the paying teller.

Only to cross it; not to pay it! Golden had to excuse himself long enough to go into the president's empty office and offer up a prayer. What an escape! In the morning he would borrow enough to make everything safe for the day, so that he should have enough cash on hand to keep his eyes off the clock for once.

The next morning his train missed connections at the junction, and there would not be another for forty-eight minutes. That meant forty minutes late at the bank. Before that time the cashier would open the safe and find only five hundred in it instead of thirty-five thousand. Why had he been so careless as not to foresee the possibility of a late train? Some one whose

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business was apparently equally urgent began denouncing the railroad, and several others joined, but Golden was the loudest and most excited of them all. He offered to pay anything for a special. He must get there on time. He told the most amazing lies to account for his impatience, and at the same instant he was debating the advisability of not going to town at all.

Why not run away? Why should he rush into the arms of his accusers at the bank? Stay here until they sent the officers for him? No. Get away while he had the chance, that was the only plan. The more fiercely he paced the platform, the more it impressed him, and he had almost made up his mind to stop mincing matters and fly when the inspector announced that a special would be there in three minutes.

Twenty-three minutes late in town! He jumped on a car, but it seemed as if every wagon and truck in the world got in its way. Out of it and into a cab, with frenzied offers of double fare to get there in less than no time. Anything to save even thirty seconds.

He walked into the bank with head erect. He felt a cold shiver as the porter shut the door behind him and stood with his back against it. There were no customers in the bank. A swift glance at his own window showed him that it was still closed, but no one had taken his place and the cash drawers were not yet on the desk. Perhaps the bank was closed and the porter had taken him in as in a trap.

He understood the hidden meaning of the sneering good-morning greetings of the other clerks, but he did not care. He walked on like a man in a dream, straight to his doom. Straight to the vault, where he knew what would happen. He did not stop to take off his hat and coat. His hands trembled so that he could hardly get out his handkerchief to wipe the cold sweat from his stony face.

There was a light in the vault.

"Mr. Tait is in there," one of the clerks said to him, and nodded toward the open iron door.

Of course the cashier was in there. In another moment Golden stood beside him with his hands outstretched and the cry for mercy almost on his lips. The old man was on his knees in front of the safe, with a tallow candle on the floor, by the light of which he was wiping his spectacles for the fortieth time.

"Is that you, Golden? Thank goodness you have come. I thought you must be sick, so about ten minutes ago I tried to open the combination, but I can't quite manage it. So glad you're here."

Did he shake the old man's hand as he helped him to his feet? Did he thank God he was old and infirm and that his glasses were always dirty? Did he push him out of the vault or only help him? One thing he certainly did; he went in again and shut the door for a moment to steady himself and make sure that this was not a dream.

Things seemed to go better that day, as it always clears a little after a storm. It was well they did, for Golden felt that he was going mad. He could not stand the strain much longer. At twelve o'clock he learned that he was gaining on the market, and if his stocks went up four points more without first going back too far he would be even with the world and have his four hundred besides.

Why should they not advance? If they only would. If he could only get clear just once. What vows he made that he would never again be tempted. He would be good. He would be a model in every way. He would teach Sunday-school. He would preach to young men about the folly of stock gambling. He would do anything if he could only once "win out" and get even with the world.

Why should he not? Why should his wife and family suffer for him? If he vowed never to take such a step again, why should not Providence pull him out of the predicament which Fate had forced him into? The more he thought it over the more he felt that he had suffered enough, and that no further punishment would impress the lesson more deeply on his soul.

That night, before getting into bed, he felt an irresistible impulse to kneel down and pray; to pray that his trial might be spared him; to pray that copper might advance those four points, and to promise, with tears and wringing hands, that if it did, that if he could get square again, he would consecrate the rest of his existence to the service of his Maker.

What is there in the mental effort of a prayer that reacts upon ourselves like the physical effects of exercise? Why do we

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sleep in peaceful confidence that the answer will be ours, even if the prayer has been nothing but a promise to compound a felony with the Almighty?

Next day Golden's heart beat high. He felt a sort of certainty that the stock market would respond. Deposits came in freely in the morning and for the first time in weeks he did not watch the clock and pray for the approach of three.

Alas for human hopes, the stock market did not respond. It went against him for several points. If it went one more, that would be absolutely the end. The imagination cannot compass the sufferings of that night; the awful agony of eighteen waking hours.

Next day it went up a little and again the next, and on the third it was within one point of the goal. Would it go the other point and set him free? It must do something, or he would go mad. It was not one thing now, but everything together. The terrible anxiety about the small cash balance in the bank, and the constant dread of its discovery; the fear of being absent from his post through accident or sickness; the nervous watching of the stock quotations, now up, now down, and through the weary round again; the somber ghost of disappointment always treading on the heels of hope.

"What worries you these days, Charlie?" his wife asked him at the breakfast table. "For a long time you have not been yourself. Last night you seemed to be talking about something terrible in your sleep."

What! He had been talking in his sleep, and yet dared not ask what he had said. Had he betrayed anything? Of course not. She would say something about it if he had. But he might do so, to-night, to-morrow, at any time, and he knew his wife well enough to know that if he did she would insist on his making a clean breast of the whole matter at once and taking the consequences. He had heard that if one begins to talk in his sleep and another person answers softly, one may be coaxed to betray the closest secrets of the soul. What if his wife should seek to soothe him in his sleep and he should confide the frightful facts to her? What would it be to him then, even if he should recover all his losses, replace his deficit, and escape the dock? For all future time he would be to her a forger, however free.

All day he thought it over and the more he pondered it the more he dreaded the hour when he should fall asleep again. That night he could not sleep. He dared not. When, toward the morning, absolute exhaustion closed his eyes for a moment, he awoke again with a sort of scream that terrified his wife and stupefied himself.

This thing would have to stop. It was bad enough that he dared not leave his desk for a minute during the day. Had it come to such a pass that he could not close his eyes for a moment during the night? There was only one thing to be done — to have a separate room and lock the door so no one should steal his secret from his slumbers.

But how? What possible excuse could he offer for such a separation after sixteen years of married life? He had already broken into all his old habits. He could no longer pass his evenings in the peaceful perusal of a book. If he took up a magazine he would never turn the page until its margins were covered with figures of fluctuating stocks, and their possibilities for loss or gain. He had exhausted his ingenuity in lies and excuses to account for his changed demeanor in so many things. He must now invent a pretext for a separation from his wife!

Could he not escape this dreadful dilemma in some way? If copper would only advance four points, the whole problem would be solved in a moment. Prayers, promises, vows, to do and to be everything good and holy for all future time, he made without end, but Providence appeared to turn a tired ear, and copper still went down.

He must do something, he must have sleep. He knew a young doctor from whom he thought he might get some hint if he could bring the subject up in the way of general conversation. Why not call on him that afternoon? His address was in the directory. Here it is; easily remembered because it is in the same street that the old cashier lived in; No. 23; office hours: 12 to 2 and 8 to 9. He would not be in until after eight. Well, he would stay in town and see him.

He called on his brokers first and found copper was down two points more. It would have to go up six now to clear him, and there did not seem much hope of it at present. With this cheerful prospect

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to think about, he walked the streets for three apparently eternal hours. The beautiful moonlight night had no attractions for him; the Christmas shows in the shops did not draw his attention for a minute; the clocks were the only things that caught his eye; they told him how long he had still to wait. Long before eight he mounted the steps of No. 23. A glance at the two entrances of the adjoining houses, which were separated only by a small stone coping, showed him that the cashier's was next door. That was awkward. Neighbors were usually chatty, and the doctor might mention his visit, or the cashier might come out that minute and see him there.

He rang the bell. The doctor was not in yet. Would he wait? In the parlor were three others in turn ahead of him. Perhaps some of them knew him. He could not go in there and sit down quietly for perhaps an hour to wait his turn. His nerves would not stand it. He thought it would be better to wait on the step outside, and then he would be the first to catch the doctor. But he did not want to see him on business; only a friendly chat. The doctor would hardly stand on the steps to talk while three patients were waiting for him, and under such circumstances Golden could scarcely get the conversation round to the real object of his visit.

The real object of his visit! What was that? He turned round as if looking for something, and his eye fell upon his own shadow, struggling across the coping toward the cashier's door. Was this really Golden, and was he awake and in his right senses? Awake, yes. In his senses, no. A few days more of this suspense, this constant dread of discovery, this endless nightmare, of foreboding, and he would be in a madhouse. Perhaps it would be better to pass a few years polishing a prisoner's chains than to rust in an asylum for the rest of his life. And what was there to save him from either? Nothing but a rise in copper, and it must rise six points. It had not changed as much as that in two weeks. And if it did not rise? And then again, suppose it did? He would be able to pay up everything, but there were a thousand ways in which the transactions of the past few weeks might be discovered. In the emergency of the moment he had not considered that as he should have done. The moonlight seemed to make many things clear to him that had not attracted his attention before. He thought of his first letter to Hart. He could not erase the records in the books of other banks. A chance remark about the drafts he had made might lead to an investigation. Even if the improbable should happen, and copper did advance six points, was that the end, or was he destined to go on indefinitely dreading detection and disgrace? At this very moment he was nothing but a walking automaton, incapable of anything but worry, and such a self-made outcast that he was actually afraid to go to his own home and sleep in his own bed.

He took off his hat and wiped his burning forehead. He looked up at the door and down at the street to be sure he was awake. Yes, that was his shadow on the steps. From it upwards, a long lingering look at the peaceful moon, so calm in its contrast to his troubled face. Then a sudden turn and a glance at the two doors, the doctor's and the cashier's. A step across the coping and a determined pull at the bell; not the doctor's bell this time, but the one that tinkled in the kitchen of the cashier.

Ten minutes later he was pacing up and down the cashier's parlor. He had confessed.

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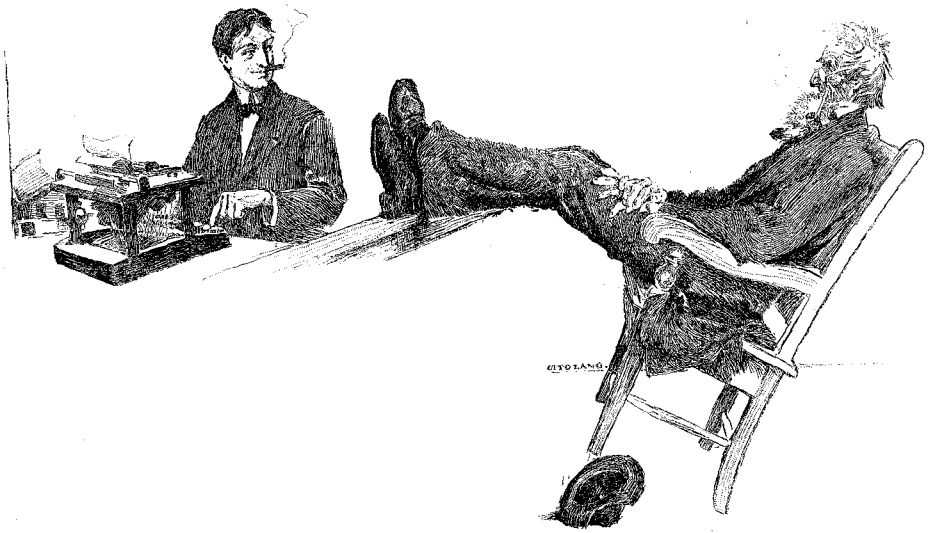

THE ELUSIVE TEN DOLLAR BILL

BY

ELLIOTT FLOWER

ILLUSTRATED BY OTTO LANG

ABNER CALKINS was resting. In order to rest properly it was necessary that Abner should have his feet elevated to approximately the same height as his head, so he had carefully placed them on the railing in the City Clerk's office. The City Clerk was an old friend, and so was the railing. Whenever Abner came to town to make purchases or to dispose of the produce of his farm, he invariably called on the City Clerk and made temporary use of the railing.

On this occasion the City Clerk was deeply interested in an old typewriter. He inserted a sheet of paper, and then hit all the keys one after another, beginning at the upper left-hand corner and ending at the lower right-hand corner.

"I don't see what's the matter with that machine," he said at last. "It's rather old and some of the letters are worn, but it works all right."

"Is it yourn?" asked Abner casually.

"No; it belongs to the city," answered the City Clerk. "It has been discarded by one of the departments and I'm the custodian."

"The what?" demanded Abner.

"The custodian," explained the City Clerk. "I have charge of it. I have charge of all the supplies and in fact of all property that isn't in use; but I'm blessed if I know what to do with this. They're getting mighty particular when they discard so good a machine."

Abner puffed at his corncob pipe meditatively for a few minutes.

"Liz is dead set to have one o' them things," he remarked at last. "Never saw such a girl in my life—thinks she's goin' to be a story-writer an' says nothin's no good only when it's writ on a type-write machine. If they didn't cost so blame much I'd git her one."

"Why don't you buy this one?" asked the City Clerk. "It's going to the storeroom and it's no use there."

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"How much?" said Abner, with the terseness that characterized him when the question was one of dollars and cents.

"Oh, I guess you could have it for ten dollars," replied the City Clerk.

Abner Calkins took his feet from the railing and let the front legs of his chair come down on the floor with a thump, as he reached for his pocket-book.

"I'll take it," he announced, unwinding the string that encircled the pocket-book and producing a ten dollar bill.

"Oh, I can't sell it," explained the City Clerk. "I'm merely ex-officio custodian——"

"Ex-what?"

"Ex-officio. I mean that one of the duties of my position is to take care of all such things, and they can only leave my possession on the written order of the Mayor or the City Treasurer. You pay ten dollars to Barkley, the Treasurer, and get an order from him. We have to do these things by system in a municipality, you know."

"Now, look-a-here, Sam Skinner," protested Abner; "I ain't city bred an' I'm glad I ain't, an' don't you go to springin' them words on me an' makin' fun o' me. I reckon I'm smart enough to learn city ways if I wanted to."

"Of course you are," admitted the City Clerk conciliatorily. "I'm only explaining how you will have to go about it to get the machine."

Somewhat mollified, Abner departed to hunt up the City Treasurer, but, unfortunately, there was some delay in reaching him. When he was found, however, the business was quickly transacted.

"Ten dollars for a discarded typewriter in the store-room," repeated the City Treasurer. "Why, sure. The city's so hard up and there are so many outstanding bills and judgments that I'm almost ready to turn the office furniture into cash. Give the money to the cashier and I'll write you an order for the machine."

Armed with the order Abner returned, only to find the City Clerk absent. The machine was there, but it could not be touched until the order had received the "O. K." of the City Clerk, and that official had not appeared when the lateness of the hour necessitated a departure for the farm.

"It's mighty annoyin'," commented Abner to himself; "but I reckon I can git it the next time I come to town. Knowed Sam ever since his father had the next farm to mine, 'fore he come to town, an' it's safe with him till to-morry or the day after."

Abner's daughter, Lizzie, was delighted when she heard of the purchase. She was sure that the road to literary fame was now open to her, for she was in possession of several stories that she knew had been returned only because they were not typewritten. In fact, she was so enthusiastic that she insisted upon accompanying Abner when he went after the machine, and she was very much distressed because three days passed before he felt that he had leisure to make the trip. Finally, however, they invaded the City Clerk's office together.

"Remember Liz, don't ye, Sam?" asked Abner, by way of preface. "Used to play with her when you was a boy an' lived out near us."

The City Clerk threw away his cigar and hastily rose from his chair, for Lizzie was an attractive young woman. He had not seen her for several years, and girls blossom into young women very quickly.

"Come for that there type-write machine," Abner went on, "an' Liz is so crazy 'bout it she had to come too."

Thereupon Abner handed the order to the City Clerk, who took it mechanically and read it through twice while he was getting his wits together; for the City Clerk was in a quandary.

"Why——why, the fact is, the machine isn't here now," he explained at last.

"Ain't here!" ejaculated Abner. "Where in tarnation is it? I paid my ten dollars for it."

"Of course," said the City Clerk soothingly, "and no doubt we can straighten the matter out all right. But you didn't come back for it, you know, and the next day the Mayor sent down an order for it, and a clerk in the Water Office has it now."

"But I've got an order for it," asserted Abner belligerently.

"Quite right," acquiesced the City Clerk; "but this isn't the place to present the order now. I can't give you what isn't in my possession. You take the order to Mr. Winkler at the Water Office and tell him you want the machine."

"Come on, Liz," said Abner determinedly. "I bet ye I get that there machine or I'll bust things wide open."

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Lizzie, doubtful and disappointed, dutifully followed her aggressive father to the Water Office, where Mr. Winkler solemnly read the order through.

"This doesn't interest me," announced the latter. "It's addressed to the City Clerk."

"But the City Clerk hain't got the machine," protested Abner hotly.

"I can't help that," said Mr. Winkler. "In a municipality things have to be done according to system. The machine is here by order of the Mayor. You'd better see him."

"Well, by gum! I'm goin' to have that machine!" proclaimed Abner. "Now you jest watch me! Come on, Liz."

The girl's mouth twitched ominously as she followed; she was not far from tears.

The Mayor gave the subject a few minutes of thoughtful consideration before replying to Abner's demand.

"Neither the City Treasurer nor the City Clerk had any right to sell that machine," he said at last. "No one has any right to sell city property for which the city has any use, and this typewriter was sent to the store-room by mistake. It is serviceable and is needed in the Water Office."

"But it's mine!" broke in Abner wrathfully.

"Not at all," answered the Mayor. "You simply show your ignorance of civic methods of doing business. It's all an elaborate system, you know."

"System be dinged!" roared Abner. "Every tarnation critter talks about system while he's beatin' me out o' my typewrite machine an' my ten dollars. It's a swindle; that's what your system is!"

"Be a little careful, Mr. Calkins," cautioned the Mayor with dignity. "Neither the city nor its officials are in the swindling business, and you would not be in this predicament if you were not ignorant of the ordinary routine."

"I'm learnin'," retorted Abner, "an' I'm payin' for the eddication."

"The best thing for you to do," continued the Mayor kindly, "is to go to the City Treasurer and get your money back. While there is use for the machine I certainly can't let it go for ten dollars."

"Come on, Liz," said Abner, his determination and energy in no measure diminished. "Dang the machine, anyway; I'll git the money."

But when they reached the corridor the girl hung back. He turned and saw in her eyes the gathering tears that showed plainly how bitter was her disappointment. Fortunately there was a settee near.

"Now, Liz," he said, "you set right down there an' wait for me. I'm goin' to git that ten dollars or break some critter's neck, an' then I'll buy you a new typewrite machine, if I have to pay fifty dollars for it. Don't you cry an' don't you worry. Somebody's goin' to do some sweatin' an' you're goin' to have a machine. I'll be back in a jiffy."

The City Treasurer was very sorry and was willing to do anything he could to remedy matters.

"If you'd presented that order right away," he explained, "you'd have got the machine and there would have been no trouble."

"Right away!" cried Abner. "Why, you tarnal tax-eatin' sharks hain't got no office hours. You jest work when you happen to feel like it, an' if a feller asks you out to take a drink, some other feller kicks his heels together till you git back. I waited nigh unto two hours for the City Clerk that day. Now, I want my money back, an' I want it quick."

"'Well, by gum! I'm goin' to have that machine!'"

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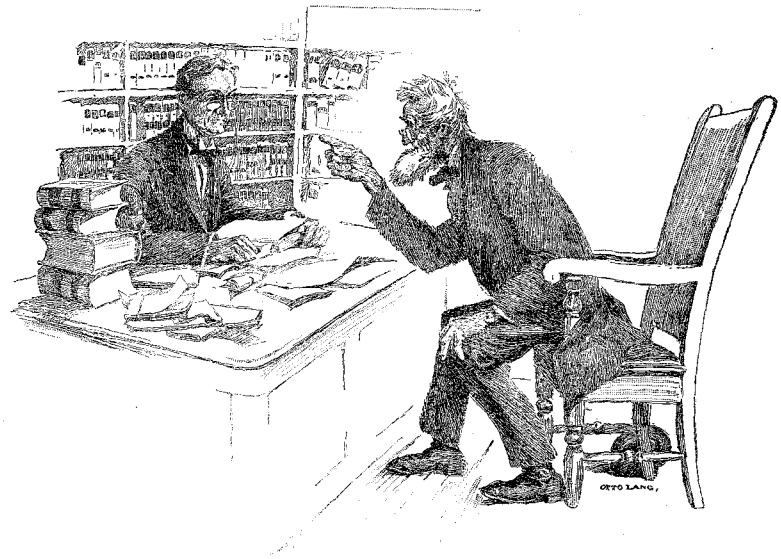

"'they hain't no business keepin' my ten dollars'"

"But, my dear Mr. Calkins, I haven't your ten dollars," said the City Treasurer.

"I give it to that cashier o' yourn," asserted Abner. "You tell him to give it back to me."

"He hasn't it now, either. It has been entered on the books and belongs to the city."

"It belongs to me," insisted Abner.

"Ethically it does, but practically it is a part of the city funds at this moment, and can only be secured by the regular system."

"System be swiggled!" cried Abner wrathfully. "I want my ten dollars."

"Naturally," answered the City Treasurer. "I quite appreciate your feeling, and I was about to say that I'll give you a voucher for it."

"Now you're talkin' business," said Abner with evident gratification. "Give me the voucher an' tell me how to get the money on it."

"That's very simple," explained the City Treasurer. "All you have to do is to present it to the Chief Clerk to be recorded, and when the city has the money it will be paid."

"Has the money!" repeated Abner. "Why, dang it! The city's got my ten dollars now, hain't it?"

"Of course, but there are claims ahead of yours."

"There hain't nobody got any claim on that ten dollars but me. It's mine."

"You don't understand the system——"

"Don't you talk no system to me," interrupted Abner, "or I'll smash your head in! The system's nigh wore me out a'ready."

"What I mean," explained the City Treasurer, "is that the city is practically bankrupt. There's $58,000 in judgments against it now, and $64,000 in other claims, and everything has to be taken in its regular order. Of course, if you're in a hurry you could enter up judgment on the voucher and then we'd get to it a year or so sooner. This year we'll only have a margin of about $20,000 over actual running expenses to retire these various claims, and the judgments will come first."

"Hain't my ten dollars in that twenty thousand?" demanded Abner.

"Of course."

"Then sort it out and give it to me."

"We can't do that. It's in the general fund, and can only be reached by system."

"Stop it!" yelled Abner. "I'll be committin' murder in a minute if you say that again."

"Do you want a voucher in place of that order?" asked the City Treasurer.

Abner considered the matter deeply for a minute.

"I wish I was a city," he remarked at last.

"Why?"

"Great Cracky! but I could make money doin' business that way. I wouldn't ask no odds of the Vanderbilts or the Goulds

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or the Rockefellers or nobody if I could jest collect in cash an' pay in vouchers. But I'm goin' to have that ten dollars. I'm goin' to see a lawyer."

Lizzie looked at him with pathetic anxiety as he came along the corridor, and he stopped to say to her: "Now, don't you worry, Liz. You're goin' to have a type-write machine, an' I'm goin' to have that ten dollars. Jest you wait here."

The lawyer hemmed and hawed, and finally said that he saw nothing to do but accept the voucher.

"But that there ten dollars is mine," protested Abner. "It don't belong to the city."

"Of course, but, you see, the municipal system——"

"Quit right there!" broke in Abner. "I'm tryin' to keep my temper, but I can't stand no more o' that system talk."

"I admit that it seems outrageous," said the lawyer; "but the city funds are pretty well tied up——"

"I don't care nothin' 'bout the city funds," interrupted Abner. "Let 'em keep their old funds, but they hain't no business keepin' my ten dollars."

"Well, you might recover it by legal process from the City Treasurer personally, if you could show that he acted without authority," explained the lawyer; "but it would cost more than ten dollars to do it. My advice is to take the voucher and wait."

Abner sighed.

"How much?" he asked as he rose to go."

"Five dollars, please," said the lawyer.

"It beats me the ways they have of makin' money in the city," muttered Abner, wending his way back to the City Hall. "It costs a feller money to be bunkoed, an' then it costs him more to find out that he's been bunkoed. There's fifteen dollars gone an' no type-write machine yet—an' no ten dollars back. Everybody says that ten dollars is mine, but I don't git it. By gum! I wish I could do business like that. 'The money's yourn,' says the city, 'if you can get it.' 'You can't get it,' says the lawyer; 'five dollars, please.' Great smokin' ches'nuts! I don't see how anybody but a stranger can be broke in the city!"

To his surprise, he found Lizzie radiant when he returned. She still occupied the settee, but her face was wreathed in smiles.

"It's all right, father!" she cried as soon as she saw him. "He's gone for the typewriter now."

"Who's gone?" demanded Abner.

"Why, Mr. Skinner — Sam Skinner, the City Clerk," answered the girl. "He happened to see me here, and—and I was crying, just the least little bit. I couldn't help it, and now I'm glad I did, for he was just as good as he could be. He said it was a shame, and he'd fix the matter up somehow, if influence could do it."

"I'll bet ye," returned Abner thoughtfully; "that they keep him chasin' all over the country for three weeks to do it. I know their ways, darn 'em!"

But just then the City Clerk returned, carrying the typewriter.

"I made it a personal matter with the Mayor," he explained, "and he ordered it back into my possession, so now I can deliver it to you on the City Treasurer's order. It really is too good to sell, but the city can buy another."

"Can it?" asked Abner.

"Of course."

"Then the fools ain't all dead yet," asserted Abner. "I wouldn't sell the city a blind hoss, with spavins an' the heaves, without the money was paid into my hand before I let go o' the halter."

"But we're ever so much obliged to you," said Lizzie to the City Clerk.

"Don't mention it," the latter replied.

"And I hope you'll drive out to see us," she added.

"I certainly will," said the City Clerk.

"Come on, Liz," put in Abner, taking up the machine and moving toward the door.

"Going home now?" she asked.

"Not jest yet," he answered. "I'm goin' to put this in the wagon, an' then I'm goin' to take you over to the lawyer's office an' see if you can't cry that five dollars out o' him. I hain't never quite seen your full value till now."

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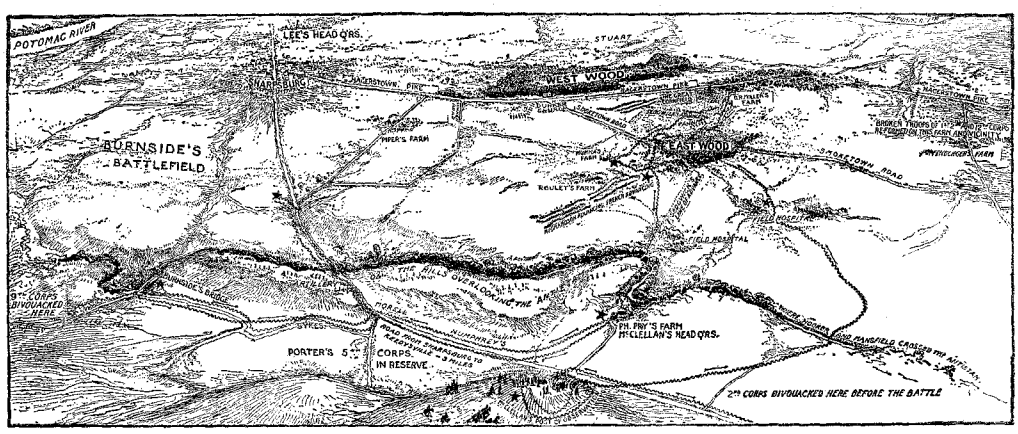

SKETCHING UNDER FIRE AT ANTIETAM

A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S PERSONAL ACCOUNT OF HIS EXPERIENCE DURING THE BATTLE

BY

FRANK H. SCHELL

WITH PICTURES DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR IN THE MIDST OF ACTION, FORTY-ONE YEARS AGO

AS I awoke soon after daylight on the morning of September 17, 1862, the air was already vibrating with mighty sounds of battle.

How exhilarating was that tremendous early morning uproar! The Confederate guns across the Antietam were thundering their infernal salutations, and our batteries on both sides of the stream were as viciously responding.

And how deep and abiding upon the memory was that first impression of the remarkable reverberation — Elk Ridge, three or four miles to the southward, throwing back its echoes of the artillery and producing a continuous tumult of roaring, awe-inspiring sound, never to be forgotten! With spirits aflame, I speeded at my best from Keedysville for the headquarters of the commanding general.

A thrilling scene was that presented on reaching the bivouac of Sumner's Second Corps, all aglow with enthusiasm while making ready to cross to the support of Hooker, who had, with characteristic impetuosity, hurled his corps against Stonewall Jackson's veterans in his daybreak opening of the first act of Antietam's fateful tragedy.

Hurrying on, I saw near McClellan's headquarters at Pry's farm, on a bare hill beyond it, a group of dismounted officers. I climbed to the hilltop, and the group resolved itself into Generals McClellan, Fitz-John Porter, and other officers to me unknown. Aids and couriers were coming and going with fidgety hurry, bringing reports and taking orders. There were moments of impressive silence as, with suppressed mental excitement, all eyes were fired in one direction — toward the distant point to the right.

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The positions of the Confederate artillery as a whole, and even some of the guns, could be distinctly seen; but, as yet, the whereabouts of the infantry could only be inferred from the dull gray mantles of smoke spreading along the ground, or rising in thin strata from the recesses of the east wood.

I joined the group about the commanding general, who was anxiously scanning through his field glass the situation to the right, across the Antietam. Looking more to the left, the thick west wood, with its dark, broad front so clearly emphasized by the little white Dunker church, was clearly in view along its entire extent upon the Hagerstown turnpike.

General McClellan suddenly lowered his glass, and, with a few animated words and expressive gestures, called Porter's attention to something that caused an immediate ferment of buzzing excitement throughout the group and a close scrutinizing of the bit of woodland, for the time being, the focus of such absorbing interest.

I leveled my glass in the general direction and saw innumerable glints of light reflected from a long line of gun-barrels at the edge of the wood, which quickly passed to a great field of tall corn above the top of which the coruscating line began to advance, and a corresponding, though more ragged line, to recede from near its opposite end.

Soon, out rushed a broken Confederate force from the corn-field across the open ground toward the Dunker church wood, into which, after some halting and sporadic firing in vain resistance, it finally disappeared from view.

But onward through the ripened corn the Yankee line pushed its way; its position and direction beautifully indicated by the National and regimental colors gaily waving above the corn-stalks, and by the sparkling flashes from gun-barrels and bayonets.

We saw that there was trouble in preserving the aligment amid the obstructions, for there were short halts and a perceptible loss of momentum as the line neared the outer limit of the corn-field.

Who, that stood upon the hilltop there, could ever forget the soul-racking suspense, the burning anxiety, the heart thumps of those history-making moments, all watching closely the advancing wall of battle and wondering what would be the outcome of that early dash upon the hidden enemy's stronghold in the gloom of the west wood?

Near the edge now, and soon the fearful crossing of the quarter mile of open field!

"See! the line breaks through. Isn't it bold and splendid? Will they do it?" So said a general officer at my side, now all afire with enthusiasm. The troops were beginning to ooze out from the corn-field on to the open space.

It was indeed a sight that sent the blood bounding hot through the veins, as the long line, seemingly hundreds of yards in extent, emerged in fair formation from its partial concealment, and, after a momentary pause, commenced its quick, brave advance obliquely to the right upon the wooded fastness without firing a gun.

Onward it pressed — on and on, till it appeared as though about to capture the wood without infantry opposition, though the enemy's artillery had made its close acquaintance and was shelling it with warm generosity.

Dark spots in the rear of the charging line proved how effectively those hostile guns were being served, for brave fellows were already meeting their doom from bits of shell or round shot, and possibly from the rifles of pestering sharp-shooters, for, as yet, the hidden infantry of the enemy had made no sign.

Dangerously near the dead line of the wood now, and ——

"blown to eternity by a bursting shell"

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"a field hospital"

An end to suspense as the entire length of the forest broke into a fringe at its base, of what, from our point of view, looked like harmless little cotton balls, with the meek and lowly white Dunker church and its three black specks of door and windows as an appropriate centerpiece of innocent display.

But how that long, persistent line of playful smoke-puffs blew death-dealing bullets into the blue ranks, then nearly breast to breast with the Confederates who had revealed themselves in such abrupt and furious fashion, from their lurking places behind trees, limestone ledges, and from the walls and interior of the church!

They had craftily been held in leash until they could deliver their fire at close range with sure and bloody effect.

The blue charging line was checked — it fired a few volleys — it staggered — it fell back.

We could see officers rallying their men from disorder into some kind of formation; thus reformed in part, they rushed forward a short distance and, again halting, fired awhile at will, the ground becoming thickly dotted with the fallen, as the telling fire from the wood poured relentlessly into the fast thinning ranks. Then, oh, what a sight to those of us upon the hill!

The Federal lines had frayed into a ragged reeling column, and finally, as a confused mass, the surviving men, who had so splendidly advanced in unbroken line, were in hurried, mob-like retreat to the cover of the corn and the friendly wood from which they had but a short half-hour before issued in such confident spirit.

There were many partly successful attempts to rally into line about the colors. Down would go a flag; up it came instantly, and again and again was this repeated. And again and again while a devoted knot about a recovered standard seemed blown to eternity by a bursting shell in its midst.

Dispiriting, saddening, mortifying to see the shattered remnants of the force that had so resolutely charged from the east wood, back again into its grateful protection.

The Confederates broke from their cover and pursued but a short distance, for they, too, went reeling back, riddled by enfilading artillery they could not see or face, and the fitful infantry firing that had again begun to greet them.

And we on the hill had more comfort, for beyond the corn-field too there had been hot fighting, and our eyes were gladdened as we saw the remains of a defeated Confederate force disappearing into the depths of their wooded stronghold.

The exciting spectacle quickened a determination to see this furious battle from closer quarters. Following in the track of Hooker's corps, which was easy to trace, I crossed the Antietam, and, climbing the hills beyond, soon reached a farm that was beginning to assume the functions of a hospital, and was at once among the unfailing symptoms of the rear of battle.

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Beside a fringe of timber was a farm already doing full duty as a field hospital, with a strangely pretty artistic effect of tents and tiny arbors grouped about its various buildings.

Hastily noting the distressing work of the surgeon's knife and saw, I hurried away from its rueful accompaniment of shrieks and groans.

I came upon a great open space with woodland ahead, and, on the right, the heavy rearward drift, the chaotic jumble of retreating artillery and infantry, the profusion of picturesque material — always the accompaniment of hurried retreat — and the loud though decreasing sounds of battle at the front, were undeniable evidences of disaster.

Though the sun shone bright and warm, a dark cloud of gloom now hung over this beautiful tract, and I stood for a time uncertain as to what to do or where to go, watching the flow of the ebb tide of battle bearing away its driftwood of defeat.

Then a broad belt of light flashed into the open and dispelled the disheartening forebodings. It gleamed from the bayonets of a column of fresh troops boldly advancing from the direction of the Antietam with a quick step and defiant air.

At its head rode the grim and dauntless old Sumner with his staff and a small cavalry escort. There, too, was the intrepid "Uncle John" Sedgwick, about to lead this column of hope, the hitherto unbeaten "Second Division," into battle to retrieve the awful mishap to Hooker. All were "full of ginger," undaunted by the all-pervading evidences of rout.

I started forward, and, when but a short distance from the halted Second Division column, was hailed by a staff officer who had galloped over from the bit of wood to the north, where General Sumner was for the moment stationed.

"Where in the name of God is General Hooker? Do you know anything of his whereabouts?" There was a volume of meaning in the question and the tone of it, but I could only regret my ignorance, when he whirled and hustled away.

Just as he started, a shell exploded with terrifying report over the farm hospital I had sketched, sending its hissing fragments among the wounded and attendants, and causing such anxious commotion that I hastened back. Preparations were being made to locate it further to the rear. Two-wheeled ambulances, coming up with their groaning passengers, were ordered "out the Smoketown road," to the farm determined on for the removal.

I started for the east wood, and passed through Sedgwick's column again. It was all up, halted and faced to the west, as though about to deploy into line of battle and move forward.

The perceptible increase in the column of "skulks" drifting to the rear only aroused the contempt of these spirited soldiers, who kicked, cuffed, and cursed at such of them as came within their reach. Four men of a famous "fighting regiment" skirted by, escorting to the hospital a comrade able to walk. Their red breeches made them unhappily conspicuous, but they were only mercilessly "roasted," as they were out of kicking range. Other weak brethren, practising dodges of more or less ingenuity, limped and crawled slowly back from the danger point.

A few prisoners

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Numbers of brave stretcher-bearers and some ambulances, jostling and jerking their tortured charges over the rough ground, passed rearward from the line of the wood, or were gleaning the field of the few helplessly wounded remaining among the scattered corpses here and there to be seen amid the long grass.

Aids dashing to find help for hard-pressed commands, the steadily nearing crashes of musketry, the cheers and yells heard at times above the screech of shells and the thunderous cannonading, were disconcerting sounds that meant the recoiling of forces somewhere in action on the right.

"strolling nonchalantly rearward"

Now at the edge of the famous east wood, extending away indefinitely to the right, I was near the deadly battle front, but far enough to its left to retain a small amount of my stock of composure, with nothing more formidable to "negotiate" than bursting shells, which one learns to ignore, if compelled to be within their "sphere of influence."

Entering the wood over the leveled fence rails, I made note of the precious defensive barriers of the Confederates — the outcropping ledges of limestone — the many bodies in blue and gray, the few Union and the many remaining Confederate wounded, and the picturesque ruin of torn and mangled trees.

A noticeable lessening of the roar of conflict encouraged a further exploring of the fascinating though terrible mysteries of this battle-rended wood, and I was soon at the edge of a great devastated corn-field.

About twenty feet was the limit of my view into it in either direction. What might be beyond? A dominating devil of curiosity was spurring me to explore its hidden horrors, while the good genius, Common Sense, was acting with a restraining power to prevent a seeming act of folly.

The recess was cut short by infantry fire, not far away, that soon ripened into an overpowering olio of war noises, in which were mingled the round-toned bellowing of smooth bore and the sharp barking of rifled guns — with all that was possible to the efforts of thousands of small arms.

I could only sit and listen, in an inflow of sulphurous smoke borne by the southwesterly breeze, which indicated the disturbance to be about the west wood and the Hagerstown pike.

Again came smoke balls in the air about, and there were snippings of leaves and twigs at intervals overhead.

Still listening, I caught no sound of Union cheers, but at length, over all the clangor, there arose a mighty volume of rasping, barbaric screeching — the Confederate yells of triumph — and accompanying it, with the suddenness of a bursting shell, the obtrusion upon my mind of morbid thoughts.

What was this terrific outbreak? The flight of Sumner's men, whom I had just before seen and heard — alert and alive with the spirit of anticipated victory? Could *they* be thrown back and driven like a flock of sheep before a pack of wolves? If so, would the rout come my way?

Might I not be in an instant engulfed in one of those senseless stampedes, from which, under given circumstances, the best troops are not exempt?

And then, what?

Something must be done, and that at once, for, though I was hungry to see something of this as yet invisible grand row, I objected to being run over by the rout I feared was coming. It took but a moment, as it seemed, to spring from the salient of the wood, down along the corn-field's edge, with its visible and audible horrors, and on until I suddenly found myself directly in

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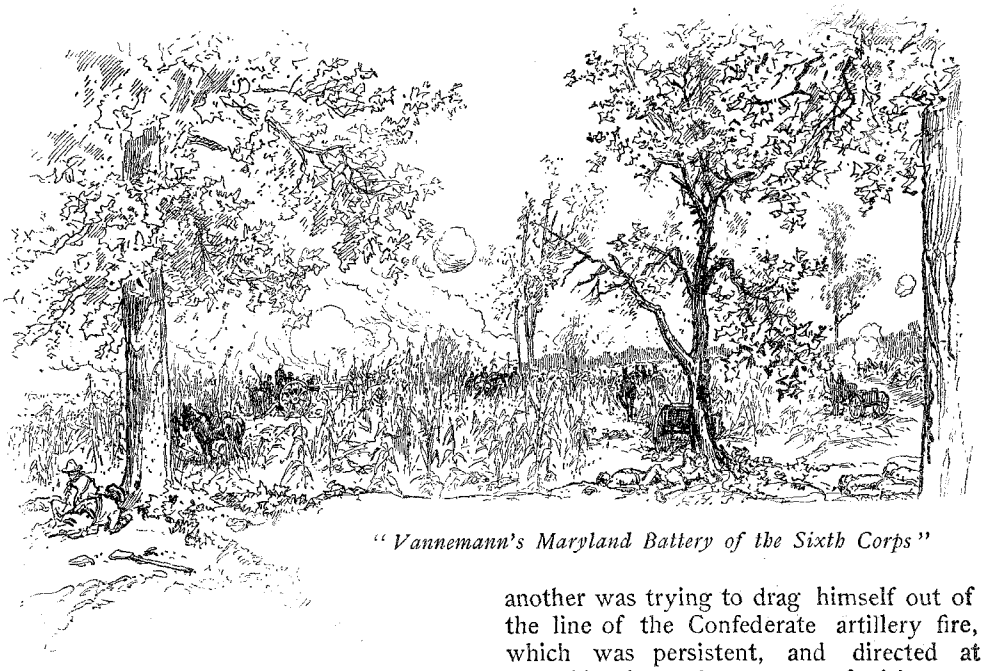

"Vannemann's Maryland Battery of the Sixth Corps"

front of and uncomfortably near a great white barn, its gable end toward me, flanked by an immense stack of straw. There, too, to the right, were a carriage house, farm buildings, and orchards, and all were little centers of explosive energy, with plenty of lively Confederates in plain view.

There were skirmishers using piles of straw for cover, firing at something in their left front and on their right.

Behind the buildings, trees, and bushes were squads partially visible, leisurely loading and firing, while others were bearing away some wounded. A mounted officer rode boldly out to the barn, made a hurried observation, and galloped furiously back.

Had I been seen? A big question to me just then. I had dropped to cover, using the little bushes and rails, until I reached a slight embankment crowned with shrubbery, from which effective "entrenchment" I could look about with some calmness at this delicious bit, for here I seemed destined to an indefinite stay, as to retreat was a greater danger than to remain, and to be shot in the back — ugh! To be captured would be at least as honorable and much more comfortable.

In the direction of the barn, I could see away out to the left, upon a bare hill, many figures in blue, some dead, many wounded — the result of a previous charge. One poor fellow waved his arms frantically; another was trying to drag himself out of the line of the Confederate artillery fire, which was persistent, and directed at something beyond my range of vision.

At the crest of another hill, some three or four hundred yards to the rear of the barn, and left of it, relieved against the sky, was a fringe of men firing; whether friends or foes, the fitful smoke-puffs coming my way made it impossible to determine.

Further to the right, and back of the barn, billowy clouds of dense, yellowish smoke marked where Confederate batteries were industriously dealing death, and many prostrate soldiers in front of me told of the close, hot fighting hereabouts at an earlier hour.

I was nearly through with what work I was awkwardly struggling to do here, for it was a choice bit, when a great uproar, with tremendous cheering and shouting, arose to the rear.

What a startling sight was that I next beheld, which came rushing into view like the crest of a tidal wave in the Bay of Fundy! — a great blue mass of infantry rolling over the summit of a slight hill, broken with some small trees, fences, and two or three little buildings.

It was a deployment into line of battle!

Exciting — thrilling, but a bit disquieting to the nerves of a man "in a hole," as I was, seemingly directly in the line of advance and between the hostile forces. I contrived to make myself somewhat

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invisible at the edge of the corn-field, masking my "post of observation" as best I could, for it would not do to trust too much to the judgment or humanity of the battle and skirmish lines, when abreast of my burrow.

Oh, for more eyes! So much to see — in this wondrous fleeting show — with but one pair of hungry optics for seeing, and so little time for it all.

Here they are! The skirmishers gathered in, and the battle lines fully deployed, one now beside me, and too near for complete composure.

They are pressing steadily forward, gay with flaunting colors, glorious with resolute purpose, stimulating cheers, and encouraging shouts.

The first line swung by in stately style, slightly curved, with a convex front to the enemy.

There was another line that moved past with a twisting formation.

"He was dead at his post of duty"

And yet another line forged quickly ahead. Away beyond, with a break between, another pressed on. Officers with waving swords rode along the rear of the lines and shouted loud commands and words of encouragement. Down went one from his horse, which reared and fell wounded upon his late rider, while soldiers rushed to the rescue of their ill-fated commander.

As the third line cleared my post, the slimy trail of battle came in view behind it, for the field was speckled with the first crop of its ghastly harvest ready to be gathered.

The lines had almost grazed the corn-field in which I had burrowed, and I was not sorry when I could resume the perpendicular to make the most of this splendid episode of battle.

The last of the charging lines had gone beyond, and was sweeping majestically into the jaws of death, when the mass seemed to halt, while from the front line spouted forth a long, angry sheet of flame from innumerable gun-barrels.

Men were falling fast now, as unseen batteries were pelting the lines with an iron storm, and the Confederate bullets were finding the objects of their flight.

Away from the roar and fury of the front, it was pitiful to see men drop, at times in groups, knocked over by solid shot, like tenpins in a bowling-alley, or riddled with musket and rifle balls, or bits of shell, or case or canister.

Cheered by their mounted and line officers, the lines again advanced, and passed on without further halt or hesitation, spraying around the big barn, as a great combing wave parts around an impeding rock, and then — the battle vanished as a fading vision, while a thick cloud of smoke rolled by like a blinding fog. It was a welcome reprieve, and a relief to the extreme nervous tension, which was utilized to put into shape some rough notes I had managed to make while groveling in the dirt. The partial lifting of the sulphurous veil revealed about and beyond the farm only unrecognizable masses, obscure and confused, in restless, undefined movement.

But from where I stood there was visible a monotone of brown earth upon the left, and stretched upon it was a little world of patient misery now, in close companionship with inanimate comrades freed from pain.

A "change of base" was a military necessity. I retreated in disorder by the corn-field and farm road, doing a little lively sprinting across a hot spot, and safely reached the protection of the wood, where I reformed my morale and reinforced my breathing powers.

A small tree, with a bit of rail fence conveniently erect by it, presented an invitation

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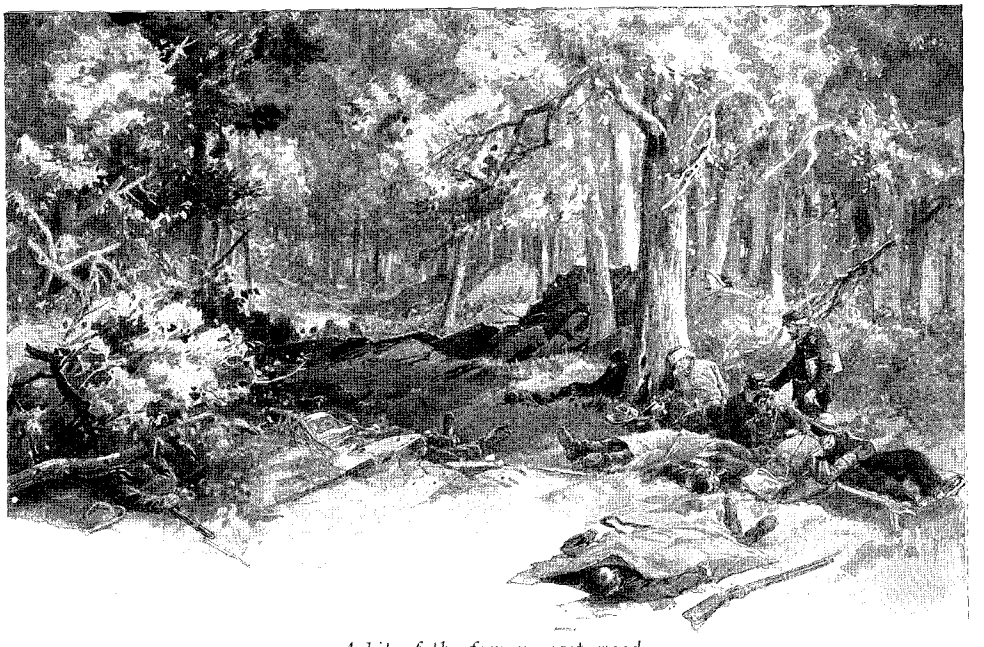

A bit of the famous east wood

which I accepted. On looking again toward the battle at the Roulet farm from the top, I received a confused impression of furiously contested combat, with bounding smoke-clouds riven by flashes of flame, and flickering hints of bright color amid sparkles of light.

Ambulances were coming and taking available stations in the wood, where they had not long to wait for business.

The fields began again to swarm with the litter and stretcher men, and with wounded soldiers who, walking with or without assistance, were wearily plodding back in search of the field hospitals.

A tall, straight private, strolling nonchalantly rearward, carried his gun on the right shoulder; his left hand was in a sling, his forehead bound with a bloody bandage. He marched with a long, steady stride, as if on dress parade, and, though he was some distance away, there was a magnetic power in his heroic ensemble sufficient to draw me down from my perch to the danger ground and into his presence. He halted, and I opened fire on him with sketch-pad and tongue, then passed on to the corn-field now famed in history.

I made my way through where yesterday had stood trim rows of stately corn-stalks, the ripened ears clinging to their sides, and plume-like tassels waving in the breeze.

Now, but for a few stalks defiantly standing; there was only a maze of broken, tangled fragments or débris trampled into the earth by virile foemen, whose bloody remains lay in all phases of contortion and dismemberment; a few already swollen and blackened in the rapid process of decomposition.

Some wounded, suffering where they fell, were calling for aid, or relieving their misery by agonizing screams or dismal moans. Others, suffering stoically, revealed their lurking places and their burning thirst only by cries for "Water! Water! Water!"—agony impossible for me to relieve. There were muskets, rifles, accoutrements of all kinds, and an occasional unexploded missile.

At one place was a broad swath cut through the field where the Confederates lay in disordered lines as they fell, as though from massed artillery fire.

As two stretcher men passed with a writhing form to an isolated spot in this "hell-hole," there came upon me a consciousness of how an impressible nature can be played upon by conflicting emotions under differing conditions of battle, if not actually at work in the stimulating *business* of slaughter.

The impression is still strong of the feeling of disgust engendered by the revolting

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realities of the corn-field, and that chased away for the time the sense of the sublimity of battle that had just before possessed me when gazing on the awful splendor of the bold, dramatic advance of French.

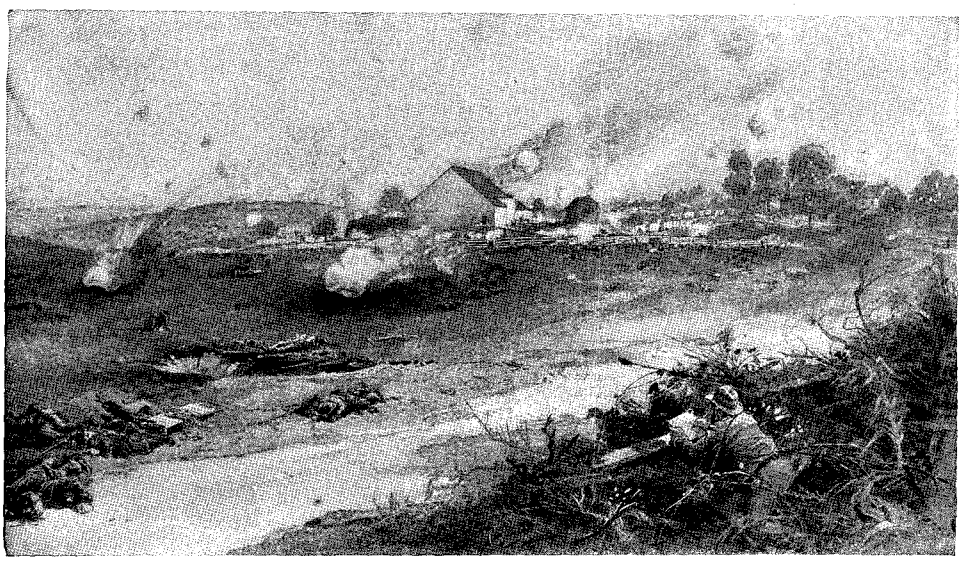
Back through the wood I went again, treading a maze of limbs torn from the trees by shot and shell as the tide of battle ebbed and flowed through its area, though the ground was quite free from undergrowth. Some stragglers were still drifting to the rear, and, as I was about to pass out of the wood near where I had entered it in the morning and where there was quite a stretch of the rail fence remaining, two mounted officers came dashing up — from the opposite end. They were galloping

Down came one of the avenging centaurs ferociously. Halting at the fence, he fired at the retreating skulker and brought down the game with a ball in the leg — and galloped off to wreak vengeance on several other victims, venturing into the slaughter-pen unsuspectingly. He corralled them all, but I could not see the result of his pistol practice there.

Then, turning, he took a deliberate survey of the situation, and, rushing our way like the wind, was down again upon the man he had shot, yelling at him with a terrible voice:

"What's your regiment?"

"The ——th ——. We're all cut to pieces," was the reply of the poor wretch.



"I could look about with some calmness at this delicious bit"

about furiously among the dead and around the rocks, slashing with sabre and firing with revolver as they ran down fugitives from the field. While they were at the north end, driving back a few skulkers, another batch, singly and in pairs, came through the narrow angle from the corn-field.

I had passed out into the open, to what I had considered a safe place from which to watch the outcome of this new business for the sketching pad, and prepared for work.

One poor fellow had succeeded in crossing the fence and had started nimbly walking from the wood, with a good gait to his rearward movement.

"Cut to ——! Go back then and fight with some better regiment or you'll be *shot* to pieces."

The skulker arose and was making a painful effort to hobble up, when I became an object of our irate cavalry friend's attention. Riding to the corner of the fence, about thirty feet from where I stood, he eyed me fiercely for a moment, and again bringing into requisition his terror-provoking tones, roared out: "Who are you? What the —— are *you* doing there?" accompanying his inquiry with an unpleasant pointing of his pistol in my direction. That I was a debatable quantity was clear to the ferocious martial mind.

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My semi-military rig did not justify immediate aggressive action on his part, and that gave me a feeling of temporary security, while I regarded the eye glistening with a scornful warrior's rage.

A sketch-pad and lead pencil were not effective weapons of defense, but, on the offensive, as aids to a little dramatic effect, I found they had some value.

I held up the pad in the left hand, and, with the deadly pencil pointed at him, yelled with my nearest approach to "stentorian tones" (whatever they may be): "I am Frank Leslie's special artist, *on the spot!*"

What a long, fierce, inquiring look he gave me! Then, putting a finger to the corner of his left eye, as though to rub out an interrogation point, he turned and rode slowly and silently away, in search of prey which happily was becoming scarce.

Then, again, stillness came into the wood, through which I went, now without fear of a pistol shot or sabre slash, with the Hagerstown pike as my objective.

I was troubled with a presentiment that Sedgwick and his division had met with the fate of Hooker, and I was anxious to learn the luck of the men who had proved their mettle on the bloody fields of the Peninsula, and had been subjected to this new crucial test of their prowess.

Out in the open, to the rear of the woods, there was a drifting about of disorganized men, with shouting officers striving to get their commands together about the regimental colors, planted in the ground or being waved in the air by cheering color-bearers. I heard my name shouted out, and met, near the solid farm buildings of D. R. Miller, then a crowded hospital, a young friend, a captain in the 72d Pennsylvania Regiment, of Sedgwick's Division, who was with a knot of his men. He told me quickly the story of his regiment's fight

With the wood at my right, I closely skirted the corn-field, and came upon a battery of small Parrott guns at work amid the wreck of corn-stalks.

Artillery in action was always a drawing card with me, and here was a fine chance to stop awhile and enjoy the stimulating attraction.

The gunners, in shirt sleeves or bare arms, were working with an almost annoying deliberation. Their performance, too, was being, as it seemed, treated rather contemptuously by the enemy, for the replies to our "cartes de visite" were but few and at irregular intervals, a parsimony which was duly appreciated by the "small but select *audience*" present.

Some of our heavier batteries to the right and rear, whose roar could be heard, were being more respectfully and liberally considered, the Confederate shells screaming over our heads and doing business in remoter quarters.

But we were not altogether neglected, as I saw two of the missiles from the west wood vicinity explode, one in the corn-field; the other above it, wounding one of the battery horses.

It was Vanneman's Maryland Battery of the Sixth Corps, as I learned, to which I was indebted for this entertainment, which seemed to be enjoyed by the performers as well, though they were tormented with terrible thirsts.

It was about here that Hood's Division of the Confederates and some of Hooker's men fought so heroically in the gray of the morning, "tearing each other to pieces," and the terrible evidences of the struggle lay around me plentifully.

I was tiring of this feast of horrors and, leaving the wood, was soon at D. R. Miller's farm. On the Hagerstown pike, and on each side of it, were guns of Campbell's Regular Battery, for the possession of which an audacious onslaught had been made an hour or more before by Jackson's troops, who had rushed from the west wood and fought up to the very muzzles of the guns before they were put "to the right about" by the determined defense of Gibbon's men from Wisconsin and Indiana, and Patrick's Brigade of the First Corps, followed by a counter dash which almost annihilated the heroic charging column of the enemy.

There were curdling tales told me of this stubborn fight, where Confederate colors had been taken and prisoners captured.

Here, too, were sharp contrasts. On the west side of the pike were Miller's barn, haystacks, and mowing and threshing machines, in close communion with the open-mouthed cannon and other implements of destruction.

Could peace and war in juxtaposition be more impressively illustrated?

The wheat was gathered in, the corn destroyed, and the crop of corpses and

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"he fired at the retreating skulker"

misery was being industriously harvested in all directions.

There was a great and tragic mystery still about the west wood that I was anxious to unravel, it being still a prime center of interest and the key of the battle. A decided rise of the ground in front, over which the turnpike passed, and which had afforded concealment and shelter to the advance of the Confederates in their attacks, prevented a satisfactory view down the road, but from an upper window of the Miller farm hospital I caught through intervening trees glimpses along the white stony pike, spotted as it was with forms in blue and gray, all the way to the Dunker church and beyond, some half a mile or more.

I noticed sections of rail fence still standing, edged with motionless figures, and much of odds and ends of former struggle, and there were sputtering indications of continuing battle to the westward and southward.

In front, to the left, was the smoke from the burning buildings, the locality of which I fixed upon as the next object of attention.

Could I reach the spot? I could try. Plunging into the weird, trampled corn-field again, as it was the most direct — if practicable — route, I had gone but a few steps when there loomed before me, among the corpses, a soldier in butternut aiming directly at me.

I jumped aside, but his aim did not follow.

He was dead at his post of duty as a sharp-shooter. What a heroic picture, as, crouching on one knee, he aimed, with his piece resting on a broken corn-stalk, through the entanglement, in the direction of the guns of Campbell's Battery with mute fidelity!

Hurrying on, I came to the smoldering ruins of Mummer's farm buildings, where stretcher-bearers, resting their agonized burdens and their tired selves in the fancied security of the smoke-screened spot, were awaiting the ambulances.

"Canister!" some one shouted, and, with a common impulse, all who could jumped for the protection of the stone wall of the burned barn, against which, with a sound as of heavy hailstones against window glass, deadly missiles rattled harmlessly.

"What, boys! Your helpless comrades out there in the hellstorm?" It was but a moment of nerve shock, and the wounded were heroically brought in under shelter;

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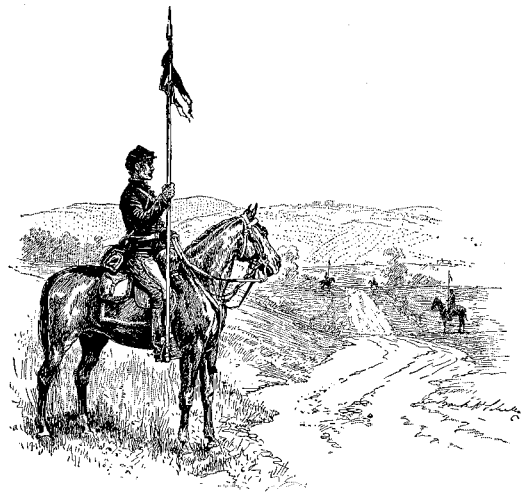
one with a fresh "plug," that left him a horribly mangled corpse upon a blood-sopped litter — his would-be rescuer, wounded in the attempt, taking his place upon the freshly bespattered canvas.

A Union battery immediately commenced a hot controversy about the matter with the opposing guns, and in twenty minutes the argument was closed in our favor.

But why prolong the story of the horrors of this fearful day? Of my meeting with my coadjutor, Edwin Fabes, on his horse, making a dash to see something of Burnside's terrific struggle, the crushing of some Regular batteries, or the rest of it. A great raging battle-field is hell *en fête*, and one can surfeit of its burning, sulphurous attractions.

Antietam's battle ended with a lurid sunset, and with its subsiding rays faded the military lustre of Major-General George B. McClellan.



Cavalry videttes guarding the roads to the Potomac, after the battle

BENEATH THE WRINKLE

BY

CLARA MORRIS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLARENCE H. WHITE

LEFT by a careless maid, it lay upon the floor, a bit of faded, deeply wrinkled ribbon. I picked it up and, on the way to the waste-basket, I wondered aimlessly what its color had been and what its use; and as I walked, I smoothed it hard between my palms, for it was thick and the wrinkles deep — when from beneath the deepest fold of all there glowed a streak of full rose-pink. In a moment I had recalled a fair, spring day, a crowded store, a dainty French hat, all frothing with white lace, wreathed with pale wild roses, and, for a coquettish looping beneath the left ear, two rose-pink ribbons. This was the ghost of one of them.

I smiled in happy recognition, but I could not yet cast it away. The pallid, wrinkled thing — what was it trying to remind me of? Faintly, old memories seemed to be stirring. Not dear, precious memories — guarded carefully, placed securely where they may be found on the instant; but poor old memories, pushed back, far back

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"walking side by side to or from the school-house"

into the dark corners, on the high shelves of my brain. I stood staring hard and whispering to myself: "So old — so faded, yet beneath the wrinkle such a lovely streak of color," and then, right in a second's flash, I saw before me a face — pallid, faded, care-worn — where fifty years had wrought the lines of seventy. The eyes dim, the lips pale; but beneath the wrinkles — was there any color there? I straightened out the ribbon gently and shut it in a book — I'd call it a marker. I could not cast it away, for it was to me a veritable daguerreotype of old Hester Tyler, whose sad, worn, faded face it had summoned before me.

I knew her well, old Hester, and just at first I used to be afraid of her. She was so silent and she worked so desperately. She was lean and hard and wrinkled. She rose by candle-light — but her work was never done. She was housekeeper for an old bachelor brother and an old, *old* mother, and she was the bond-slave of a *mortgage*. She toiled early and late inside the house and outside in the garden. She went nowhere — she saw no one. She read nothing but the Bible — that, she pored over on Sundays.

At the top of the steep, unpainted stairs, directly under the sloping roof — freezing in winter, scorching in summer — was her room, and there she had gathered her treasures. They were three. This woman of over fifty years had received in her whole life but two gifts. They and a

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small Bible — she had won it as a school prize in her far-away youth — were her most precious possessions. The gift that had come from her father interested me greatly. It was a small hair-trunk. It was piebald — white and sorrel — and I always expected to see it kick when she sat down on it. It was a very florid article and had the letters "H. T." on top in large brass-headed nails.

The other gift was a very different affair — it was a daguerreotype, the closed case fastened by a small brass hook, and the pictured face within was the touch of color, rosy-pink and warm, left beneath the pallor and the wrinkles. For when old Hester had been young Hester, Love, standing in her path one day, had turned and walked beside her for a time, and she had found God good and the world fair. Then the tempest came and struck them down, and he rose up no more, while she walked on her way alone, and the years slowly turned her into the old Hester that I knew.

She had been a pretty girl — rosy, bright, and light of foot — when, owing to a temporary embarrassment in money matters, Louis La Farge came down to Bedford village to teach school through the winter months. He was young, well-looking, well-educated, and, before settling down to business, his father had given him two years' grace in which to travel and see a little of the world. In those days remittances from home did not always arrive with precision and speed; so that a reckless, generous, or a careless man was very apt to be caught now and then, as La Farge had been, in a strange land, with the empty pocketbook that presages an empty stomach.

Glad of the employment, though amused at its novelty, La Farge worked hard and accomplished wonders in his school. Undoubtedly Hester Tyler was his best pupil, though she had only attended that winter "for fun." When her ambition had been aroused, she, to use a villager's expression, "had turned to and worked like Cain!" Then the teacher had formed a small class of four, to whom he proposed to teach his native language — French — and before long Hester found that, to save her life, she could not look her teacher full in the face while conjugating the verb *aimer*; and after that it was surprising how much help he thought she needed in that study.

Often they were seen walking side by side to or from the school-house, he holding a certain written exercise in his hand which he scrutinized carefully (while the passer-by was in sight), and Hester bending her studious glance upon her open French grammar. And so they trod the sweet, old, bewildering maze, whose paths have been worn clear and smooth by countless lovers' feet, and found, at last, the temple where they made their vows, each to the other, and came forth promised man and wife; for love had made them so deaf and blind, they had seen nothing, heard nothing of the rising storm that was now about to break upon them. It seems almost impossible that there ever was a time when the word "foreigner" was a mere term of contempt, when a German was a "Dutchman" or a "Dutchy," and a Frenchman a "Mounseer" or a "Frogeater." Wealth, manner, refinement made not the slightest difference: a "foreigner" was a person to sneer at, to jeer at, or to suspect. Particularly was this the case in the country, or in small country towns, where the people were narrow and ignorant.

Now, while Louis La Farge was immensely liked by the young people of

"stole out of the front door"

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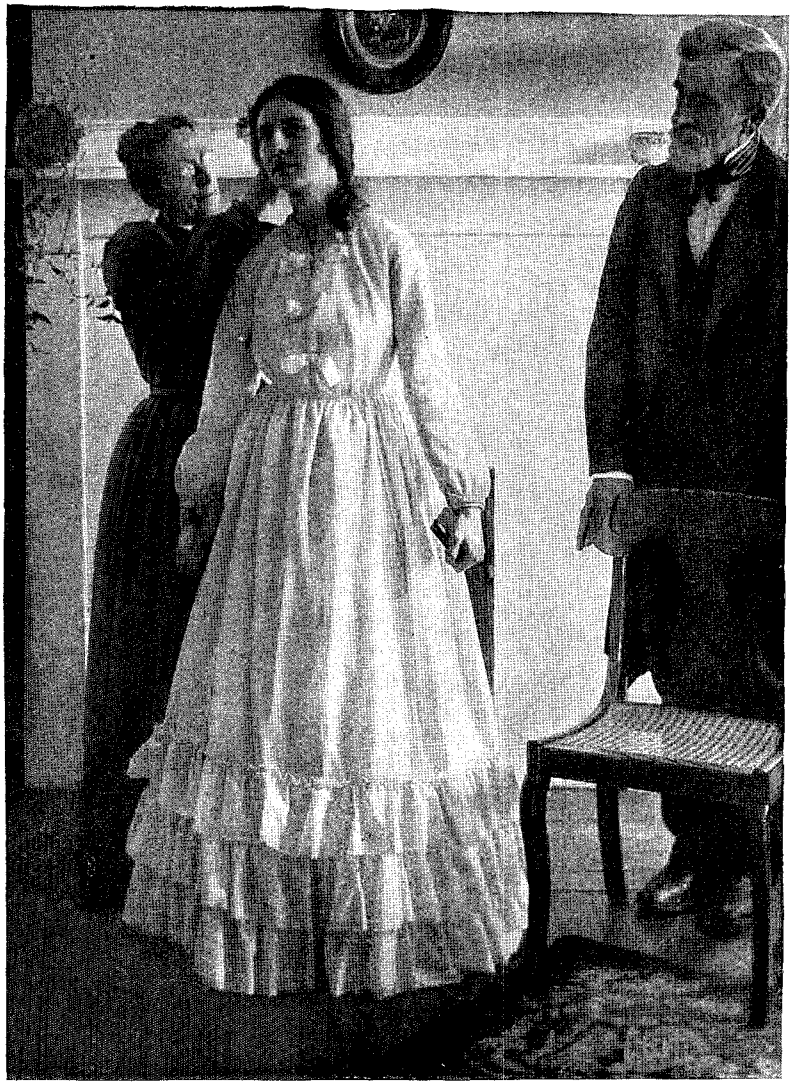
Bedford, the older people had always frowned upon the upstart Frenchman; one man, indeed, taking his son indignantly out of that small class of four who wished to study French. But, while being a foreigner was bad enough, poor La Farge was something far, far worse in their eyes—he was a Catholic.

Just at that time there was the bitterest possible feeling between sects. A wretched book was in circulation among the common people, a clap-trap, sensational, escaped-nun sort of a tale, making a malicious, inconsequent attack upon the Catholic Church. Its absurdities were implicitly believed, and hatred and fear of Catholics were the result; therefore, when young La Farge courted Hester Tyler, the whole village stood aghast! Her mother indignantly refused to hear him out when he came to ask for Hester's hand. He offered to give up his native land for love of her, and settle in the near-by city, that her family might watch over her welfare. His answer came in threats of bodily harm from her brother.



"brought a flower for the girl's hair"

The old parson of the village church was his friend and tried hard to serve young

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Louis when he found he could not retire from the field and leave his sweetheart. Letters of warning were soon followed by letters filled with cruel threats of violence. Hester grew sick with fear for her lover's safety. His remittance had come long ago from his home in France, and at last they determined they would elope; but, ever thoughtful for the welfare and the honor of his beloved, he coaxed his friend, the parson, to marry them in his house before they fled, and the next day they would be remarried in the city by a priest of his church. All was arranged — the minister kept his windows darkened that no one might happen in.

Pretty Hester, upstairs under the slanting roof, with trembling fingers fastened the white gown she had made in secret, for she felt she simply could not be married in colors; then, pinning the pretty gown up carefully about her, she slipped over it a dark skirt and circle cloak, and with her Louis's daguerreotype, her small, honorably won Bible, and two dollars berry-money as her whole dot and furnishing for her new life, she stole out of the front door — that door which only opened for weddings or for funerals, and, on swift young feet, fled through the lanes where long brambles caught at her and held her by the skirts; fled across the fields where small furry creatures scurried across her path; but, swiftly as she ran, Superstition kept pace with her, and she noted every sign of evil — even glancing up and marking that the pale young moon appeared to her over the unlucky shoulder — the moon that, like a tiny boat, rode over the waves of ink-black clouds or was for a time buried beneath them.

And when, all hot and breathless, she reached the small parsonage and stood waiting for the opening of the door, from the dim distance there came to her the dismal howling of a dog; a common enough sound at nightfall to this country girl, but this night was not like other nights, and she wished she had not heard it. To her first question on entering: "Has he come? Oh, has he come?" she received a smiling negative and the reminder that she was "ahead of time."

Then the minister's wife helped to unpin the white gown, smoothed it down, brought a flower for the girl's hair — and then they waited.

To the minister, who knew well that extreme impetuosity was the main fault of Louis La Farge's character, his tardiness was disquieting in the extreme.

The hour struck — still they waited, while blushing expectancy changed to surprise: waited, while surprise changed to annoyance, and annoyance to mortified anger — aye, waited until fear grew into terror!

When the clock had three times struck the hours of bitter waiting, there was a consultation. Could Hester enter her home again without discovery?

She thought she could, as all were heavy sleepers there; and she had, of course, left the front door unfastened.

"The dog?" suggested the old lady — but Hester felt she could easily quiet his friendly recognition. And so it came about that the bride-expectant crept back unwedded to her home.

The old minister held her icy hand, and led her stumbling, like the newly-blind, along the way her racing feet had brought her in the early darkness. With a gesture she quieted the dog, who came joyously to greet her. He stood looking at her a moment in perplexity, then sniffed about her, and finally reared up, and, with his paws upon her chest, looked into her eyes and whimpered uneasily. Hester took his rough head between her hands and spoke for the first time during that walk, and said slowly: "Yes, Watch — he's dead!"

At which the kindly old man at her side exclaimed: "But, my dear — my dear — we ——"

But she broke in drearily: "What power could keep him away from me, if he were alive? No — my Louis is dead!"

She put the dog from her and, without another word, went up the walk, softly opened the front door, and disappeared.

When Hester Tyler took her place at the breakfast table next morning, her face was positively ghastly. In answer to questions she muttered something about "having had a bad night." She scarcely seemed to see what was before her, or to hear what was said; yet, had she been watched closely, it would have been seen that she was listening for something with her very soul!

Her brother had gone to his work, and she was silently attending to her regular duties in the house when it came! —

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the thing she had listened for! The tramping of feet — the excited voices! She stood stock-still, and for a moment felt that she swung in space! Then, holding tight and hard to the back of a heavy chair, she heard the words — "Carry him in here till you can mend the wagon" — separate themselves from other words; and knew the front door was being opened — the door that only opened for marriages and deaths!

She felt the jarring of the floor beneath her feet, that told of the heavy stepping of men in the next room — men who bore a burden — then all was still in there. Her mother, sister, brother, were outside listening to the tale of the finding of Louis La Farge's body, clothed in his best, wearing a white neckerchief, and on one hand a white glove — the other lay on the ground near him — while down between the finely crimped ruffles of his shirt the blood had run from the knife thrust in his breast. There was no trace of a struggle; he had evidently been attacked by some one in hiding in the thick undergrowth and bushes at the roadside; and at the nearest house a dog, early in the evening, had howled and howled until its owner had gone out and threatened him into silence.

Poor Hester must have heard it as she waited for the opening of the parsonage door, and now, while those outside talked and tinkered at the broken wagon wheel, she swiftly entered the darkened front room where her love awaited her. She gazed long at the chill white face, that she saw for the first time without a smile. He was stretched at rigid length upon the sofa, and she knelt down beside him and laid her head upon his breast, and, with her arm about his icy throat, she whispered into his dull ear, calling him "husband," and promising to be true always until they met again — and gave him warm kisses her girlish modesty and proud self-respect had denied to his strong pleading. And then she rose and looked long again, kissed him on his brow, turned, crept up the steep stair, gained her room, and never knew when the still body was carried out again and taken on to the village.

The mystery was never solved. His parents sent money for a headstone; and in his cold breast he held the flower of Hester Tyler's youth.

She almost lost the faculty of speech, so silent she became. Her sister married, her brother involved himself in business trouble, a mortgage was suspended over the old home, the mother grew crabbed in her old age.

Hester worked early and late, and faded and wrinkled fast, and so came to be the old Hester Tyler that I knew; but on Sunday afternoons, up under the sloping roof, she reads the little Bible slowly, then kneels beside the open hair-trunk and looks long and tenderly at the bright, dark, smiling face the daguerreotype holds, for that is the one single trace of lovely color which life has left beneath her pallor and her wrinkles.

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THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY: PART TWO

BY

IDA M. TARBELL

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF LINCOLN"

CHAPTER III

CUTTING TO KILL

TO know every detail of the oil trade, to be able to reach at any moment to its remotest point, to control even its weakest factor — this was Mr. John D. Rockefeller's ideal of doing business. It seemed to be an intellectual necessity for him to be able to direct the course of any particular gallon of oil from the moment it gushed from the earth until it went into the lamp of a housewife. There must be nothing — *nothing* in his great machine he did not know to be working right. It was to complete this ideal, to satisfy this necessity, that he undertook, some time in the late seventies, to organize the oil markets of the world, as he had already organized oil refining and oil transporting.

Mr. Rockefeller was driven to this new task of organization not only by his own curious intellect; he was driven to it by that thing so abhorrent to his mind — competition. If, as he claimed, the oil business belonged to him, and if, as he had announced, he was prepared to refine all the oil that men would consume, it followed as a corollary that the markets of the world belonged to him. In spite of his bold pretensions and his perfect organization, a few obstinate oil refiners still lived and persisted in doing business. They were a fly in his ointment — a stick in his wonderful wheel. He must get them out. Otherwise the Great Purpose would be unrealized. And so, while engaged in organizing the world's markets, he incidentally carried on a campaign against those who dared intrude there.

The World for a Field

When Mr. Rockefeller began to gather the oil markets into his hands, he had a task whose field was literally the world, for already, in 1871, the year before he first appeared as an important factor in the oil trade, refined oil was going into every civilized country of the globe. Of the five and a half million barrels of crude oil produced that year, the world used five millions, over three and a half of which went to foreign lands. This was the market which had been built up in the first ten years of business by the men who were developing the trade, and this was the market, still further developed, of course, that Mr. Rockefeller inherited when he succeeded in corralling the refining and transporting of oil. It was this market he proceeded to organize. His work in the United States is naturally what interests us chiefly, as it is here the organization is most perfect, and the methods of competition can be traced in reliable documents.

The Standard's Admirable Organization

The process of organization seems to have been natural and highly intelligent. The entire country was buying refined oil for illumination. Many refiners had their own agents out looking for markets, others sold to wholesale dealers, or jobbers, who placed trade with local dealers, usually grocers. Mr. Rockefeller's business was

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to replace independent agents and jobbers by his own employees. The United States was mapped out and agents appointed over these great divisions. Thus, a certain portion of the Southwest — including Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas — the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, of St. Louis, Missouri, had charge of; a portion of the South — including Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi — Chess, Carley & Company, of Louisville, Kentucky. These companies in turn divided their territory into sections, and put the subdivisions in the charge of local agents. These local agents had stations where oil was received and stored, and from which they and their salesmen carried on their campaigns. This system has been developed until, now, the Standard Oil Company of each State has its own marketing department, whose territory is divided and watched over in the above fashion. The entire oil-buying territory of the country is thus covered by local agents reporting to division headquarters. These report in turn to the head of the State marketing department, and his reports go to the general marketing headquarters in New York.

To those who know anything of the way in which Mr. Rockefeller does business, it will go without saying that this marketing department is conducted with the greatest efficiency and economy. Its aim is to make every local station as nearly perfect in its service as it can be. The buyer must receive his oil promptly, in good condition, and of the grade he desires. If a customer complains, the case will receive prompt attention, and the cause be found and corrected. He will not only receive oil; he can have proper lamps and wicks and burners, and directions about using them.

The local stations from which the dealer is served are models of their kind. Oil, even refined, is a difficult thing to handle without much disagreeable odor and stain, but the local stations of the Standard Oil Company, like its refineries, are kept orderly and clean by a rigid system of inspection. Every two or three months an inspector goes through each station and reports to headquarters on a multitude of details — whether barrels are properly bunged, filled, stenciled, painted, glued; whether tank wagons, buckets, faucets, pipes, are leaking; whether the glue trough is clean, the ground around the tanks dry, the locks in good condition; the horses properly cared for; the weeds cut in the yard. The time the agent gets around in the morning and the time he takes for lunch are reported. The prices he pays for feed for his horses, for coal, for repairs, are noted. In fact, the condition of every local station, at any given period, can be accurately known at marketing headquarters, if desired. All of this tends, of course, to the greatest economy and efficiency in the local agents.

Where the Organization Ceases to be Admirable Ethically

But Standard Oil agents are not sent into a territory simply to sell all the oil they can by efficient service and aggressive pushing; they are sent there to sell all the oil that is bought. "The coal-oil business belongs to us," is Mr. Rockefeller's motto, and from the beginning of his campaign in the markets, his agents have accepted and acted on that principle. If a dealer bought but a barrel of oil a year, it must be from Mr. Rockefeller. This ambition made it necessary that the agents have accurate knowledge of all outside transactions in oil, however small, made in their field. How was this possible? The South Improvement scheme provided perfectly for this, for it bound the railroad to send daily to the principal office of the company reports of all oil shipped, the name of shipper, the quantity and kind of oil, the name of consignee, with the destination and the cost of freight.* Having such knowledge as this, an agent could immediately locate each shipment of the independent refiner, and take the proper steps to secure the trade. But the South Improvement scheme never went into operation. It remained only as a beautiful ideal, to be worked out as time and opportunity permitted. It is a fact, however, that information concerning the business of his competitors, almost as full as that which Mr. Rockefeller hoped to get when he signed the South Improvement Company contracts, is his to-day,

*The Eighth Section of Article Second of this contract, defining the duties of the railroads, reads :—"To make manifests or way-bills of all petroleum or its products transported over any portion of the railroads of the party of the second part or its connections, which manifests shall state the name of the consignor, the place of shipment, the kind and actual quantity of the article shipped, the name of the consignee and the place of destination, with the rate and gross amount of freight and charges, and to send daily to the principal office of the party of the first part duplicates of all such manifests or way-bills." —*Report of Proceedings of the Committee on Manufactures, House of Representatives, in relation to Trusts, 1888.*

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though it comes to him through more than one channel.

Standard Agents Keep Their Eyes Open

Naturally and properly the local agents are watchful of the condition of competition in their districts, and naturally and properly they report what they learn. "We ask our salesmen and our agents to keep their eyes open and keep us informed of the situation in their respective fields," a Standard agent told the Industrial Commission in 1898. "We ask our agents, as they visit the trade, to make reports to us of whom the different parties are buying; principally to know whether our agents are attending to their business or not. If they are letting too much business get away from them, it looks as if they were not attending to their business. They get it from what they see as they go around selling goods." But there is no such generality about this part of the agent's or salesman's business as this statement would lead one to believe. As a matter of fact it is a thoroughly scientific operation. The gentleman who made the above statement, for instance, sends his local agents a blank like the following to be made out each month:

EXHIBIT "B—R." *

MONTHLY REPORT.

USE COPYING PENCIL. 40830

Town..... *Date*..... *1897.*

DEALER	ADDRESS	Estimated Sales per month of		Brand or Kind of Goods	Price	If by Tank Wagon mark "T"	BUY FROM	
		R. Oil	Gaso.				Name	Point of Shipment

.....*Salesman or Agent.*

The local agent gets the information to fill out such a report in various ways. He questions the dealers closely. He watches the railway freight stations. He interviews everybody in any way connected with the handling of oil in his territory, all of which may be proper enough. When Mr. Howard Page, of the Standard Oil Company, was in charge of the Standard shipping department in Kentucky, his agents visited the depots once a day to see what oil arrived there from independent shippers. A record of these shipments was made and reported monthly to Mr. Page. He was able to tell the Interstate Commerce Commission, in 1887, almost exactly what his rivals had been shipping by rail and by river. Mr. Page claimed that his agents had no special privileges, that anybody's agents would have been allowed to examine the incoming cars, note the consignor, contents, and consignee. It did not appear in the examination, however, that anybody but Mr. Page had sent agents to do such a thing. The Waters-Pierce Oil Company, of St. Louis, once paid one of its Texas agents this unique compliment: "We are glad to know you are on such good terms with the railroad people that Mr. Clem (an agent handling independent oil) gains nothing by marking his shipments by numbers instead of names."

The superior receiving the filled blanks, carefully follows them by letters of instructions and inquiries, himself keeping track of each dealer, however insignificant, in

* Record of Standard Oil Trust Cases in the Supreme Court of Ohio, 1899. Page 681.

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the local agent's territory, and when one out of line has been brought in, never failing to compliment his subordinate. But however diligent the agent may be in keeping his eyes open, however he may be stirred to activity by the prodding and compliments of his superiors, it is, of course, out of the question that he get anything like the full information the South Improvement scheme insured. What he is able to do is supplemented by a system which compares very favorably with that famous scheme and which was undoubtedly suggested by it.

Freight Offices That Leak Indulgently

For many years independent refiners have declared that the details of their business were leaking regularly from clerks in freight offices, but while the proofs they have offered of their charges show that such leaks had occurred at intervals all over the country, they do not show anything like a regular system of collecting information through this channel. From the evidence one would be justified in believing that the cases were rare, occurring only when a not over-nice Standard manager got into hot competition with a rival and prevailed upon a freight agent to give him information to help in his fight. Recently, however, the writer came into possession of a large mass of documents of unquestionable authenticity, showing that the Standard Oil Company receives regularly, at least from the railroads and steamship lines represented in these papers, information of *all* oil shipped. A study of these papers shows beyond question that somebody having access to the books of the freight offices records regularly each oil shipment passing the office; the names of consignor and consignee, the addresses of each, and the quantity and kind of oil are given in each case. This record is made out usually on a sheet of blank paper, though occasionally the recorder has been indiscreet enough to use the railroad company's stationery. The reports are evidently intended not to be signed, though there are cases in the documents where the name of the sender has been signed and erased; in one case a printed head bearing the name of the freight agent has been used. The name has been cut out, but so carelessly that it has been easy to identify him. These reports have evidently been sent to the office of the Standard Oil Company, where they have received a careful examination; and the information they contained has been classified. Wherever the shipment entered is from one of the distributing stations of the Standard Oil Company, a line is drawn through it, or it is checked off in some way. In every other case, in the mass of reports, there is written, opposite the name of the consignee, the name of a person *known* to be a Standard agent or salesman in the territory where the shipment had gone.

Use Made of Information

Now what is this for? Copies of letters and telegrams accompanying the reports show that as soon as a particular report had reached Standard headquarters and it was known that a car-load, or even a barrel, of independent oil was on its way to a dealer — the Standard agent whose name was written after the shipment on the record had been notified. "If you can stop car going to X 2 authorize rebate to Z (name of dealer) of ¾ cent per gallon," one of the telegrams reads.

There is plenty of evidence to show how an agent receiving such information "stops" the oil. He *persuades* the dealer to countermand the order. Mr. George Rice, when before the House Committee on Manufactures in 1888, presented ten telegrams as samples of his experience in having orders countermanded in Texas. Four of these were sent on the same day from different dealers in the same town, San Angelo. Mr. Rice investigated the cause and, by letters from the various firms, learned that the Standard agent had been around "threatening the trade that if they bought of me they would not sell them any more," as he put it.

Some Standard "Persuasion"

This experience of Mr. Rice in 1884, 1885, and 1886 has been repeated since in other parts of the country. In a trust investigation by the Ohio Senate in January and February, 1898, Mr. John Teagle, of Cleveland, being upon his oath, said that his firm had had great difficulty in getting goods accepted because the Standard agents would persuade the dealers to cancel the orders. "They would have their local man, or some other man, call upon the trade and use their influence and talk lower prices,

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or make a lower retail price, or something to convince them that they'd better not take our oil, and, I suppose, to buy theirs." Mr. Teagle presented the following letter, signed by a Standard representative, explaining such a countermand:

DES MOINES, Iowa, Jan. 14, 1891.
JOHN FOWLER, Hampton, Iowa.

DEAR SIR: Our Marshalltown manager, Mr. Ruth, has explained the circumstances regarding the purchase and subsequent countermand of a car of oil from our competitors. He desires to have us express to you our promise that we will stand all expense provided there should be any trouble growing out of the countermand of this car. We cheerfully promise to do this; we have the best legal advice which can be obtained in Iowa, bearing on the points in this case. An order can be countermanded either before or after the goods have been shipped and in fact can be countermanded even if the goods have already arrived and are at the depot. A firm is absolutely obliged to accept a countermand. The fact that the order has been signed does not make any difference. We want you to absolutely refuse, under any circumstances, to accept the car of oil. We are standing back of you in this matter, and will protect you in every way, and would kindly ask you to keep this letter strictly confidential. . . .

Yours truly,
E. P. PRATT.

Peter Schull, of the Independent Oil Company, of Mansfield, Ohio, testified before the same committee to experiences similar to those of Mr. Teagle.

"If I put a man on the road to sell goods for me," said Mr. Schull, "and he takes orders to the amount of two or three hundred barrels a week, before I am able to ship these goods, possibly the Standard Oil Company has gone there and compelled those people to countermand those orders under a threat that, if they don't countermand them, they will put the price of oil down to such a price that they can not afford to handle the goods."

In support of his assertion Mr. Schull offered letters from firms he has been dealing with. The following citations show the character of them:

TIFFIN, O., Feb. 1, '98.
INDEPENDENT OIL COMPANY, Mansfield, O.

DEAR SIRS: The Standard Oil Company, after your man was here, had the cheek to come in and ask how many barrels of oil we bought and so forth, then asked us to countermand the order, saying it would be for our best; we understand they have put their oil in our next door and offer it at six cents per gallon, at retail. Shall we turn tail or show them fight. If so will you help us out any? . . . Yours truly,
TALBOTT & SON.

TIFFIN, O., Jan. 24, '98.
INDEPENDENT OIL COMPANY.

DEAR SIRS: . . . I am sorry to say that a Standard Oil man from your city followed that oil car and oil to my place and told me that he would not let me make a dollar on that oil and was dogging me around for two days to buy that oil, and made all kinds of threats and talked to my people at the house while I was out and persuaded me to sell, and I was in a stew what I should do, but I yielded and I have been very sorry for it since; thought I would hate to see the bottom knocked out of the prices, but that is why I done it, is the only reason. The oil was all right. I now see the mistake, and that is of getting a car-load, two car-loads coming in here inside of a week is more than the other company will stand. . . .

Yours truly,
H. A. EIRICK.

More Pressing Argument for the Recalcitrant

In case the agent cannot persuade the dealer to countermand his order, more strenuous measures are applied. The letters quoted above hint at what they will be. Many letters have been presented by witnesses under oath in various investigations, showing that agents in all parts of the country found it necessary to act at times as these letters threaten. One of the more aggressive campaigns waged at the beginning of this war of exterminating independent dealers was by the Standard marketing agent at Louisville, Kentucky—Chess, Carley & Company. This concern claimed a large section of the South as its territory. Mr. George Rice, of Marietta, Ohio, had been in this field for eight or ten years, having many regular customers. It became Chess, Carley & Company's business to secure these customers and prevent his getting others. Mr. Rice was handicapped to begin with by railroad discrimination. He was never able to secure the rates of his big rival on any of the Southern roads. In 1888, the Interstate Commerce Commission examined his complaints against eight different Southern and Western roads and found that no one of them had treated him with "relative justice." Railroad discriminations were not sufficient to drive him out of the Southwest, however, and a war of rates was begun. According to the letters Mr. Rice himself has presented, he certainly in some cases began the cutting, as he could well afford to do. For instance, Chess, Carley & Company were selling water-white oil in September, 1880, in

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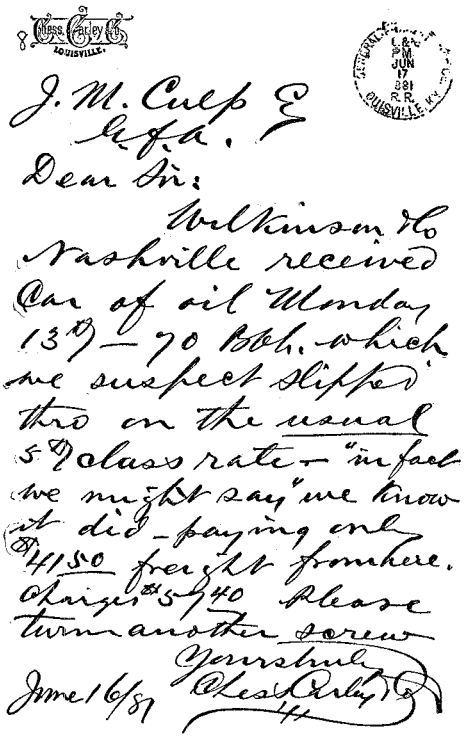
Clarksville, Tennessee, at 21 cents a gallon delivered in car-loads — export oil was selling in barrels in New York at that date at 10⅝ cents a gallon. Rice's agent offered it at 18 cents. The dealer to whom he made the offer, Armstrong by name, wished to accept, but as he had been buying of Chess, Carley & Company, went first to see them about the matter. He came back "scared almost out of his boots," wrote the agent to Rice.

"Carley told him he would break him up if he bought oil of any one else; that the Standard Company had authorized him to spend ten thousand dollars to break up any concern that bought oil from any one else; that he (Carley) would put all his drummers in the field to hunt up Armstrong's customers and sell his customers groceries at five per cent. below Armstrong's prices, and turn all Armstrong's trade over to Moore, Bremaker & Co. and settle with Moore, B. & Co., for their losses in helping to break Armstrong up, every thirty days.

"That if Armstrong sent any other oil to Clarksville Tenn., he (Carley) would put the price of oil so low in Clarksville as to make the party lose heavily, and that they (the Standard) would break up any one that would sell him (Armstrong) oil, and that he (Carley) had told Stege and Reiling the same thing. Did you ever? What do you think of that?"


J. M. Culp Esq
Agt.
Dear Sir:
Wilkinson & Co Nashville received Car of oil Monday 13th — 70 Bbls. which we suspect slipped thro on the usual 5th class rate — "in fact we might say" we know it did — paying only $41.50 freight from here. Price $5.40 Please turn another screw
Yours truly
Chess Carley & Co
June 16/87

Turning the Screw

Very soon after this, Chess, Carley & Company took in hand a Nashville firm, Wilkinson & Company, which was buying of Rice. "It is with great reluctance," they wrote, "that we undertake serious competition with any one, *and certainly this competition will not be confined to coal-oil or any one article, and will not be limited to any one year*. We always stand ready to make reasonable arrangements with any one who chooses to appear in our line of business, and it will be unlike anything we have done heretofore if we permit any one to force us into an arrangement which is not reasonable. Any loss, however great, is better to us than a record of this kind."

And four days later they wrote: "If you continue to bring on the oil, it will simply force us to cut down our price and no other course is left us but the one we have intimated."

Wilkinson & Company seem to have stuck to Rice's oil, for, sixteen months later, we find Chess, Carley & Company calling on the agent of a railroad, which already was giving the Standard discriminating rates, to help in the fight.

The screw was turned, Mr. Rice affirms, his rate being raised 50 per cent. in five days.

A Significant Catalogue

Rice carried on his fight for a market in the most aggressive way, and everywhere he met disastrous competition. In 1892 he published a large pamphlet of documents illustrating Standard methods, in which he included citations from some seventy letters from dealers in Texas, received by him between 1881 and 1889, showing the kind of competition his oil met there from the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, the Standard's Texas agents. A dozen sentences, from as many different towns, will show the character of them all:

"I have had wonderful competition on this car. As soon as my car arrived the Waters-Pierce Oil Co., who has an agent here, slapped the price down to $1.80 per case 110."

". . . Oil was selling at this point for $2.50 per case, and as soon as your car arrived it was put down to $1.50, which it is selling at to-day."

"The Waters-Pierce Oil Co. reduced their prices on Brilliant oil from $2.60 to $1.50 per case and is waging a fierce war."

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"Waters-Pierce Oil Co. has our State by the throat and we would like to be extricated."

"I would like to handle your oil if I could be protected against the Waters-Pierce Oil Co. I am afraid if I would buy a car of oil from you this company would put the oil way below what I pay and make me lose big money. I can handle your oil in large quantities if you would protect me against them."

"The Waters-Pierce Oil Co. has cut the stuffing out of coal-oil and have been ever since I got in my last car. They put the price to the merchants at $1.80 per case."

"We have your quotations on oil. While they are much lower than what we pay, yet unless a carload could be engaged it would pay no firm to try and handle, as Waters-Pierce Oil Co. would cut below cost on same."

"The day your oil arrived here, their agents went to all my customers and offered their Eupion oil at 10 cents per gallon in barrels and $1.50 per case, and lower grades in proportion, and told them if they did not refuse to take the oil he would not sell them any more at any price, and that he was going to run me out of the business, and then they would be at his mercy."

"Now we think Waters-Pierce Oil Co. have been getting too high a price for their oil. They are able and do furnish almost this entire State with oil. They cut prices to such an extent when any other oil is offered in this State that they force the parties handling the oil to abandon the trade."

"Trace and hurry up car of oil shipped of you. We learn it is possible that your oil is side-tracked on the line, that Waters-Pierce might get in their work."

"If we were to buy a car or more, the Waters-Pierce Oil Co. would manage to sell a little cheaper than we could, and continue doing so until they busted me up."

"In regard to oil we are about out now, and Waters-Pierce have put their oil up again and quote us at the old price."

"Jobbers say when they take hold of another oil, they are at once boycotted by Waters-Pierce Oil Co., who not only refuse to sell them, but put oil below what they pay for it, and thus knock them out of the oil trade, unless they sell at a loss."

"If I find that I can handle your oil in Texas without being run out and losing money by this infernal corporation, the Waters-Pierce Oil Co., I want to arrange with you to handle it extensively. I received verbal notice this morning from their agent that they would make it hot for me when my oil got here."

Mr. Rice claims, in his preface to the collection of letters here quoted from, that he has hundreds of similar ones from different States in the Union, and the writer asked to examine them. The package of documents submitted in reply to this request was made up literally of hundreds of letters. They came from twelve different States, and show everywhere the same competitive method — cutting to kill. One thing very noticeable in these letters is the indignation of the dealers at the Standard methods of securing trade. They resent threats. They complain that the Standard agents "nose" about their premises, that they ask impudent questions, and that they generally make the trade disgusting and humiliating. In Mississippi, in the eighties, the indignation of the small dealers against Chess, Carley & Company was so strong that they formed associations binding themselves not to deal with them.

The Experience of Messrs. Teagle and Schull

Mr. Rice is not the only independent oil dealer who has produced similar testimony. Mr. Teagle and Mr. Schull, in Ohio, have furnished considerable. "The reason we quit taking your oil is this," wrote a Kansas dealer to Scofield, Shurmer & Teagle, in 1896; "the Standard Oil Company notified us that if we continued handling your oil they would cut the oil to ten cents retail, and that, we could not afford to do, and for that reason we are forced to take their oil or do business for nothing or at a loss." "The Standard agent has repeatedly told me that if I continued buying oil and gasoline from your wagon," wrote an Ohio dealer to the same firm in 1897, "that they would have it retailed here for less than I could buy. I paid no attention to him, but yesterday their agent was here and asked me decidedly if I would continue buying oil and gasoline from your wagon. I told him I would do so; then he went and made arrangements with the dealers that handle their oil and gasoline to retail it for seven cents."

Mr. Schull summed up his testimony before the same committee to which Mr. Teagle gave the above, by declaring: "You take $10,000 and go into the business and I will guarantee you won't be in business ninety days. Their motto is that anybody going into the oil business in opposition to

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them, they will make life a burden to him. That is about as near as you can get to it."

Considerable testimony of the same sort of practices was offered in the recent "hearing before the Industrial Commission," most of it general in character. The most significant special case was offered by Mr. Westgate, the treasurer of the American Oil Works, an independent refinery of Titusville, Pennsylvania.

A Standard Joke

The American Oil Works, it seems, were in 1894 shipping an oil called "Sunlight" in barrels to South Bend, Washington. This was in the territory of the Standard agents at Portland, Oregon, one of whom wrote to a South Bend dealer when he heard of the intrusion: "We will state for your information that never a drop of oil has reached South Bend of better quality than what we have always shipped into that territory. They can name it 'sunlight,' 'moonlight,' or 'starlight,' it makes no difference. You can rest assured if another car-load of 'sunlight' arrives at your place, it will be sold very cheap. We do not propose to allow another car-load to come into that territory unless it comes and is put on the market at one-half its actual cost. You can convey this idea to the young man who imported the car-load of 'sunlight' oil."

When Mr. John D. Archbold, of the Standard Oil Company, had his attention called to this letter by Professor Jenks, of the Industrial Commission, Mr. Archbold characterized the letter as "a foolish statement by a foolish and unwise man" and promised to investigate it. Later he presented the commission with an explanation from the superior of the agent, who declared that the writer of the letter did not have any authority to say that oil would be sold on the basis mentioned. "The letter," he continued, "was intended to be written in a jocular manner to deny a claim that he was selling oil inferior in quality to that sold by others." It is hard for the mere outsider to catch the jocularity of the letter, and it must have been much more difficult for the dealer who received it to appreciate it.

An Ingenious Trick

Independent oil dealers of the present day complain bitterly of a rather novel way employed by the Standard for bringing into line dealers whose prejudices against buying from them are too strong to be overcome by the above methods. This is through what are called "bogus" oil companies. The obdurate dealer is approached by the agent of a new independent concern, call it the A B C Oil Company, for illustration. The agent seeks trade on the ground that he represents an independent concern and that he can sell at lower prices than the firm from which the dealer is buying. Gradually he works his way into the independent's trade. As a matter of fact, the new company is merely a Standard jobbing house which makes no oil, and which conceals its real identity under a misleading name. The mass of reports from railroad freight offices quoted from in this article corroborate this claim of the independents. The A B C Oil Company is mentioned again and again as shipping oil, and in the audited reports it is always checked off in the same fashion as the known Standard companies, and none of its shipments is referred to Standard agents.

Independents all over the country tell of loss of markets through underselling by these "bogus" companies. The lower price which a supposedly independent concern gives to a dealer who will not, under any condition, buy of the Standard, need not demoralize the Standard trade in the vicinity if the concession is made with caution. After the trade is secure, that is, after the genuine independent is ousted, the masquerading concern always finds itself obliged to advance prices. When the true identity of such a company becomes known its usefulness naturally is impaired, and it withdraws from the field, and a new one takes its place.

There is never a dealer in oil too small to have applied the above methods of competition. In recent years they have frequently been applied even to oil peddlers. In a good many towns of the country, oil is sold from door to door by men whose whole stock in trade is their peddling wagons. Many of these oil peddlers build up a good trade. As a rule, they sell Standard oil. Let one take independent oil, however, and the case is at once reported. His customers are located and at once approached by a Standard tank wagon man, who frequently, it is said, not only sells at a lower price than they have been paying, but even goes so far as to

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clean and fill the lamps! In these raids on peddlers of independent oil, refined oil has been sold in different cities at the doors of consumers at less than crude oil was bringing at the wells, and several cents per gallon less than it was selling to wholesale dealers in refined. It is claimed by independents that at the present time the "bogus" companies generally manage this matter of driving out peddlers, thus saving the Standard the unpopularity of the act and the dissatisfaction of the raise in price which, of course, follows as soon as the trade is secured.

"Over-Zealous" Employees

The general explanation of these competitive methods which the Standard officials have offered, is that they originate with "over-zealous" employees and are disapproved of promptly if brought to the attention of the heads of the house. The cases seem rather too universal for such an explanation to be entirely satisfactory. Certainly the system of collecting information concerning competitive business is not practised by the exceptional "over-zealous" employee, but is a recognized department of the Standard Oil Company's business. In the mass of documents from which the reports of oil shipments referred to above were drawn, are certain papers showing that the system is nearly enough universal to call for elaborate and expensive bookkeeping at the headquarters of each Standard marketing division. For instance, below is a fragment illustrating the page of a book kept at such a headquarters.

What does this show? Simply that every day the reports received from railroad freight agents are entered in records kept for the purpose, that there is on file at the Standard Oil headquarters a detailed list of the daily shipments which each independent refiner sends out, even to the initials and number on the car in which the shipment goes.

Keeping Tab

From this remarkable record the same set of documents shows that at least two sets of reports are made up. One is a report of the annual volume of business being done by each particular independent refiner or wholesale jobber, the other of the business of each individual local dealer, so far as the detectives of the Standard have been able to locate it. For instance, among the documents, is the following report on a well known oil jobbing house in one of the big cities of the country.*

A comparison of this report with the firm's own accounts shows that the Standard came within a small per cent. of an accurate estimate of the X Y Z's business.

Records for Both Ends of the Line

Another curious use made of these reports from the freight offices is forming a card catalogue of local dealers. (*See form on page 445.*) Oil is usually sold at retail

* See page 444.

Competing Oil Receipts, Georgeville Territory

Bemis Reports	Date Ship'd	Date Rec'd	SHIPPER	FROM	CONSIGNEE	DESTINATION	Refined Barrels	Naphtha Barrels	Lub'ting Barrels	CAR Initial	CAR No.	REMARKS
	May											
5/20	5/14	✓	Penn Mfg. Co.	Oil City	L. M. O Co	Georgeville		93		L.M	7741	
5/22	5/15	16	Warren L. & G. Co.	Struthers	A. Spencer Co	"		76		P.L.M.	432	
5/7	5/2	7	Crystal Oil Co.	Oil City	Hennebrunn Oil Co	"	64		12	G.K.	1684	
5/12	5/6	9	Clear Lorain Co.	Struthers	X.Y.Z. Oil Co.	"	112			L.M.	43	
"	"	✓	Empire Oil Mfg.	Reno	London Mfg Co	"	63			P.L.M.	64328	
5/27	5/23	25	Warren L. & G. Co.	Struthers	"	"		87		G.K.	63748	
6/7	6/1	4	Trans Refg Co	Clarendon	"	"	75			G.K.	66042	
6/14	5/30	30	Titusville Oil Mfg	Titusville	Lewis Martin Co	"		92		B.T.O.	37421	
"	5/22	22	Pittsburg Refg Co.	Corapolis	Henry Whitehead	"		92		"	94	
6/11	27	5/1	Emery Mfg Co	Bradford	X.Y.Z. Oil Co	"		122		G.K.	496	
6/14	5/26	26	Clancy Bros & Co	Titusville	"	"		126		P.L.M.	643	

The figures, dates, consignees, and destination on the above are fictitious. The names of shippers were copied from the original in possession of the writer.

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Statement showing Receipts and Deliveries for December

	Barrels			
	1901 Coal Oil	1902	1901 Gasoline	1902
Total Receipts of Competitor	3540	5070	1102	2214
Less shipments not in our District	420	1849	198	562
Net Shipments in our District	3120	3221	904	1652

		Old Places	New Places	Car Load	Less Car Load				
Territory covered by Competitor	Oil	2140		2140	927	3067			
		2412	63	2475	742		3217		
	Gaso				361			361	
				1051	441				1462
Balance						53	4	543	190
Not accounted for								211	87
						53	4	332	103

For Year	1901 Coal Oil	1902	1901 Gasoline	1902
Receipts	23787	26742	8764	13141
Less Shipments not in our territory	1410	1921	1262	2167
	22377	24821	7502	10974

		Old Places	New Places	Car Load	Less Car Load				
Territory covered by competitor	Oil	8146	1179	9325	6127	16452			
		9691	487	10178	1129		11307		
	Gaso.				678			678	
		729	11	623	849				2212
						6925	13514	6827	8762
Not accounted for							3122	196	2171
						6925	10392	6628	6591

The above is similar to the form compiled by the Standard Oil Company.

by grocers. It is with them that the local agents deal. Now, the daily reports from the freight offices show the oil they receive. The competition reports from local agents also give more or less information concerning their business. A card is made out for each of them, tabulating the date on which he received oil, the name and location of the dealer he got it from, the quality, and the price he sells at. In a space left for remarks on the card there is written in red ink any general information about the dealer the agent may have picked up. Often there is an explanation of why the man does not buy Standard oil — not infrequently this explanation reads: "Is opposed to monopolies."

The inference from this system of "keeping the eyes open" is that the Standard Oil Company knows practically where every barrel shipped by every independent dealer goes; and where every barrel bought by every corner-grocer from Maine to California comes from. The documents from which the writer draws the inference do not, to be sure, cover the entire country,

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Name E. C. Link Town Georgeville

P. O. Sh. Pt. Salesman Merrill Nearest Tank Wagon Station Rate

Date Shipped	Year	Shipped by	From	No. Bbls.	Kind of Oil	Price	Remarks
5/14	1901	B & Co	Pasadena	2	Refd		Formerly dealt altogether with X.Y.B Co. & it is hard to wean him away. Is somewhat prejudiced against monopolies & won't buy of S.O. Co. Merrill
5/19		"	"	3	"		
5/26		"	"	3	"		
6/3		"	"	3	"		
6/10		X.Y.B.Co	"	3	L.M.N		
6/20		"	"	3	"		
6/26		B. & Co	"	2	Refd		
7/4		X.Y.B Co	"	4	L.M.N		
7/16		B & Co	"	3	Refd		

The names, figures, and locations on the above form are fictitious; the remarks are copied from cards in possession of the writer.

but they do cover in detail many different States, and enough is known of the Standard's competitive methods, in States outside this territory, to justify one in believing that the system of gathering information is in use everywhere. That it is a perfect system is improbable. Bribery is not as dangerous business in this country as it deserves to be — of course, nothing but a bribe would induce a clerk to give up such information as these daily reports contain — but, happily, such is the force of tradition that even those who have practised it for a long time shrink from discovery. It is one of those political and business practices which are only respectable when concealed. Naturally, then, the above system of gathering information must be handled with care, and can never have the same perfection as that Mr. Rockefeller expected when he signed the South Improvement Company charter.

The Moral Effects of the Admirable System

The moral effect of this system on employees is even a more serious feature of the case than the injustice it works to competition. For a "consideration" railroad freight clerks give confidential information concerning freight going through their hands. It would certainly be quite as legitimate for post-office clerks to allow Mr. Rockefeller to read the private letters of his competitors, as it is that the clerks of a railroad give him data concerning their shipments. Everybody through whose hands such information passes is contaminated by the knowledge. To be a factor, though even so small a one, in such a transaction, blunts one's sense of right and fairness.

The effect on the local Standard agent cannot but be demoralizing. Prodded constantly by letters and telegrams from superiors to secure the countermand of independent oil, confronted by statements of the amount of sales which have gotten away from him, information he knows only too well to have been secured by underhand means, he is obliged to explain why he cannot get this or that trade away from a rival salesman, he sinks into habits of bullying and wheedling utterly inconsistent with self-respect. "Is there nothing you independents can do to prevent our people finding out who you sell to?" a hunted Standard agent asked an independent dealer not long ago. "My life is made miserable by the pressure brought on to chase up your sales. I don't like such business. It isn't right, but what can I do?"

Going a Little Far

The system results every now and then, naturally enough, in flagrant cases

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of bribing employees of the independents themselves. Where the freight office does not yield the information, the rival's own office may, and certainly if it is legitimate to get it from one place it is from the other. It is not an unusual thing for independent refiners to discharge a man whom they have reason to believe gives confidential information to the Standard. An outrageous case of this, which occurred some ten years ago, is contained in an affidavit which has been recently put at the writer's disposition. It seems that in 1892 the Lewis Emery Oil Company, an independent concern in Philadelphia, employed a man by the name of Buckley. This man was discharged, and in September of that year he went into the employ of the leading Standard refinery of Philadelphia, a concern known as the Atlantic Refining Company. According to the affidavit made by this man Buckley, the managers of the Standard concern, some time in February, 1893, engaged him in conversation about affairs of his late employer. They said that if they could only find out the names of the persons to whom their rival sold, and for what prices, they could soon run him out of business! And they asked Buckley if he could not get the information for them. After some discussion, one of the Standard managers said, "What's the matter with the nigger?" alluding to a colored boy in the employment of the Lewis Emery concern. Buckley told them that he would try him. "You can tell the nigger," said one of the men, "that he needn't be afraid, because if he loses his position, there's a position here for him."

Buckley saw the negro and made a proposition to him. The boy agreed to furnish the information for a price. "Starting from February, 1893," says Mr. Buckley, "and lasting up to about August of the same year, this boy furnished me periodically with the daily shipments of the Lewis Emery concern, which I took and handed personally sometimes to one and sometimes to the other manager. They took copies of them, and usually returned the originals." The negro also brought what is known as the price-book to Buckley, and a complete copy of this was made by the Standard managers. "In short," says Mr. Buckley in his affidavit, "I obtained from the negro all the inside facts concerning the Lewis Emery Oil Company's business, and I furnished them all to the Standard managers." In return for this information the negro lad was paid various sums, amounting in all to about ninety dollars. Buckley says that they were charged upon the Standard books to "Special Expenses." The transaction was ended by the discharge of the colored boy by the Lewis Emery concern.

The denouement of this case is tragic enough. The concern was finally driven out of business by these and similar tactics, so Mr. Emery and his partner both affirm. The negro was never taken into the Atlantic Refinery, and Buckley soon after lost his position. A man who shows himself traitorous, lying, thieving, even for the "good of the oil business," is never kept long in the employment of the Standard Oil Company. It is notorious in the Oil Regions that the people who "sell" to the Standard are never given responsible positions. They may be shifted around to do "dirty work," as the Oil Regions phrase goes, but they are pariahs in the concern. Mr. Rockefeller knows as well as any man ever did the vital necessity of honesty in an organization, and the Buckleys and negroes who bring him secret intelligence never get anything but money and contempt for their pains.

And the Public Pays

For the general public, absorbed chiefly in the question, "how does all this affect what we are paying for oil?" the chief point of interest in the marketing contests is that, after they are over, the price of oil always goes back with a jerk to the point where it was when the cutting began, and not infrequently it goes higher — the public pays. Indeed this fact has finally become so generally recognized by dealers, and even by the purchasing public in certain sections of the West, that the efforts of the Standard agents to drive an independent from a market by underselling, are much oftener repulsed than formerly. The independent seller can show the dealer multitudes of cases where prices were invariably advanced when a rival was driven from a field by selling at or below cost, with the consequent discontent of customers. Several of the letters already quoted in this article show the immediate recoil of the market to higher prices with

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the removal of competition. A table was prepared in 1892 to show the effect of competition on the price of oil in various States of the Union. The results were startling. In California, oil which sold at non-competitive points at 26½ cents a gallon, at competitive points brought 17½ cents. In Denver, Colorado, there was an "oil war" on in the spring of 1892, and the same oil which was selling at Montrose and Garrison at 25 cents a gallon, in Denver sold at 7 cents. This competition finally killed opposition and Denver thereafter paid 25 cents. The profits on this price were certainly great enough to call for competition. The same oil which was sold in Colorado in the spring of 1892 at 25 cents, sold in New York for exportation at 6.10 cents. Of course the freight rates to Colorado were high, the open rate was said to be 9 cents a gallon, but that it cost the Standard Oil Company 9 cents a gallon to get its oil there, one would have to have documentary proof to believe, and, even if it did, there was still some 10 cents profit on a gallon —$5 on a barrel.

In Kansas, at this time, the difference between the price at competitive and non-competitive points was 7 cents; in Indiana 6 cents; in South Carolina 4½ cents.

The Public Begins to See

In 1897, Scofield, Shurmer & Teagle, of Cleveland, prepared a circular showing the difference between prices at competitive and non-competitive points in Ohio, and sent it out to the trade. According to this circular the public paid from 25 to 33⅓ per cent. more where there was no competition. The fact that oil is cheaper where there is competition, and also that the public has to pay the cost of the expensive "oil wars" which have been carried on so constantly for the last twenty-five years all over the country, is becoming to be recognized, especially in the Middle West of this country, by both dealers and communities. There is no question that the attempts of Standard agents to persuade or bully dealers into countermanding orders or giving up an independent with whose oil they are satisfied meet with much less general success than they once did. It even happens now and then that communities who have had experience with "oil wars" will stand by an independent dealer for months at a time, resisting even the temptation to have their lamps cleaned and filled at next to nothing.

A Man with His Neighbors Behind Him

Chardon, Ohio, a little town near Cleveland, has been standing by one of its people, the driver of a tank wagon, for nearly two years in his resistance to the Standard. Three different Standard tank wagons have been beaten out of Chardon, though they offered oil at two cents less than Hossler, the independent. The support of Hossler seems to have become a point of honor with the little town, and the victorious driver utters a great truth when he says: "A man who has his neighbors behind him cannot be beaten by a millionaire."

The Little Narrow Path the Independent is Allowed to Tread

Unquestionably, the independent oil refiner who never attempts to cut Standard prices, and who never attempts to secure more than a small per cent. of trade in one locality, has at the present day a fair chance of life. The Standard has been unable to kill the independent refiner. It cannot keep him out of the markets. It seems to have accepted the fact that Mr. Rockefeller's original claim that the coal-oil business belongs to him is untenable. It dislikes the publicity of cut-throat marketing. It therefore does not molest the independent so long as he follows its prices and does not absorb too large a portion of any one marketing department. That is, if the independent works with the Standard in sustaining prices, he is let alone. Thus, to-day, with perhaps twenty per cent. of oil refining done by outsiders, the hostility of the Standard is so certain and so fatal in case prices are lowered, that the public in the United States is getting very little benefit from the gradual increase of independent oil interests.

The Situation

Briefly put, then, the conclusion, from a careful examination of the testimony on Standard competitive methods, is this:

The marketing department of the Standard Oil Company is organized to cover the entire country, and aims to sell all the oil sold in each of its divisions. To forestall or meet competition it has organized an elaborate secret service for locating the quantity, quality, and selling price of

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independent shipments. Having located an order for independent oil with a dealer, it persuades him, if possible, to countermand the order. If this is impossible, it threatens "predatory competition," that is, to sell at cost or less, until the rival is worn out. If the dealer still is obstinate, it institutes an "oil war." In late years the cutting and the "oil wars" are often entrusted to so-called "bogus" companies, who retire when the real independent is put out of the way. In later years the Standard has been more cautious about beginning underselling than formerly, though, if a rival offered oil at a less price than it had been getting — and generally even small refineries can afford to sell below the non-competitive prices of the Standard — it does not hesitate to consider the lower price a declaration of war and to drop its prices and keep them down until the rival is out of the way. The price then goes back to the former figure or higher. Mr. John D. Archbold's testimony before the Industrial Commission in 1898 practically confirms the above conclusion. Mr. Archbold said that the Standard was in the habit of fighting vigorously to hold and advance its trade — even to the extent of holding prices down to cost until the rival gives way, though he declared it to be his opinion that the history of the company's transactions would show that the competitor forces the fight. Mr. Archbold told the commission that he personally believed it was not advisable to sell below cost for the sake of freezing out a smaller rival, save in "greatly aggravated cases," though he admitted the Standard sometimes did it. The trouble is that, accepting Mr. Rockefeller's foundation principle that the oil business belongs to him, any competition is "an aggravated case."

A Little Consolation

All that is reassuring in the situation has come from the obstinate stand of individuals — the refiners who insisted on doing an independent business, on the theory that "this is a free country"; the grocers who resented the prying and bullying of Standard agents, and asserted their right to buy of whom they would; the rare, very rare, community that grasped the fact that oil sold below cost temporarily, meant later paying for the fight. These features of the business belong to the last decade and a half. At the period we have reached in this history — that is, the completion of the monopoly of the pipe-lines in 1884 and the end of competition in transporting oil * — there seemed to the independents no escape from Mr. Rockefeller.

The Price of Power

The sureness and promptness with which he located their shipments seemed uncanny to them. The ruthlessness and persistency with which he cut and continued to cut their markets drove them to despair. The character of the competition Mr. Rockefeller carried on in the markets, particularly of the South and Middle West of this country at this time, aggravated daily the feeble refining element and bred contempt far and wide among people who saw the cutting, and perhaps profited temporarily by it, but who had neither the power nor the courage to interfere. The knowledge of it fed greatly the bitterness in the Oil Regions. Part of the stock in conversation of every dissatisfied oil producer or ruined refiner became tales of disastrous conflicts in markets. They told of crippled men selling independent oil from a hand-cart, whose trade had been wiped out by a Standard cart which followed him day by day, practically giving away oil. They told of grocers driven out of business by an attempt to stand by a refiner. They told endless tales, probably all exaggerated, perhaps some of them false, yet all of them believed, because of such facts as have been rehearsed above. There came to be a popular conviction that the "Standard would do anything." It was a condition which promised endless annoyance to Mr. Rockefeller and his colleagues. It meant popular mistrust, petty hostilities, misinterpretations, contempt, abuse. There were plenty of people willing to deny Mr. Rockefeller even ability. That the Standard was in a venture was enough in those people's minds to damn it. Anything the Standard wanted was wrong, anything they contested was right. A verdict for them demonstrated the corruption of the judge and jury; against them their righteousness. Mr. Rockefeller, indeed, was each year having more reason to realize that trust-building had its trials as well as its profits.

* See McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for January, 1904.

(To be continued)

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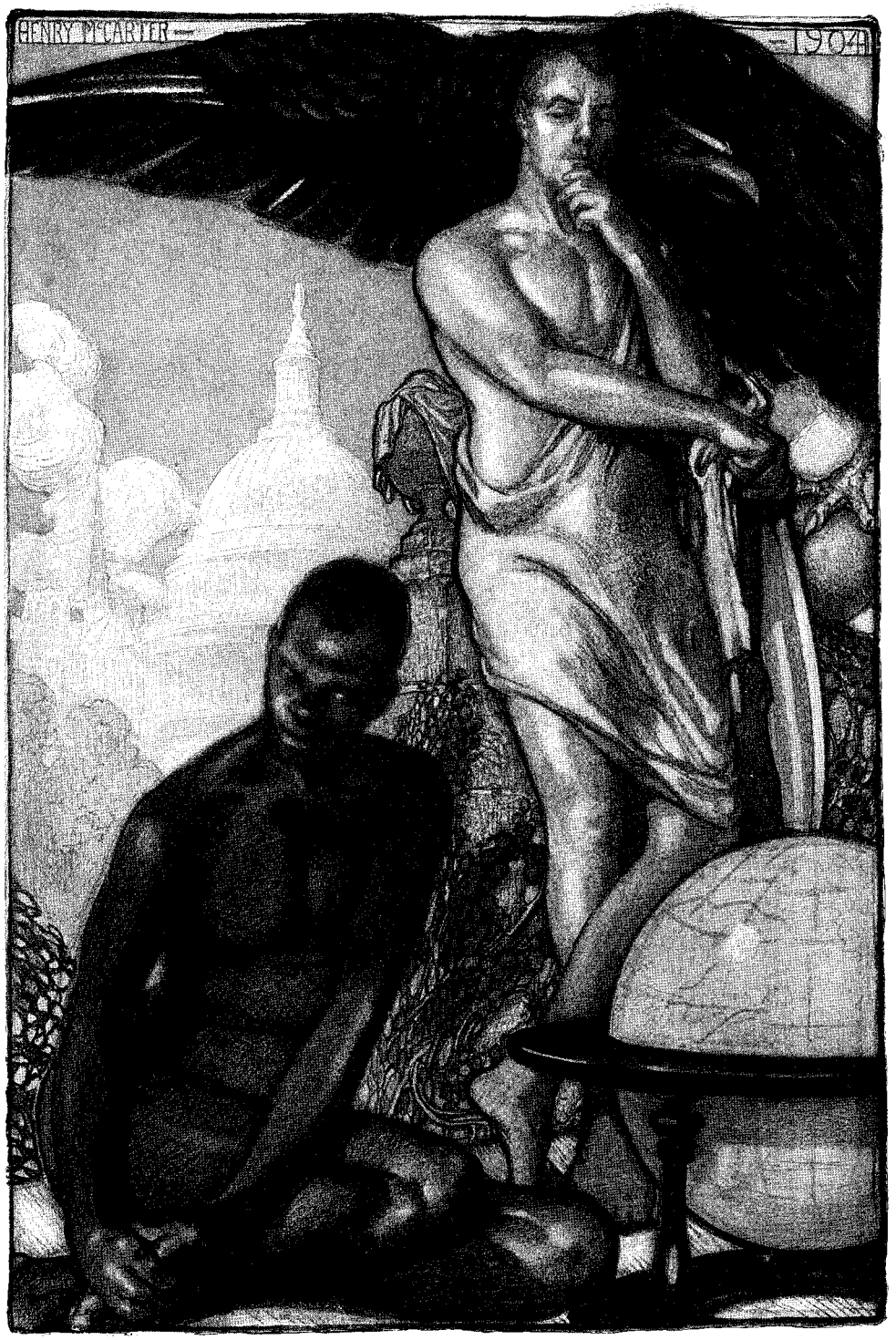

Drawn by Henry McCarter

THE PROBLEM

(*See Thomas Nelson Page on "The Negro: The Southerner's Problem," p. 548*)

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